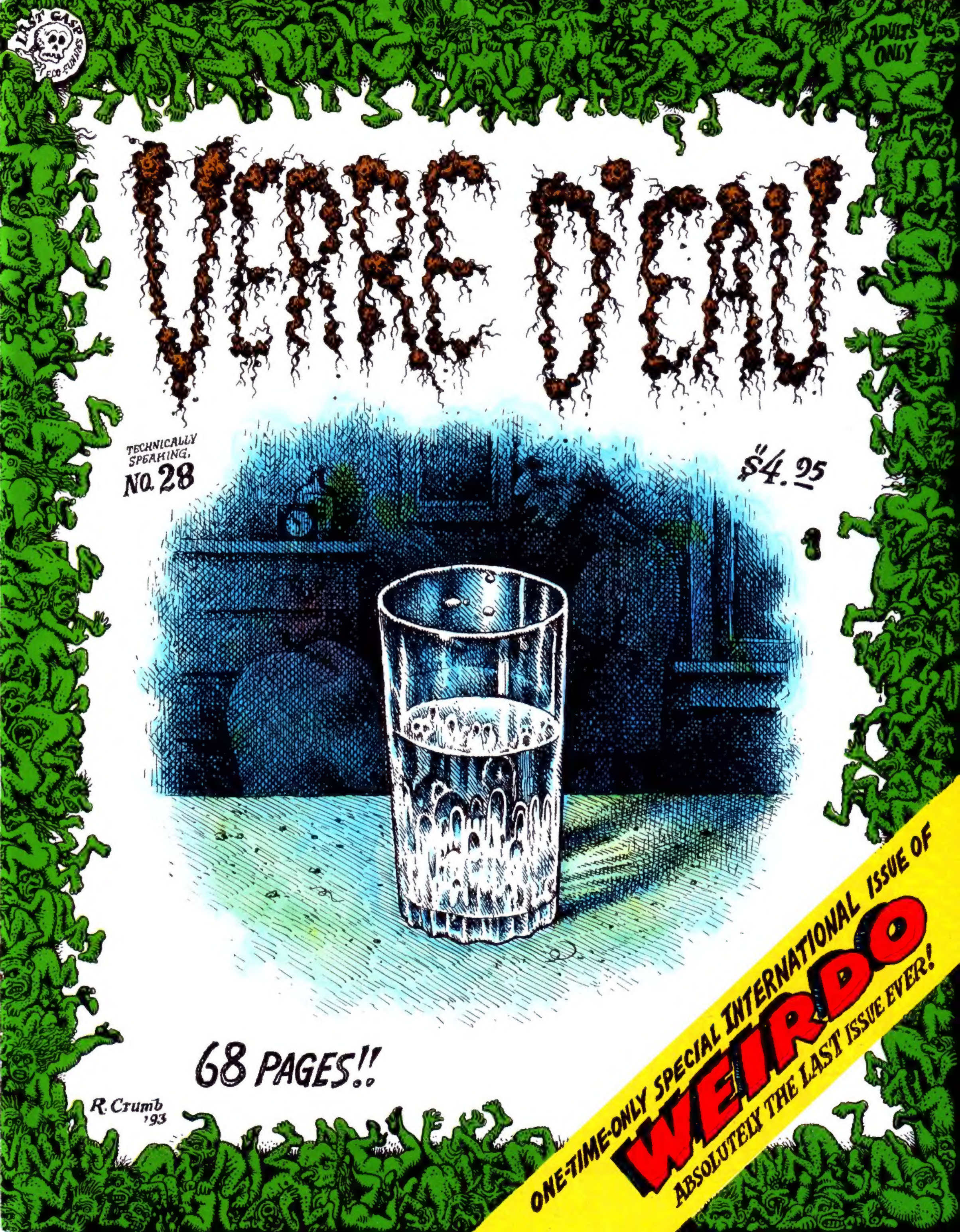
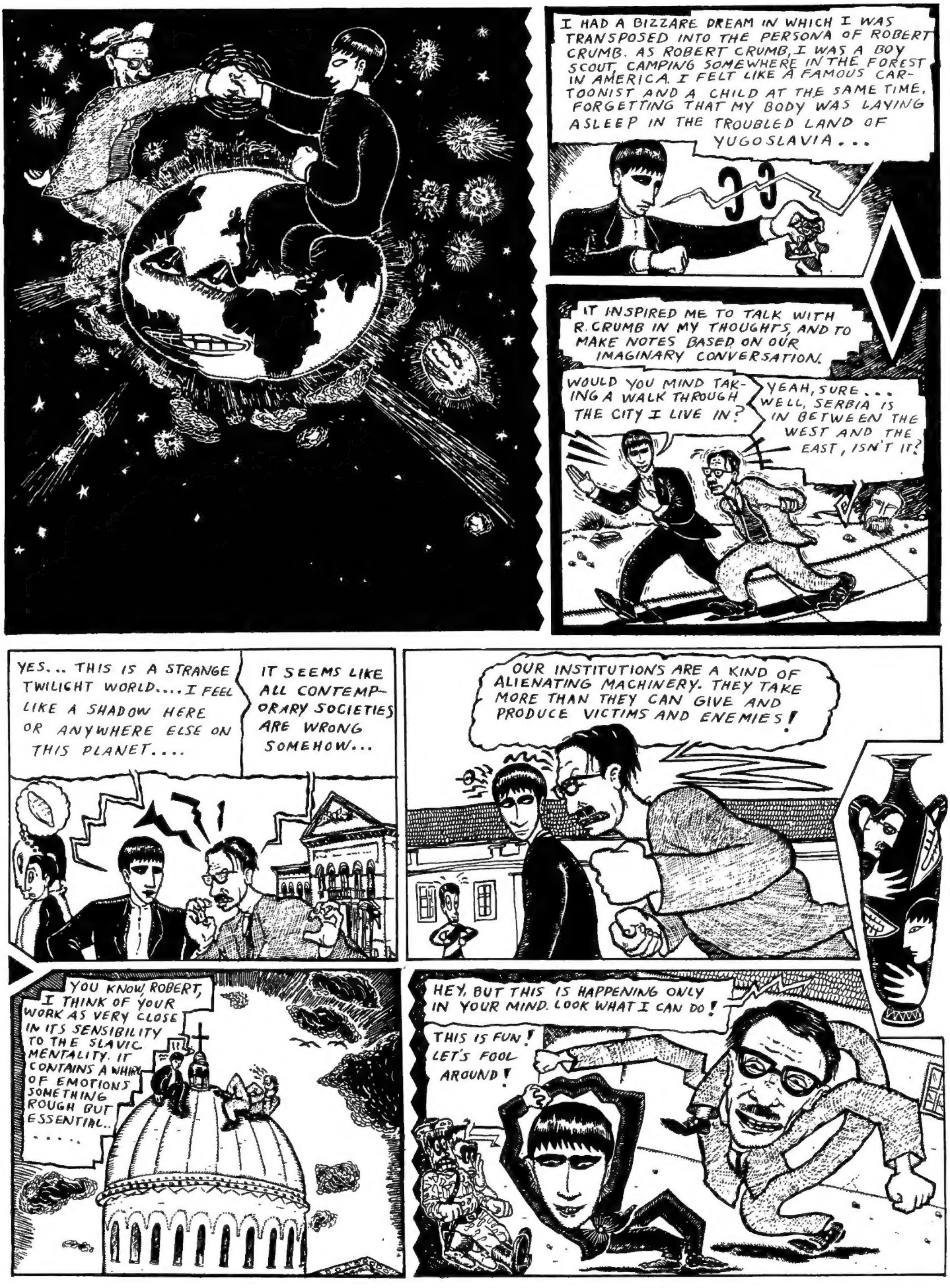

LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES
ADULTS ONLY
VERRE D'EAU
TECHNICALLY SPEAKING, NO. 28
$4.95
68 PAGES!!
R. Crumb '93
ONE-TIME-ONLY SPECIAL INTERNATIONAL ISSUE OF
WEIRDO
ABSOLUTELY THE LAST ISSUE EVER!


I HAD A BIZZARE DREAM IN WHICH I WAS TRANSPOSED INTO THE PERSONA OF ROBERT CRUMB. AS ROBERT CRUMB, I WAS A BOY SCOUT, CAMPING SOMEWHERE IN THE FOREST IN AMERICA. I FELT LIKE A FAMOUS CARTOONIST AND A CHILD AT THE SAME TIME, FORGETTING THAT MY BODY WAS LAYING ASLEEP IN THE TROUBLED LAND OF YUGOSLAVIA...
IT INSPIRED ME TO TALK WITH R. CRUMB IN MY THOUGHTS, AND TO MAKE NOTES BASED ON OUR IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.
WOULD YOU MIND TAKING A WALK THROUGH THE CITY I LIVE IN?
YEAH, SURE... WELL, SERBIA IS IN BETWEEN THE WEST AND THE EAST, ISN'T IT?
YES... THIS IS A STRANGE TWILIGHT WORLD.... I FEEL LIKE A SHADOW HERE OR ANYWHERE ELSE ON THIS PLANET....
IT SEEMS LIKE ALL CONTEMPORARY SOCIETIES ARE WRONG SOMEHOW...
OUR INSTITUTIONS ARE A KIND OF ALIENATING MACHINERY. THEY TAKE MORE THAN THEY CAN GIVE AND PRODUCE VICTIMS AND ENEMIES!
YOU KNOW, ROBERT, I THINK OF YOUR WORK AS VERY CLOSE IN ITS SENSIBILITY TO THE SLAVIC MENTALITY. IT CONTAINS A WHIRL OF EMOTIONS SOMETHING ROUGH BUT ESSENTIAL.. .....
HEY, BUT THIS IS HAPPENING ONLY IN YOUR MIND. LOOK WHAT I CAN DO!
THIS IS FUN! LET'S FOOL AROUND!

Verre d'eau

No. 28 - Special Edition - Summer '93

" OVER THE HILL JEWISH PRINCESS WITH A LIVER PROBLEM"

Letters to the Editors:

Aline Kominsky - Crumb or
Jean Pierre Mercier
11 Rue Angel Albert
16000 Angoulême
France

WELL MY FRIENDS... ROBERT JUST KICKED ME OUT OF HIS STUDIO AND MADE ME COME UP HERE TO MY ROOM + WRITE THIS ALL BY MYSELF. MY CO-EDITOR JEAN PIERRE MERCIER [WITHOUT WHOM I COULD NEVER HAVE CREATED THIS INTENSELY FABULOUS INTERNATIONAL EDITION OF WEIRDO] IS COMING TOMORROW TO HELP LAYOUT THE DUMMY... FOR NOW, I'M SITTING + STARING OUT THE WINDOW, NOT AN UNUSUAL ACTIVITY FOR ME.... AT LEAST I GET TO LOOK AT AN ANCIENT ROMAN BRIDGE + THE SLUGGISH VIDOURLE RIVER.

IT'S BEEN TWO YEARS SINCE I LEFT AMERICA + KILLED WEIRDO.... YES, I'M GLAD I MOVED TO FRANCE, ALTHOUGH I CAN ENDLESSLY COMPLAIN ABOUT THE FRENCH DON'T ASK ME WHY, BUT I FEEL MORE COMFORTABLE + LESS SCARED LIVING IN THIS REMOTE FOREIGN VILLAGE THAN I DID IN THE ROLLING, REDNECK HILLS OF CALIFORNIA. I DUNNO, MAYBE ITS BECAUSE MY FATHER FELL IN LOVE WITH PARIS DURING THE WAR + FOREVER AFTER REGRETTED RETURNING TO LONG ISLAND. MAYBE I'M LIVING HIS UNFULFILLED FANTASY LIFE... WELL, IF NOTHING ELSE, OUR CHILD IS BI-LINGUAL. THAT'S RIGHT, SHE CAN "MOUTH OFF" AT ME IN TWO LANGUAGES!

SO ANYWAY... LAST SUMMER WHEN I VISITED SAN FRANCISCO, RON TURNER, OUR PUBLISHER, TALKED ME INTO DOING JUST ONE MORE ISSUE OF WEIRDO. HE SAID HE'D RE-PRINT THE SOLD OUT ISSUES + THAT IT WOULD STIMULATE SALES IF I MADE A NEW ISSUE... SO, VOILA! GUILT PREVAILED PLUS I'D FORGOTTEN WHAT A PAIN IN THE ASS PUTTING TOGETHER THIS MAGAZINE IS.! BUT I HAFTO ADMIT THAT WORKING WITH AN ENTHUSIASTIC, GOOD LOOKING GUY LIKE J.P. MERCIER HAS MADE IT ALL SLIGHTLY PLEASURABLE. I MUST ALSO GIVE CREDIT TO MY CO-EDITOR FOR COMING UP WITH THE TITLE VERRE D'EAU, WHICH IS EXACTLY HOW FRENCH PEOPLE PRONOUNCE WEIRDO. PLUS THE NAME INSPIRED THE GLASS OF WATER COVER BY R.C.. TO MAKE THIS A MORE INTERESTING PROJECT FOR ME I'VE INCLUDED SOME FRENCH ARTISTS + ONE SERB. JEAN PIERRE + I TRANSLATED THE FRENCH WORK TOGETHER, HE INTO ENGLISH, ME INTO AMERICAN. ALSO THANKS TO J.P., ERIC GILBERT + JACQUES FROM THE COMIC SHOP UN REGARD MODERNE FOR INTRODUCING ME TO MANY EXCELLENT FRENCH CARTOONISTS. I'VE TRIED TO MAKE A VARIED SELECTION WITH SOME ARTISTS LIKE MATT KONTURE JEAN-CHRISTOPH MENU, PLACID + CAROLINE WEDIER FROM THE UNDERGROUND, FLORENCE CESTAC, ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF FUTUROPOLIS NOW WORKING FOR DISNEY, EDMOND BAUDOIN, A PAINTER AND IN SOME WAYS, A MORE TRADITIONAL ARTIST, WILLEM HOLTROP, A DUTCH ARTIST, LIVING IN FRANCE FOR YEARS, NOW WORKING FOR LIBERATION. ALSO OUR YOUNG SERBIAN ARTIST, SASHA RAKEZICH, I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT HIM BUT I'M INCLUDING ON THIS PAGE, A LETTER HE WROTE TO ROBERT.

WHAT ELSE?! OH YEA, CRUMB DID ONE OF HIS MOST ANGRY, HATE-FILLED STRIPS (FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT) AFTER A RECENT TRIP TO THE STATES. I'M SURE YOU WILL ALL BE APPROPRIATELY OFFENDED... LET US KNOW!! I CAN'T THINK OF MUCH ELSE TO SAY EXCEPT DON'T NECESSARILY EXPECT MORE ISSUES OF VERRE D'EAU OR WEIRDO. I MIGHT NEVER DO ONE AGAIN! STILL, DON'T HESITATE TO SEND ME + JEAN PIERRE MERCIER (AND GIRLS HE REALLY IS CUTE) LETTERS OF PRAISE + OUTRAGE, GIFTS, PHOTOS, OFFERS OF LOVE + FREE VACATIONS... EAGERLY AWAITING YOUR RESPONSE... A.K.C.

IMPORTANT NOTE: ALL WEIRDO ARTISTS ARE OWED ROYALTIES FOR REPRINTED ISSUES... ITS HARD TO TRACK YOU ALL DOWN SO IN ORDER TO GET PAID SEND YOUR NAME, CURRENT ADDRESS + SOCIAL SECURITY # TO LAST GASP

APRIL 19, 1993

DEAR ROBERT

THANKS A MILLION FOR YOUR LETTER! IT WAS A GREAT COMFORT IN THESE TROUBLED TIMES TO RECEIVE A LETTER FROM YOU! I AM DEEPLY HONORED AND FRANKLY EXALTED ABOUT THE FACT THAT YOU MIGHT USE MY PAGE IN AN ISSUE OF WEIRDO I AGREE WITH YOUR AIM TO IMPROVE MY ENGLISH + LETTER IN THE DIALOGUE

YES, I SAW ONE ISSUE OF "HUP" A FEW YEARS AGO, OWNED BY A FRIEND WHO LATER MOVED TO ENGLAND. AS FAR AS I CAN REMEMBER, "HUP" IS BRILLIANT. I WOULD BE QUITE EGZALTED IF YOU CAN SEND SOME COMICS TO MY ADDRESS. THERE IS NO PROBLEM ABOUT RECEIVING "PORNOGRAPHY" - NOT AT ALL! THEY RUN HARD-CORE PORNS ON CHANNEL 3 OF STATE'S TV, HERE - EVERY WEEK! THERE ARE PORNO MAGAZINES ON EVERY NEWSSTAND AROUND. YOU SEE, EX-YUGOSLAVIA HAS NEVER BEEN AN ORTHODOX COMMUNIST COUNTRY. SINCE THE ANCIENT TIME, THESE AREAS WERE PLACED BETWEEN TWO GREAT INFLUENTIAL CIVILIZATIONS: GREEK + LATIN. THIS IS A PLACE WHERE CIVILIZATIONS MERGE; SOMETIMES RESULTS ARE GREAT, SOMETIMES RESULTS ARE CATASTROPHIC. BUT IT MAKES THE SITUATION VERY COMPLICATED, AND ANYTHING THAT HAPPENS HERE IS SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT THAN WHAT ONE CAN EXPECT. OUR COMMUNIST YEARS WERE DIFFERENT THAN IN THE REST OF EASTERN EUROPE..

I WILL BE 30 YEARS OLD IN AUGUST... IN 1991, DURING THE DECOMPOSITION OF YUGOSLAVIA, I DIDN'T WANT TO TAKE PART IN ALL THAT MADNESS. I REFUSED BEING DRAFTED, AND HAD TO HIDE FOR A WHILE IT IS QUIET WHERE I LIVE (IN A TOWN CALLED PANCHEVO, NEAR BELGRADE) BUT WE GOT HARD TIMES DUE TO THE SANCTIONS AGAINST SERBIA SANCTIONS ARE HURTING SIMPLE PEOPLE, WHILE THE REGIME IS GROWING STRONGER IT IS JUST AS MEANINGLESS AS WAR. YOU SEE, CIVIL WAR IS TRAGEDY FOR ALL SIDES THERE IS NO WINNER IF YOU ASK FOR MY OPINION, THIS IS ALL LIKE BIG CONFUSION MANY THINGS ARE HAPPENING AT THE SAME TIME AND WHAT IS ESPECIALLY IMPORTANT - THERE IS NO SIMPLE EXPLANATION OF THIS WAR. ALL SIDES ARE WRONG + RIGHT AT THE SAME TIME THEY ARE ALL KILLING CIVILIANS, AND THEY ARE ALL BEWILDERED AND CONFUSED! I'M WORKING ON A 20 PAGE COMIC ON OUR EVERY DAY LIFE, FOR "MANGAJIN BOOKS" in TORONTO I ALSO SENT 1 PAGE TO CAROLE SOBOCINSKI AT THE "COMICS JOURNAL."

WELL, SERBS ARE AT THE EDGE OF COLLECTIVE SUICIDE AT THE MOMENT. IT IS WEIRD, BUT THEY SEEK BOMBS TO FALL ON THEIR HEADS THEY ARE SO MUCH OBSESSED WITH GREAT TRAGEDIES OR SOME KIND OF PATHETIC STORIES ON SUFFERING! ON THE OTHER HAND, IT IS VERY UNPOPULAR TO BE SERBIAN TODAY. YOU SEE IN EUROPE EVERYONE WILL LOOK AT YOU WITH SUSPICION IF THEY HEARD YOU ARE SERBIAN. NEW PREJUDICES ARE FORMED. THERE ARE MILLIONS OF PEOPLE HERE WHO CAN'T AGREE WITH THEIR GOVERNMENT POLICY! ANYWAY, I'M TRYING TO PRESENT MY WORK TO ALL PEOPLE I DON'T CARE ABOUT NATIONALITY. I THINK ALL NATIONS, ALL CIVILIZATIONS, + ALL WORLDS SHOULD COMMUNICATE. I BELIEVE THAT THE WORLD WE ARE DWELLING ON IS LIKE A LIVING ORGANISM. WE ALL EXCHANGE OUR IDEAS IN DREAM STATE; THEREFORE ISOLATION AND NATIONAL SEPARATIONS ARE AN ILLUSION. I AM SERBIAN, BUT MY DREAMING SELF KNOWS WHAT IT IS TO BE CROATION, MUSLIM, AMERICAN, FRENCH, WHATEVER I AM SASHA RAKEZICH BUT MY DREAM SELF KNOWS WHAT IT IS TO BE ROBERT CRUMB. I CREATED "UNDERGROUND" COMICS LONG BEFORE I EVER HEARD OF R. CRUMB, AND BEFORE I EVER SAW ANYTHING FROM RICH TRADITION OF AMERICAN ALTERNATIVE COMIX! I MADE EXPERIMENTS WITH VARIOUS DREAM STATES - TRYING TO RECORD VISIONS + DREAM IMAGES. I MADE COMICS + DRAWINGS BASED ON DREAM MATERIAL LATER I FOUND OUT THERE IS AN AMERICAN CARTOONIST (JIM WOODRING) WITH SIMILAR INTERESTS. IT IS GREAT! SEEMS LIKE WE WERE COMMUNICATING ON DREAM LEVEL BEFORE WE STARTED TO EXCHANGE IDEAS THRU MAIL

Robert, I GOT A COPY OF YOUR STORY "ITS REALLY TOO BAD," CREATED IN '69 I THINK IT IS AN ULTIMATE COMIC STRIP. I READ IT HUNDREDS OF TIMES AND IT ALWAYS HAD A POWERFUL EFFECT ON ME YOUR WORK SEEMS LIKE ITS COMING FROM THE VERY HEART OF THINGS. I AM GLAD THAT A MAN WITH SUCH SENSITIVITY EXISTS ON THIS EARTH!

I AM HAPPY THAT YOU + ALINE LIKED MY COMIC. THANK YOU AGAIN FOR ALL MEASURES FOR ISOLATION OF SERBIA ARE GETTING HARDER. I HOPE THAT YOU WILL READ THESE LINES

BEST REGARDS FROM THE "DIFFERENT EUROPE"
SAŠA RAKEZIĆ
c/o GORDANA BASTA
MILOVANA GLIŠIĆA 11
26000 PANČEVO
YUGOSLAVIA

EXCERPT FROM A FAB. LETTER

DEAR ALINE,

THIS MAGNIFICENT 'ZINE HELPED ME MAINTAIN MY SANITY DURING THE HORROR THAT WAS THE '80'S ALL THREE EDITORS HAD DIFFERENT STYLES + I LOVED IT UNDER ALL THREE. YOU INTRODUCED MANY WONDERFUL ARTISTS + ALSO PROVIDED A VOICE FOR THE ESTABLISHED "U.G." CREATORS TO LET US KNOW THEY WERE ALIVE + WORKING DURING THAT BLEAK + HUMOR-IMPAIRED DECADE EVEN THO THE CURTAIN IS BEING DRAWN ON WEIRDO I HOPE THE PEOPLE INVOLVED CAN LOOK BACK ON IT WITH PRIDE. YOU HELPED CREATE SOMETHING IMMORTAL + WITHOUT PRECEDENT IN RECORDED HISTORY. DO NOT UNDERESTIMATE THE VITAL IMPORTANCE OF THE WORK SIMPLY BECAUSE THE NUMBER OF PEOPLE YOU REACHED WAS SMALL. WE, THE AUDIENCE YOU DID REACH + DELIGHT ARE THE IMPORTANT ONES.

NOT BAD, EH?

WITH RESPECT + LOVE
MICHAEL HASHIM
N.Y.C.

VERRE D'EAU/WEIRDO NO. 28, SUMMER 1993, PUBLISHED BY LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES, P.O. BOX 410067, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., U.S.A. 94141

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ALL BACK ISSUES OF WEIRDO (NO.S 1 THRU 27) ARE NOW AVAILABLE FROM LAST GASP (SEE ADDRESS ABOVE) FOR $3.95 EACH. INCLUDE $1.50 FOR POSTAGE & HANDLING WITH YOUR ORDER.

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All-American Shopper

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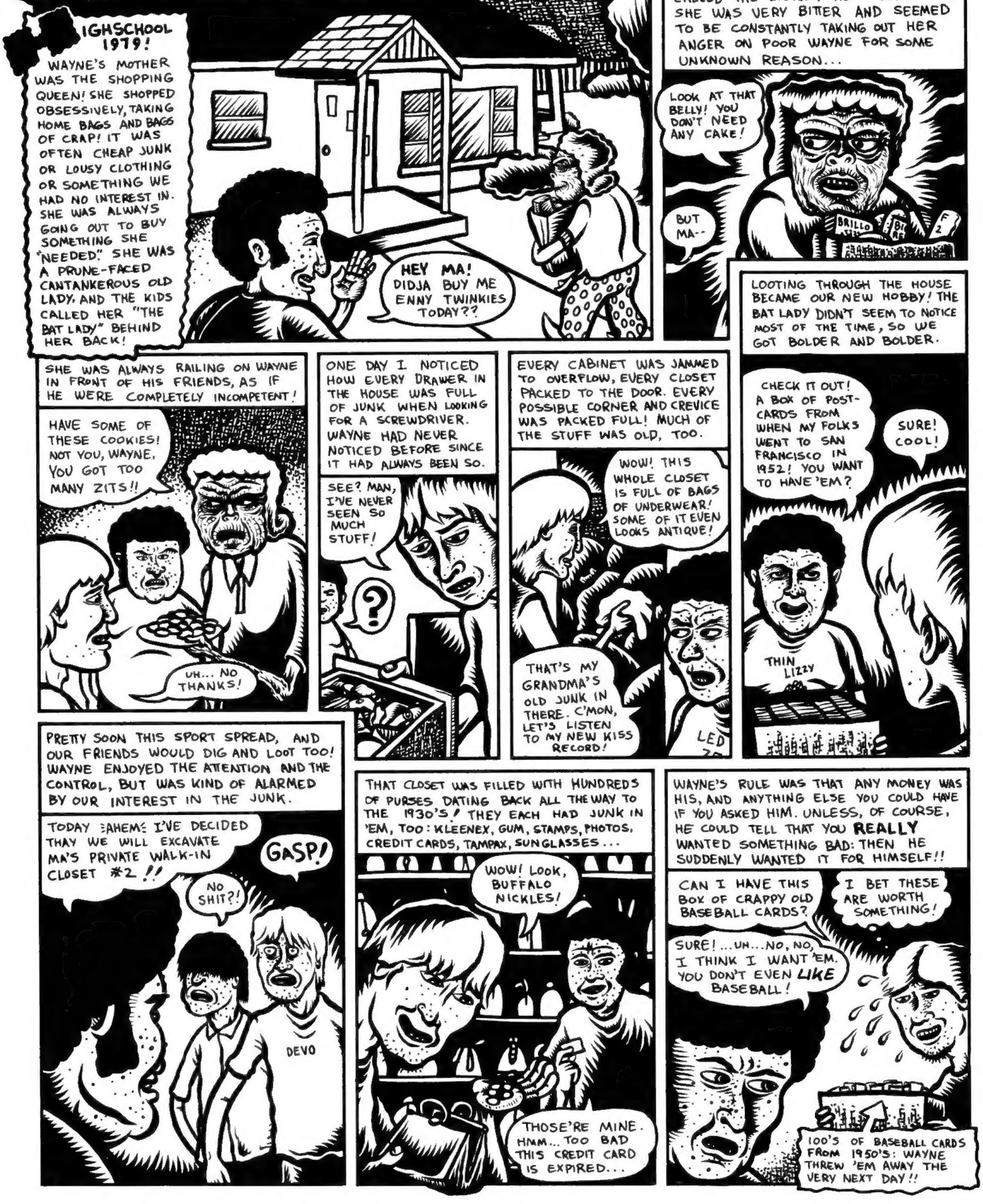
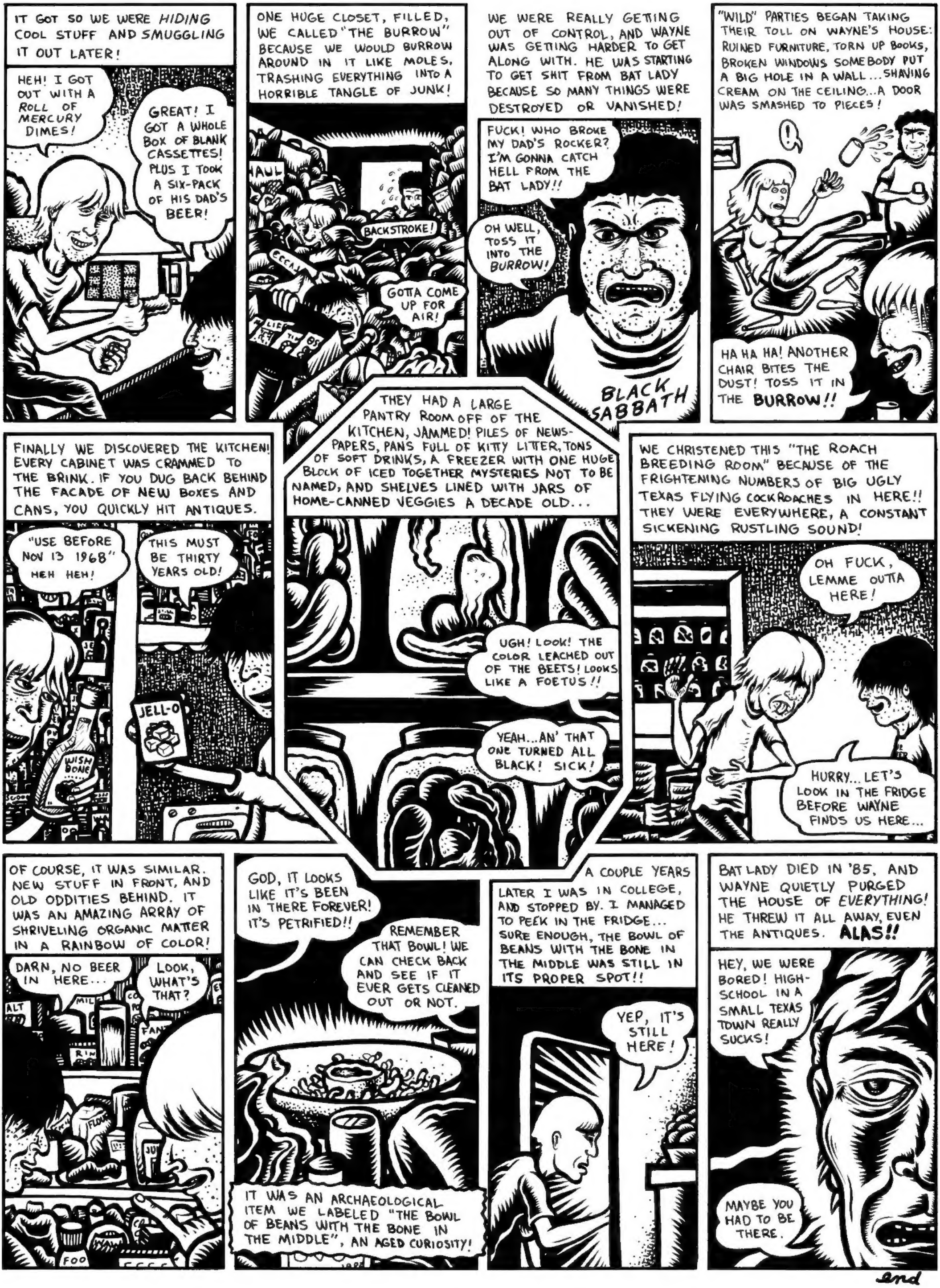

HIGHSCHOOL 1979! WAYNE'S MOTHER WAS THE SHOPPING QUEEN! SHE SHOPPED OBSESSIVELY, TAKING HOME BAGS AND BAGS OF CRAP! IT WAS OFTEN CHEAP JUNK OR LOUSY CLOTHING OR SOMETHING WE HAD NO INTEREST IN. SHE WAS ALWAYS GOING OUT TO BUY SOMETHING SHE "NEEDED." SHE WAS A PRUNE-FACED CANTANKEROUS OLD LADY, AND THE KIDS CALLED HER "THE BAT LADY" BEHIND HER BACK!
HEY MA! DIDJA BUY ME ENNY TWINKIES TODAY??
WAYNE WAS ADOPTED, AND HIS MOM & DAD WERE A LOT OLDER THAN MOST. THE BAT LADY WAS THE HIGHSCHOOL LIBRARIAN, AND ALL THE STUDENTS CALLED THE LIBRARY HER "BAT CAVE"! SHE WAS VERY BITTER AND SEEMED TO BE CONSTANTLY TAKING OUT HER ANGER ON POOR WAYNE FOR SOME UNKNOWN REASON...
LOOK AT THAT BELLY! YOU DON'T NEED ANY CAKE!
BUT MA--
BRILLO
SHE WAS ALWAYS RAILING ON WAYNE IN FRONT OF HIS FRIENDS, AS IF HE WERE COMPLETELY INCOMPETENT!
HAVE SOME OF THESE COOKIES! NOT YOU, WAYNE, YOU GOT TOO MANY ZITS!!
UH... NO THANKS!
ONE DAY I NOTICED HOW EVERY DRAWER IN THE HOUSE WAS FULL OF JUNK WHEN LOOKING FOR A SCREWDRIVER. WAYNE HAD NEVER NOTICED BEFORE SINCE IT HAD ALWAYS BEEN SO.
SEE? MAN, I'VE NEVER SEEN SO MUCH STUFF!
?
EVERY CABINET WAS JAMMED TO OVERFLOW, EVERY CLOSET PACKED TO THE DOOR. EVERY POSSIBLE CORNER AND CREVICE WAS PACKED FULL! MUCH OF THE STUFF WAS OLD, TOO.
WOW! THIS WHOLE CLOSET IS FULL OF BAGS OF UNDERWEAR! SOME OF IT EVEN LOOKS ANTIQUE!
THAT'S MY GRANDMA'S OLD JUNK IN THERE. C'MON, LET'S LISTEN TO MY NEW KISS RECORD!
LED
LOOTING THROUGH THE HOUSE BECAME OUR NEW HOBBY! THE BAT LADY DIDN'T SEEM TO NOTICE MOST OF THE TIME, SO WE GOT BOLDER AND BOLDER.
CHECK IT OUT! A BOX OF POST-CARDS FROM WHEN MY FOLKS WENT TO SAN FRANCISCO IN 1952! YOU WANT TO HAVE 'EM?
SURE! COOL!
THIN LIZZY
PRETTY SOON THIS SPORT SPREAD, AND OUR FRIENDS WOULD DIG AND LOOT TOO! WAYNE ENJOYED THE ATTENTION AND THE CONTROL, BUT WAS KIND OF ALARMED BY OUR INTEREST IN THE JUNK.
TODAY ‹AHEM› I'VE DECIDED THAY WE WILL EXCAVATE MA'S PRIVATE WALK-IN CLOSET #2 !!
GASP!
NO SHIT?!
DEVO
THAT CLOSET WAS FILLED WITH HUNDREDS OF PURSES DATING BACK ALL THE WAY TO THE 1930'S! THEY EACH HAD JUNK IN 'EM, TOO: KLEENEX, GUM, STAMPS, PHOTOS, CREDIT CARDS, TAMPAX, SUNGLASSES...
WOW! LOOK, BUFFALO NICKLES!
THOSE'RE MINE. HMM... TOO BAD THIS CREDIT CARD IS EXPIRED...
WAYNE'S RULE WAS THAT ANY MONEY WAS HIS, AND ANYTHING ELSE YOU COULD HAVE IF YOU ASKED HIM. UNLESS, OF COURSE, HE COULD TELL THAT YOU REALLY WANTED SOMETHING BAD: THEN HE SUDDENLY WANTED IT FOR HIMSELF!!
CAN I HAVE THIS BOX OF CRAPPY OLD BASEBALL CARDS?
I BET THESE ARE WORTH SOMETHING!
SURE! ...UH...NO, NO, I THINK I WANT 'EM. YOU DON'T EVEN LIKE BASEBALL!
100'S OF BASEBALL CARDS FROM 1950'S: WAYNE THREW 'EM AWAY THE VERY NEXT DAY!!



IT GOT SO WE WERE *HIDING* COOL STUFF AND SMUGGLING IT OUT LATER!

HEH! I GOT OUT WITH A *ROLL OF MERCURY DIMES*!
GREAT! I GOT A WHOLE BOX OF BLANK CASSETTES! PLUS I TOOK A SIX-PACK OF HIS DAD'S BEER!

ONE HUGE CLOSET, FILLED, WE CALLED "THE BURROW" BECAUSE WE WOULD BURROW AROUND IN IT LIKE MOLES, TRASHING EVERYTHING INTO A HORRIBLE TANGLE OF JUNK!

HAUL
BACKSTROKE!
GOTTA COME UP FOR AIR!

WE WERE REALLY GETTING OUT OF CONTROL, AND WAYNE WAS GETTING HARDER TO GET ALONG WITH. HE WAS STARTING TO GET SHIT FROM BAT LADY BECAUSE SO MANY THINGS WERE DESTROYED OR VANISHED!

FUCK! WHO BROKE MY DAD'S ROCKER? I'M GONNA CATCH HELL FROM THE BAT LADY!!
OH WELL, TOSS IT INTO THE *BURROW*!
BLACK SABBATH

"WILD" PARTIES BEGAN TAKING THEIR TOLL ON WAYNE'S HOUSE: RUINED FURNITURE, TORN UP BOOKS, BROKEN WINDOWS SOMEBODY PUT A BIG HOLE IN A WALL... SHAVING CREAM ON THE CEILING... A DOOR WAS SMASHED TO PIECES!

!
HA HA HA! ANOTHER CHAIR BITES THE DUST! TOSS IT IN THE **BURROW**!!

FINALLY WE DISCOVERED THE KITCHEN! EVERY CABINET WAS CRAMMED TO THE BRINK. IF YOU DUG BACK BEHIND THE FACADE OF NEW BOXES AND CANS, YOU QUICKLY HIT ANTIQUES.

"USE BEFORE NOV 13 1968" HEH HEH!
THIS MUST BE THIRTY YEARS OLD!
JELL-O
WISH BONE

THEY HAD A LARGE PANTRY ROOM OFF OF THE KITCHEN, JAMMED! PILES OF NEWSPAPERS, PANS FULL OF KITTY LITTER, TONS OF SOFT DRINKS, A FREEZER WITH ONE HUGE BLOCK OF ICED TOGETHER MYSTERIES NOT TO BE NAMED, AND SHELVES LINED WITH JARS OF HOME-CANNED VEGGIES A DECADE OLD...

UGH! LOOK! THE COLOR LEACHED OUT OF THE BEETS! LOOKS LIKE A FOETUS!!
YEAH... AN' THAT ONE TURNED ALL BLACK! SICK!

WE CHRISTENED THIS "THE ROACH BREEDING ROOM" BECAUSE OF THE FRIGHTENING NUMBERS OF BIG UGLY TEXAS FLYING COCKROACHES IN HERE!! THEY WERE EVERYWHERE, A CONSTANT SICKENING RUSTLING SOUND!

OH FUCK, LEMME OUTTA HERE!
HURRY... LET'S LOOK IN THE FRIDGE BEFORE WAYNE FINDS US HERE...

OF COURSE, IT WAS SIMILAR. NEW STUFF IN FRONT, AND OLD ODDITIES BEHIND. IT WAS AN AMAZING ARRAY OF SHRIVELING ORGANIC MATTER IN A RAINBOW OF COLOR!

DARN, NO BEER IN HERE...
LOOK, WHAT'S THAT?
FLOUR

GOD, IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S BEEN IN THERE FOREVER! IT'S PETRIFIED!!
REMEMBER THAT BOWL! WE CAN CHECK BACK AND SEE IF IT EVER GETS CLEANED OUT OR NOT.

IT WAS AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL ITEM WE LABELED "THE BOWL OF BEANS WITH THE BONE IN THE MIDDLE", AN AGED CURIOSITY!

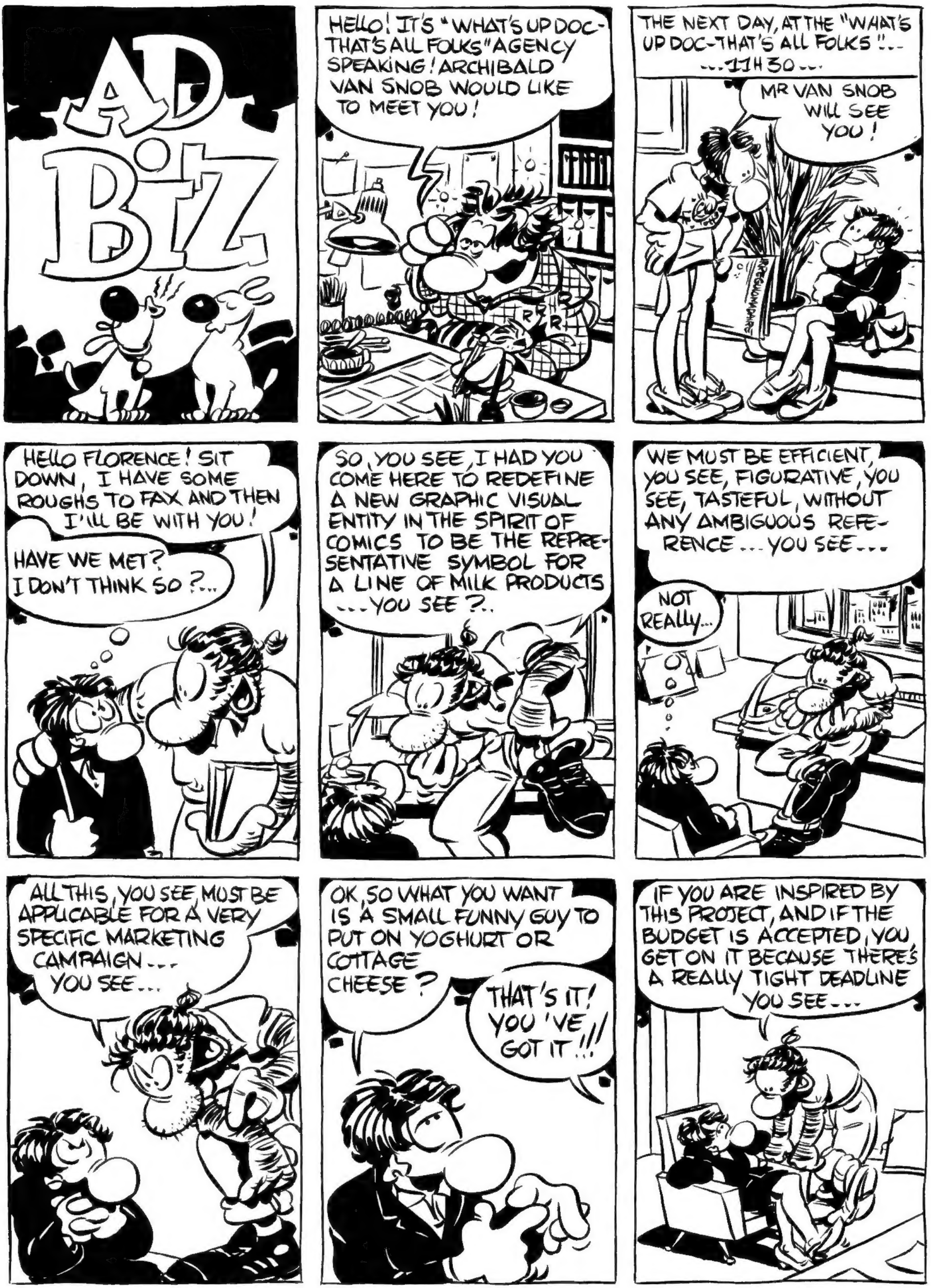
A COUPLE YEARS LATER I WAS IN COLLEGE, AND STOPPED BY. I MANAGED TO PEEK IN THE FRIDGE... SURE ENOUGH, THE BOWL OF BEANS WITH THE BONE IN THE MIDDLE WAS STILL IN ITS PROPER SPOT!!

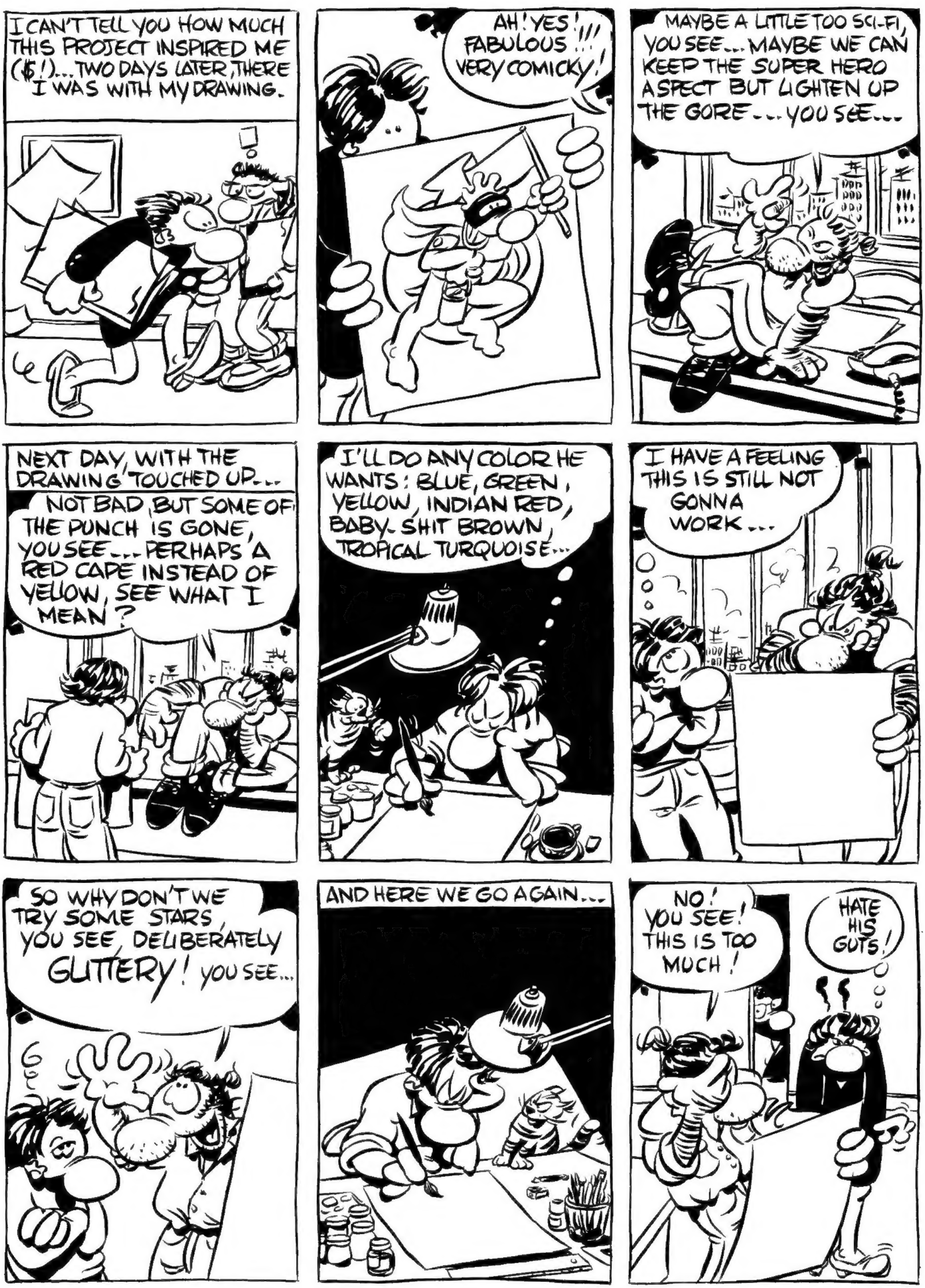
YEP, IT'S STILL HERE!

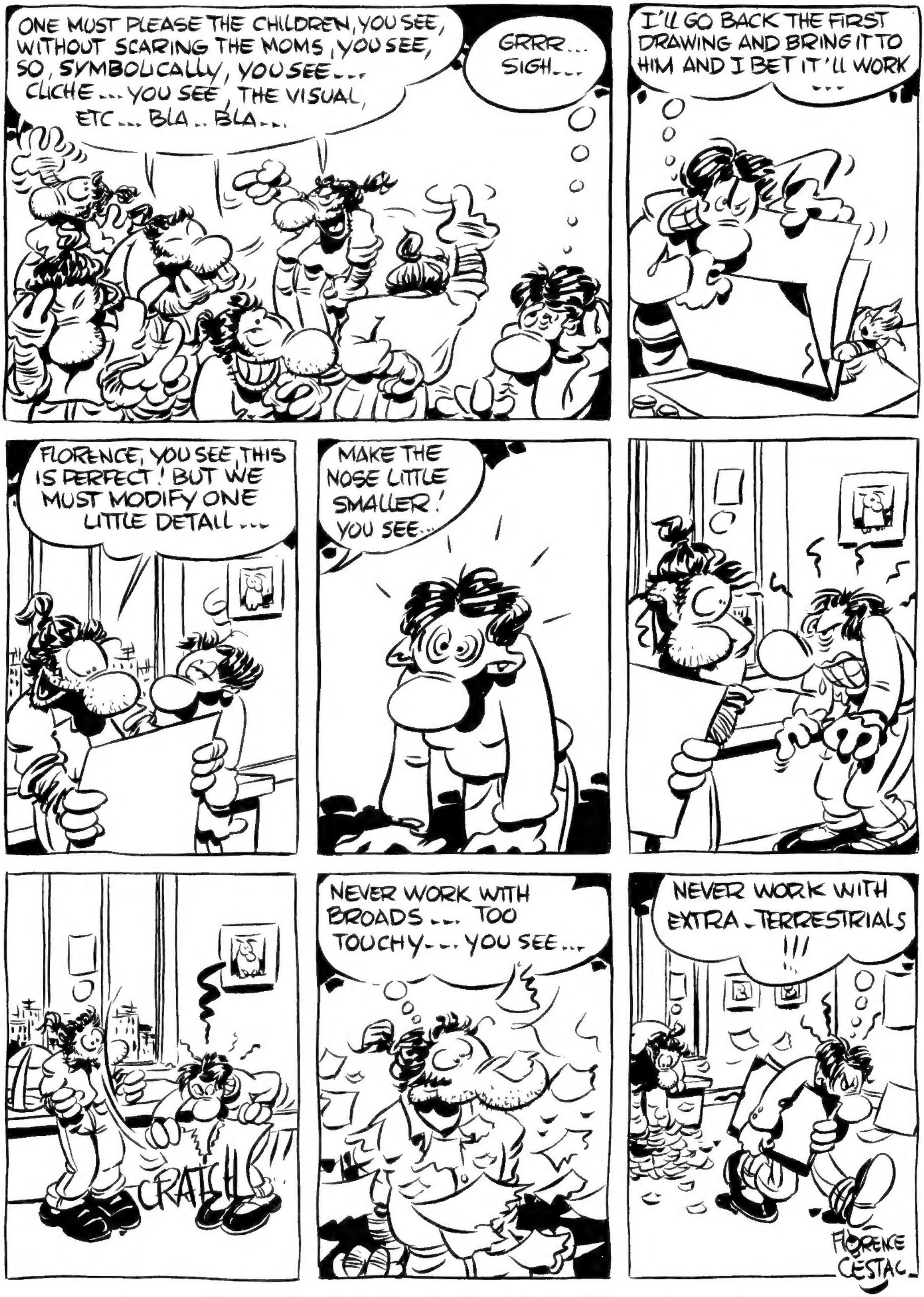
BAT LADY DIED IN '85, AND WAYNE QUIETLY PURGED THE HOUSE OF *EVERYTHING*! HE THREW IT ALL AWAY, EVEN THE ANTIQUES. **ALAS!!**

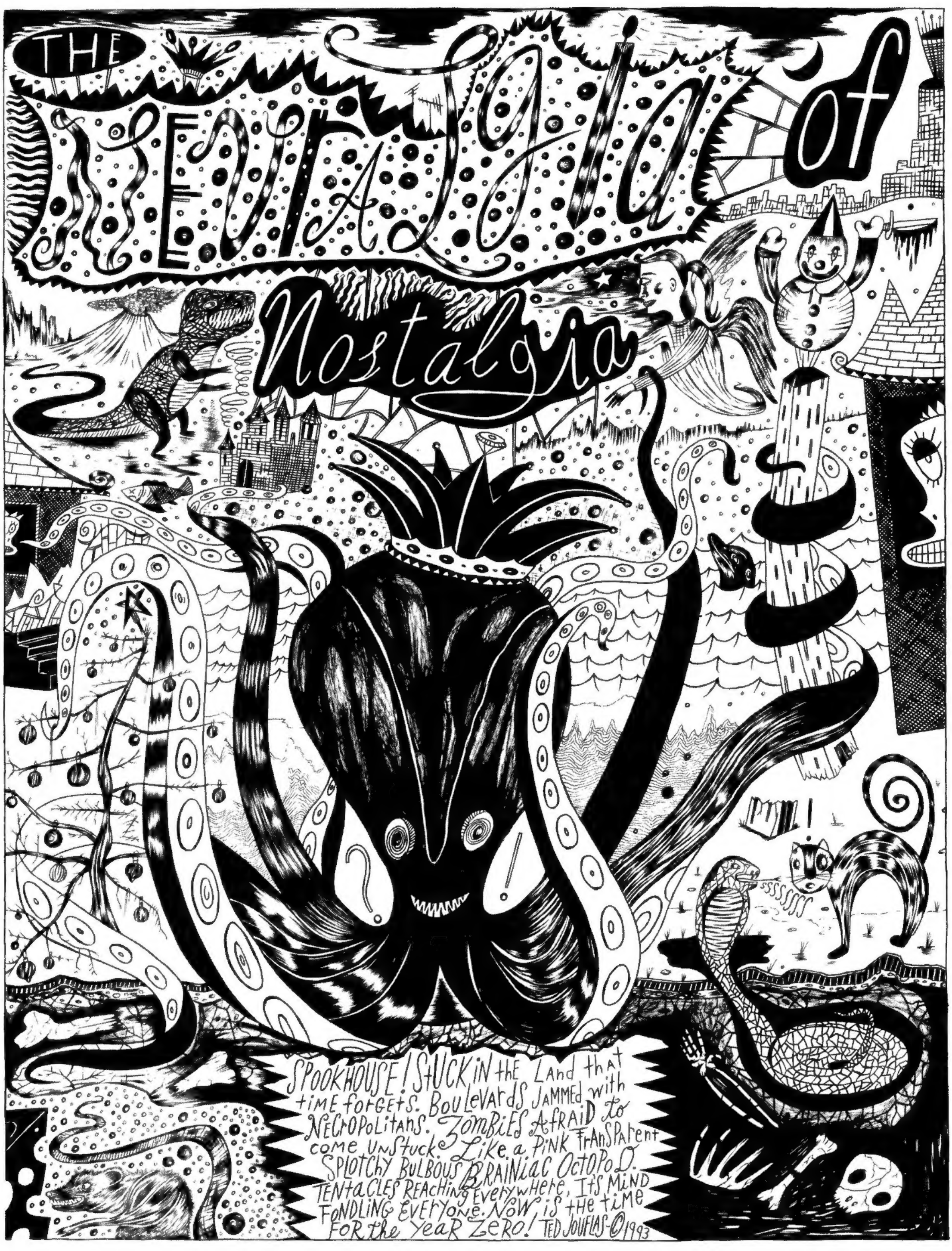
HEY, WE WERE BORED! HIGH-SCHOOL IN A SMALL TEXAS TOWN REALLY SUCKS!
MAYBE YOU HAD TO BE THERE.

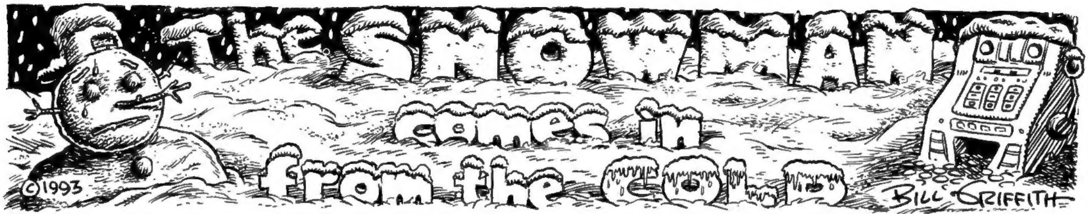
end


AD BIZ
HELLO! IT'S "WHAT'S UP DOC-THAT'S ALL FOLKS" AGENCY SPEAKING! ARCHIBALD VAN SNOB WOULD LIKE TO MEET YOU!
R R R
THE NEXT DAY, AT THE "WHAT'S UP DOC-THAT'S ALL FOLKS"... ...11H 30...
MR VAN SNOB WILL SEE YOU!
HELLO FLORENCE! SIT DOWN, I HAVE SOME ROUGHS TO FAX AND THEN I'LL BE WITH YOU!
HAVE WE MET? I DON'T THINK SO?...
SO, YOU SEE, I HAD YOU COME HERE TO REDEFINE A NEW GRAPHIC VISUAL ENTITY IN THE SPIRIT OF COMICS TO BE THE REPRESENTATIVE SYMBOL FOR A LINE OF MILK PRODUCTS ...YOU SEE?..
WE MUST BE EFFICIENT, YOU SEE, FIGURATIVE, YOU SEE, TASTEFUL, WITHOUT ANY AMBIGUOUS REFERENCE... YOU SEE...
NOT REALLY...
ALL THIS, YOU SEE, MUST BE APPLICABLE FOR A VERY SPECIFIC MARKETING CAMPAIGN... YOU SEE...
OK, SO WHAT YOU WANT IS A SMALL FUNNY GUY TO PUT ON YOGHURT OR COTTAGE CHEESE?
THAT'S IT! YOU'VE GOT IT!!!
IF YOU ARE INSPIRED BY THIS PROJECT, AND IF THE BUDGET IS ACCEPTED, YOU GET ON IT BECAUSE THERE'S A REALLY TIGHT DEADLINE YOU SEE...


I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW MUCH THIS PROJECT INSPIRED ME ($!)... TWO DAYS LATER, THERE I WAS WITH MY DRAWING.
AH! YES!!!! FABULOUS!!! VERY COMICKY!
MAYBE A LITTLE TOO SCI-FI, YOU SEE... MAYBE WE CAN KEEP THE SUPER HERO ASPECT BUT LIGHTEN UP THE GORE... YOU SEE...
NEXT DAY, WITH THE DRAWING TOUCHED UP...
NOT BAD, BUT SOME OF THE PUNCH IS GONE, YOU SEE... PERHAPS A RED CAPE INSTEAD OF YELLOW, SEE WHAT I MEAN?
I'LL DO ANY COLOR HE WANTS: BLUE, GREEN, YELLOW, INDIAN RED, BABY-SHIT BROWN, TROPICAL TURQUOISE...
I HAVE A FEELING THIS IS STILL NOT GONNA WORK...
SO WHY DON'T WE TRY SOME STARS, YOU SEE, DELIBERATELY GLITTERY! YOU SEE...
AND HERE WE GO AGAIN...
NO! YOU SEE! THIS IS TOO MUCH!
HATE HIS GUTS!


ONE MUST PLEASE THE CHILDREN, YOU SEE, WITHOUT SCARING THE MOMS, YOU SEE, SO, SYMBOLICALLY, YOU SEE... CLICHE... YOU SEE, THE VISUAL, ETC... BLA.. BLA...
GRRR... SIGH...
I'LL GO BACK THE FIRST DRAWING AND BRING IT TO HIM AND I BET IT'LL WORK ...
FLORENCE, YOU SEE, THIS IS PERFECT! BUT WE MUST MODIFY ONE LITTLE DETAIL ...
MAKE THE NOSE LITTLE SMALLER! YOU SEE...
CRATCH
NEVER WORK WITH BROADS ... TOO TOUCHY... YOU SEE...
NEVER WORK WITH EXTRA-TERRESTRIALS !!!
FLORENCE CESTAC


THE
NEURALGIA
of
Nostalgia
SSSSSSSS
!
SPOOKHOUSE! STUCK IN the LAnd that time forgets. BouLevards JAMMEd with NECroPoLitans. ZOMBIES AfRAID to come UNStuck. Like a PINK TrAnSParent SPLOTCHY BULBOUS BRAINiaC OctoPoD. TENtaCLES REACHING EverywHere, It's MIND FONDLING EVERYONE. NOW is tHE tiME FOR the YeaR ZERO! TED JOUFLAS-©1993

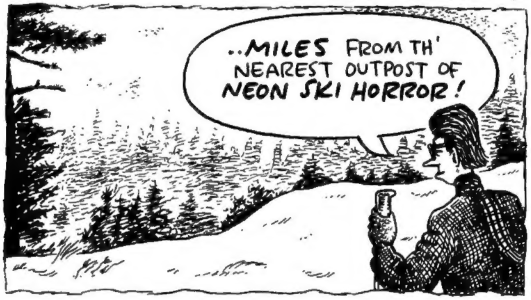


THE SNOWMAN COMES IN FROM THE COLD

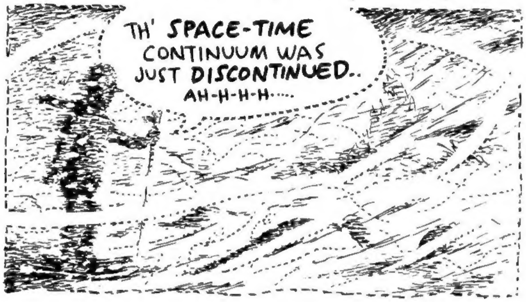
©1993

BILL GRIFFITH

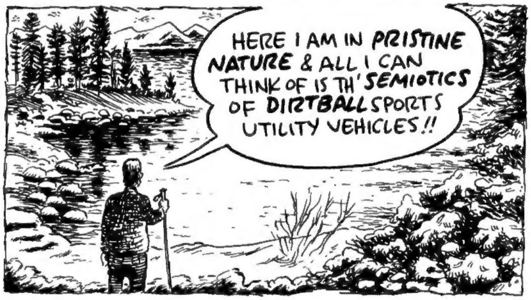
LAST WINTER, I SPENT A LOT OF TIME UP IN TH' **HIGH SIERRA**, AROUND **LAKE TAHOE**, CALIFORNIA.. MY NEW **SNOWSHOES** TOOK ME INTO A SILENT, WHITE WORLD OF EXQUISITE BEAUTY..


..**MILES** FROM TH' NEAREST OUTPOST OF **NEON SKI HORROR**!

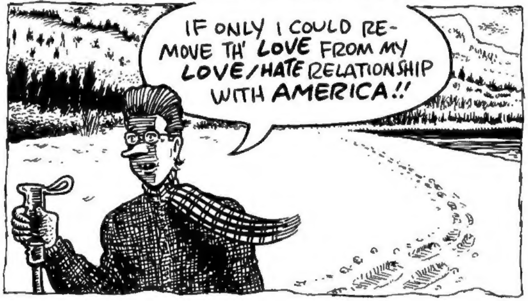
MY DREAM WAS TO EXPERIENCE TH' **EERIE** PLEASURE OF TH' **"WHITE-OUT"**, THAT PERIOD DURING A HEAVY STORM WHEN THERE IS NO DISTINCTION BETWEEN LAND & SKY, **BEING** & **NOTHINGNESS**..


TH' **SPACE-TIME** CONTINUUM WAS JUST **DISCONTINUED**.. AH-H-H-H.....

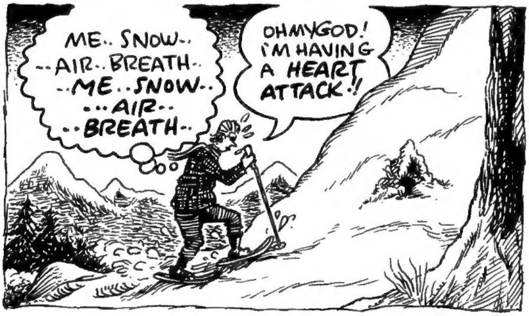
UP ABOVE TH' UGLINESS & CLATTER OF MODERN AMERICA, I TRIED-- GOD, HOW I **TRIED**--TO **FORGET** MY CULTURE ... TO FORGET TH' **POLLUTION**, TH' INCESSANT **MEDIA** BOMBARDMENT..


HERE I AM IN **PRISTINE NATURE** & ALL I CAN THINK OF IS TH' **SEMIOTICS** OF **DIRTBALL** SPORTS UTILITY VEHICLES!!

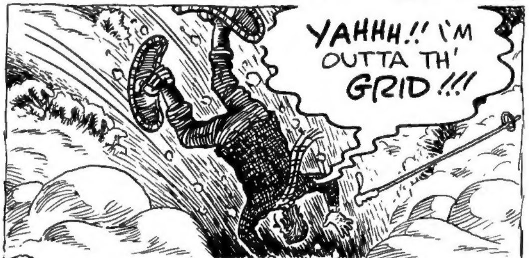
THIS STATE OF **DISCONNECTEDNESS** WOULD NEVER LAST FOR MORE THAN A FLEETING MOMENT.. TH' AWESOME STILLNESS & EXPANSIVE SPACE ONLY SERVED AS A BACKDROP TO MY **ANXIETIES**..


IF ONLY I COULD REMOVE TH' **LOVE** FROM MY **LOVE/HATE** RELATIONSHIP WITH **AMERICA**!!

I EVENTUALLY FOUND A MORE EFFICIENT WAY TO FORGET... A **FAST CLIMB** UP A DEEP, POWDERY MOUNTAINSIDE WOULD LEAVE ME SO **EXHAUSTED**, I COULD THINK ONLY OF MY ALARMINGLY RAPID **PULSE**!

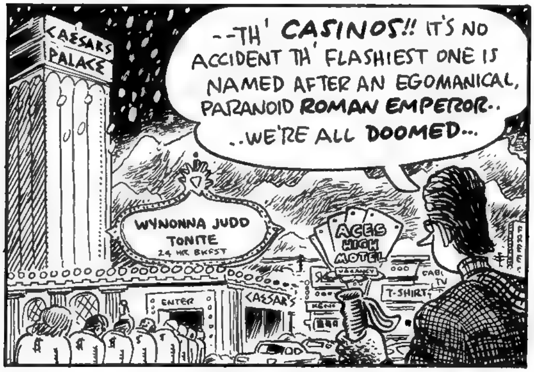

ME.. SNOW.. --AIR.. BREATH.. --**ME**.. **SNOW**.. ...**AIR**.. --**BREATH**..
OHMYGOD! I'M HAVING A **HEART ATTACK**!!

OKAY.. TH' **REAL** TRUTH? MY MOST SATISFYINGLY **UNPLUGGED** MOMENTS REALLY CAME ONLY WHEN I **SLIPPED** ON A STEEP CREEK BANK & TOOK A FREE FALL INTO TH' **4TH DIMENSION** (GRAVITY!!)

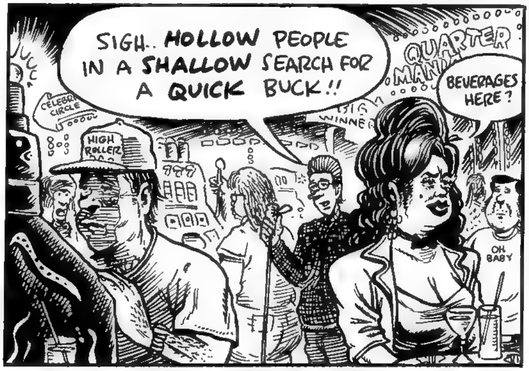

YAHHH!! I'M OUTTA TH' **GRID**!!!!

BUT I STILL FELT TH' **PULL**.. THAT **ITCH** THAT MUST BE SCRATCHED.. I HAD TO REJOIN **"CIVILIZATION"**!!

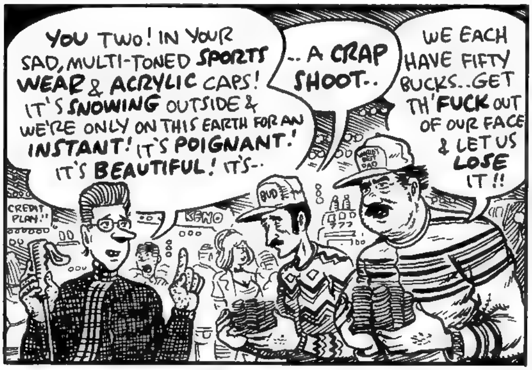
NOW WHAT MORE **PERFECT** EMBODIMENT OF TH' YIN & YANG OF AMERICA THAN TH' FACT THAT ONLY 20 MINUTES FROM **HIGH SIERRA** GRANDEUR SIT THOSE **BLEAK** MONUMENTS TO **GREED & LOSS**..


CAESARS PALACE
--TH' CASINOS!! IT'S NO ACCIDENT TH' FLASHIEST ONE IS NAMED AFTER AN EGOMANICAL, PARANOID ROMAN EMPEROR.. ..WE'RE ALL DOOMED...
WYNONNA JUDD TONITE 24 HR BKFST
ACES HIGH MOTEL
VACANCY
CABLE TV
T-SHIRTS
FREE
ENTER
CAESAR'S
KENO

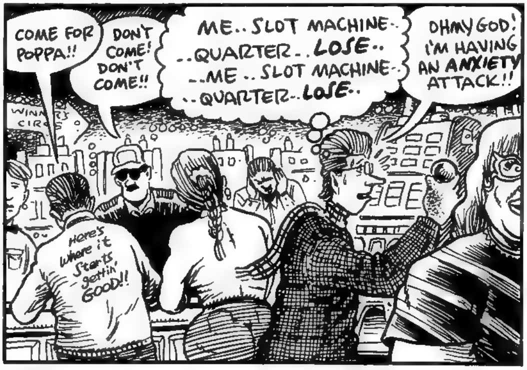
NO TRIP TO LAKE TAHOE'S **WINTER WONDERLAND** IS COMPLETE WITHOUT A VISIT TO TH' **BELLY OF TH' BEAST**.. TH' MATCHLESS METAPHOR FOR TH' CHEAP, GAUDY, UNATTAINABLE "**AMERICAN DREAM**"..


SIGH.. HOLLOW PEOPLE IN A SHALLOW SEARCH FOR A QUICK BUCK!!
QUARTER MANIA
BEVERAGES HERE?
CELEBRITY CIRCLE
BIG WINNER
HIGH ROLLER
777
OH BABY

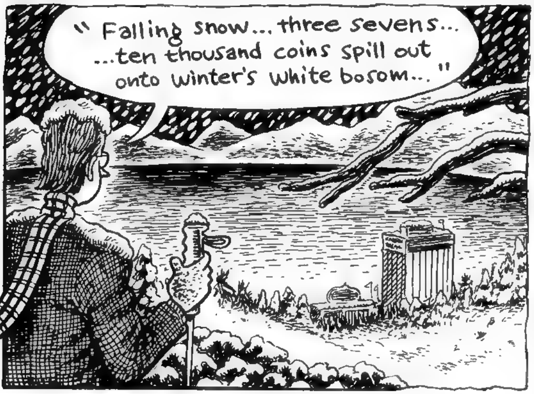
WHY DO PEOPLE **GAMBLE?** TO **WIN**, PERHAPS.. BUT **LOSING** IS WHAT GAMBLING IS REALLY ALL ABOUT.. LOOK AROUND YOU AT A CASINO.. WHAT'S GOING ON?? LOSING.. BRIGHT, NOISY, SEXY.. ACRES & ACRES OF **LOSING**!


YOU TWO! IN YOUR SAD, MULTI-TONED SPORTS WEAR & ACRYLIC CAPS! IT'S SNOWING OUTSIDE & WE'RE ONLY ON THIS EARTH FOR AN INSTANT! IT'S POIGNANT! IT'S BEAUTIFUL! IT'S--
..A CRAP SHOOT..
WE EACH HAVE FIFTY BUCKS.. GET TH' FUCK OUT OF OUR FACE & LET US LOSE IT!!
CREDIT PLAN!!
KENO
BUD
777

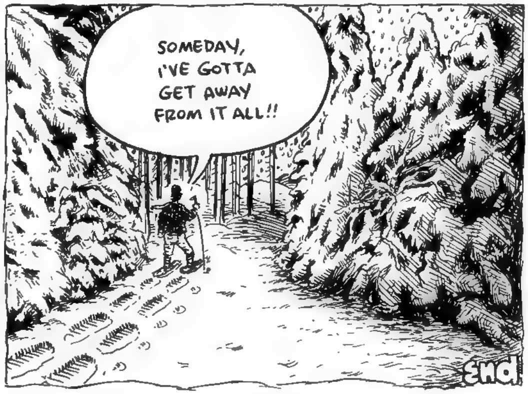
THERE ARE NO **CLOCKS** IN A CASINO & VERY FEW WINDOWS, **EXIT** SIGNS OR EASILY ACCESSIBLE **RESTROOMS**. IT'S A KIND OF **CULT COMPOUND** WHERE TH' OUTSIDE WORLD... **REALITY**.. FADES FROM CONSCIOUSNESS..


COME FOR POPPA!!
DON'T COME! DON'T COME!!
ME.. SLOT MACHINE.. ..QUARTER.. LOSE.. ..ME.. SLOT MACHINE.. ..QUARTER.. LOSE..
OH MY GOD! I'M HAVING AN ANXIETY ATTACK!!
Here's where it starts gettin' GOOD!!

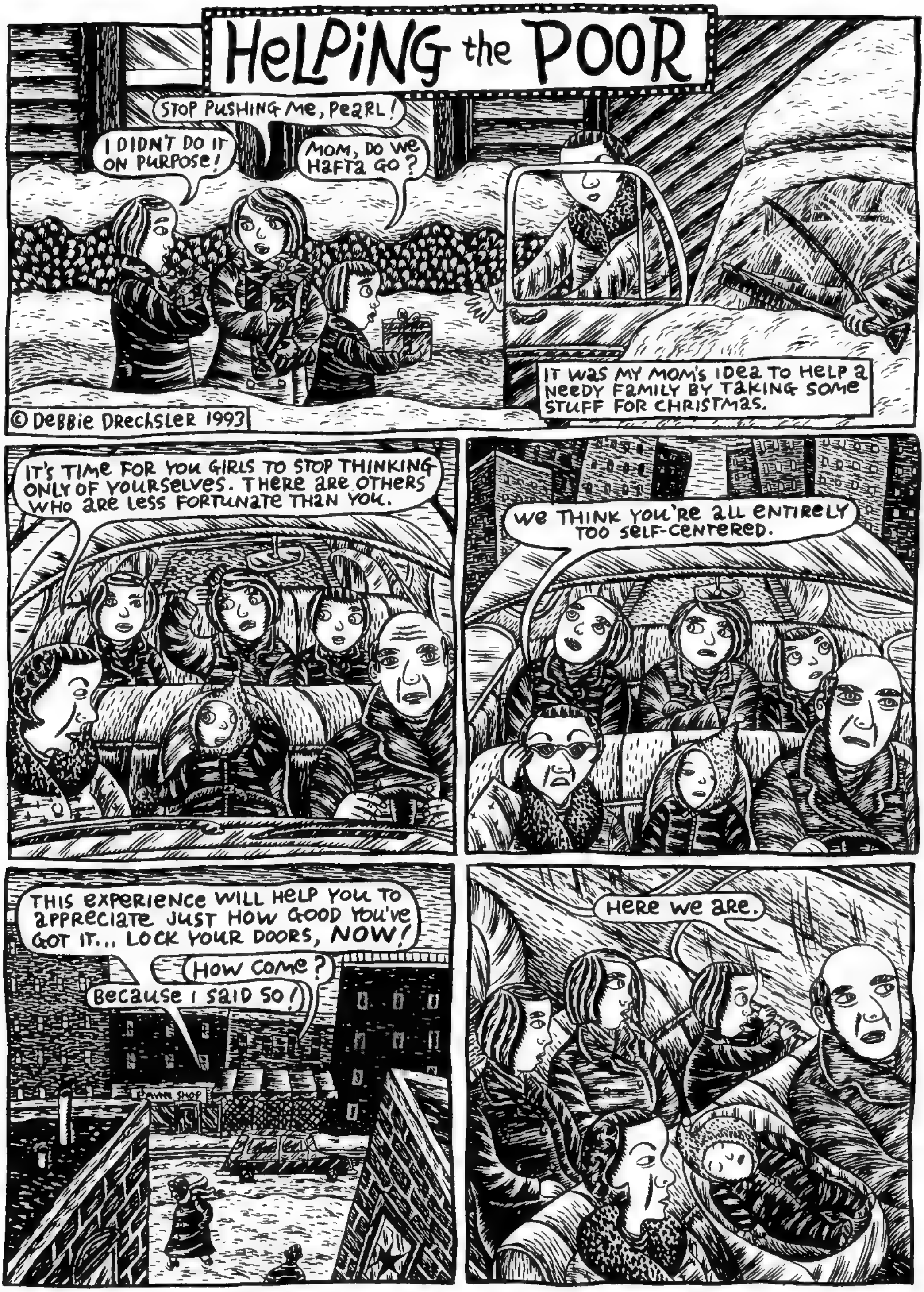
SNOW AND **DESIRE**.. NATURE AND MAN.. JEEZ, IT'S ENOUGH TO TURN A GUY INTO A ZEN BUDDHIST... WELL, YES.. THERE IS A "UNITY OF OPPOSITES" HERE — TWO **ELEMENTAL FORCES**, LOCKED IN A TRAGIC EMBRACE..

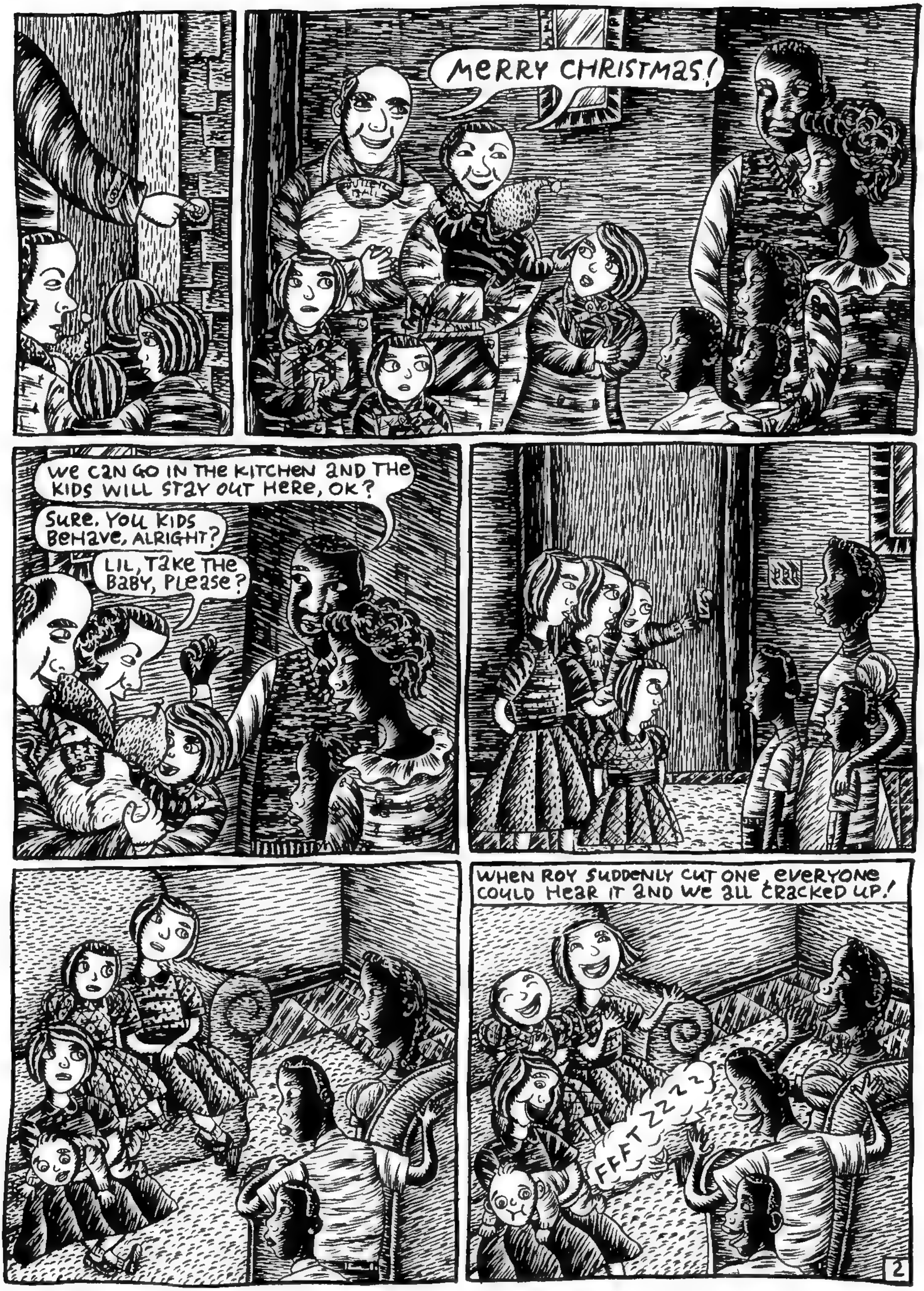

"Falling snow... three sevens... ...ten thousand coins spill out onto winter's white bosom..."

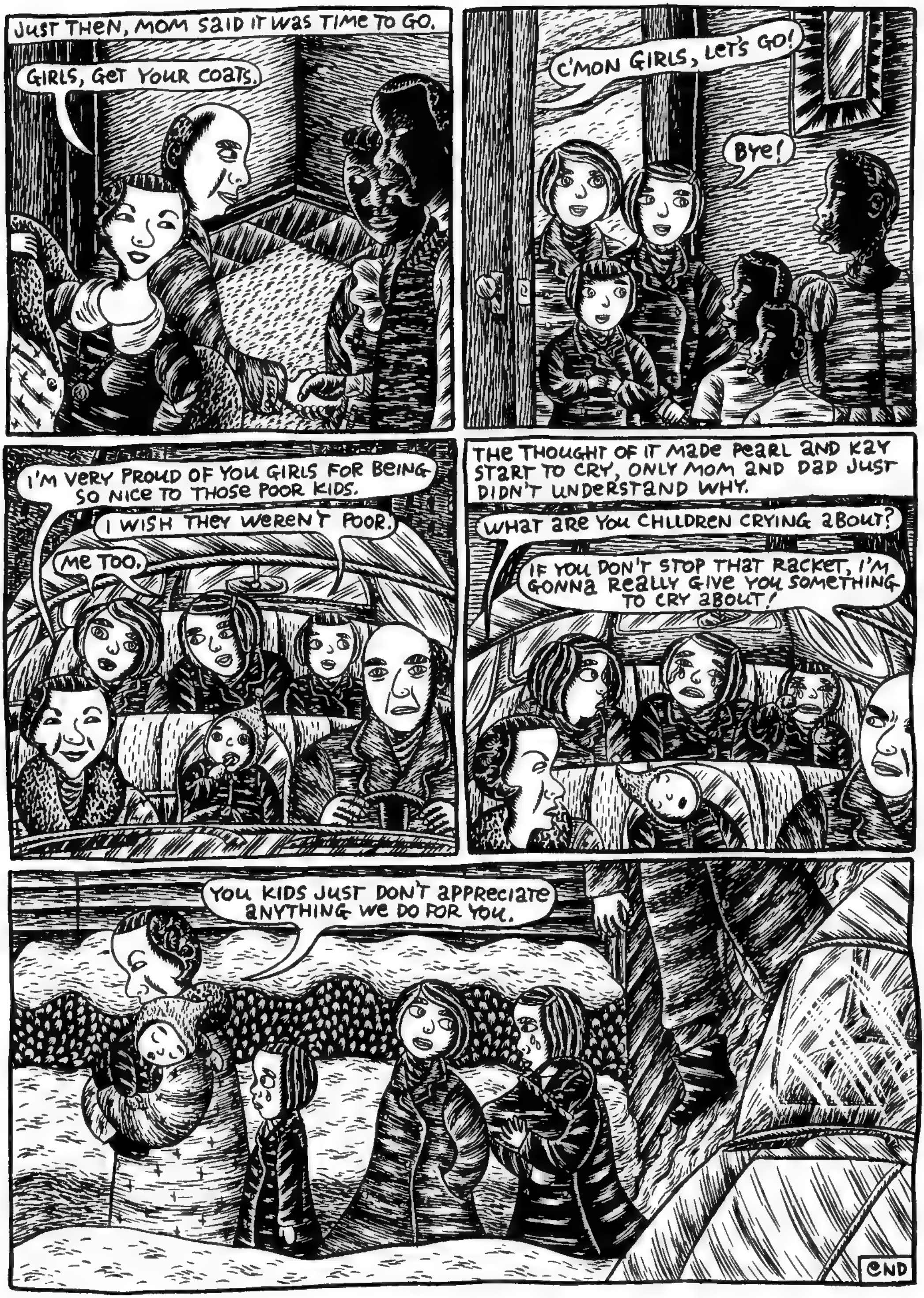
BUT NO **ZEN KOAN** CAN CONTAIN TH' MESSY CONTRADICTIONS OF THIS CRAZY COUNTRY.. I **LOVE** IT, I **HATE** IT, I **LOVE** IT, I **HATE** IT.... **AMERICA**.. TH' GOOD... TH' BAD... AND TH' **UGLY**---

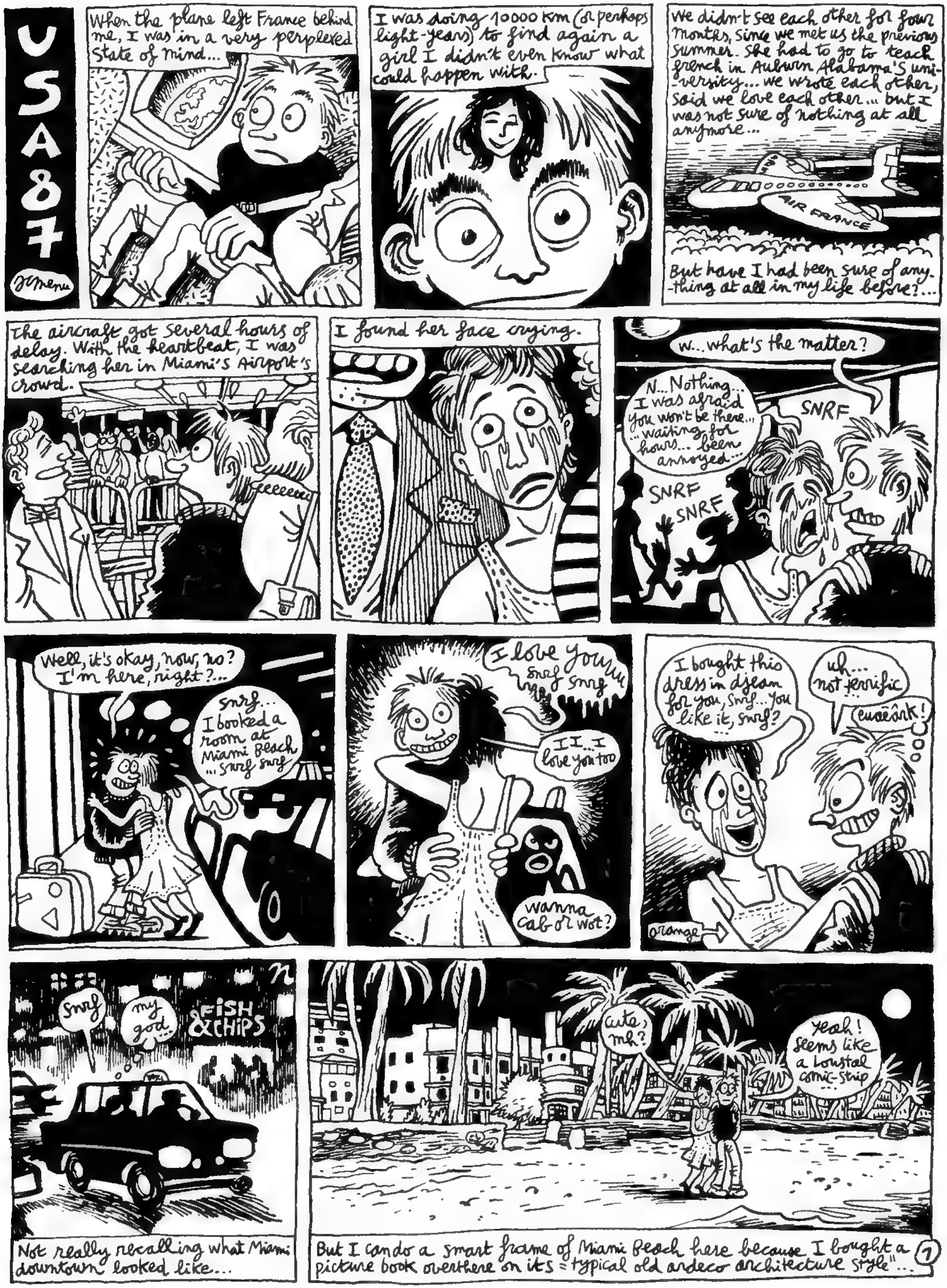

SOMEDAY, I'VE GOTTA GET AWAY FROM IT ALL!!
End

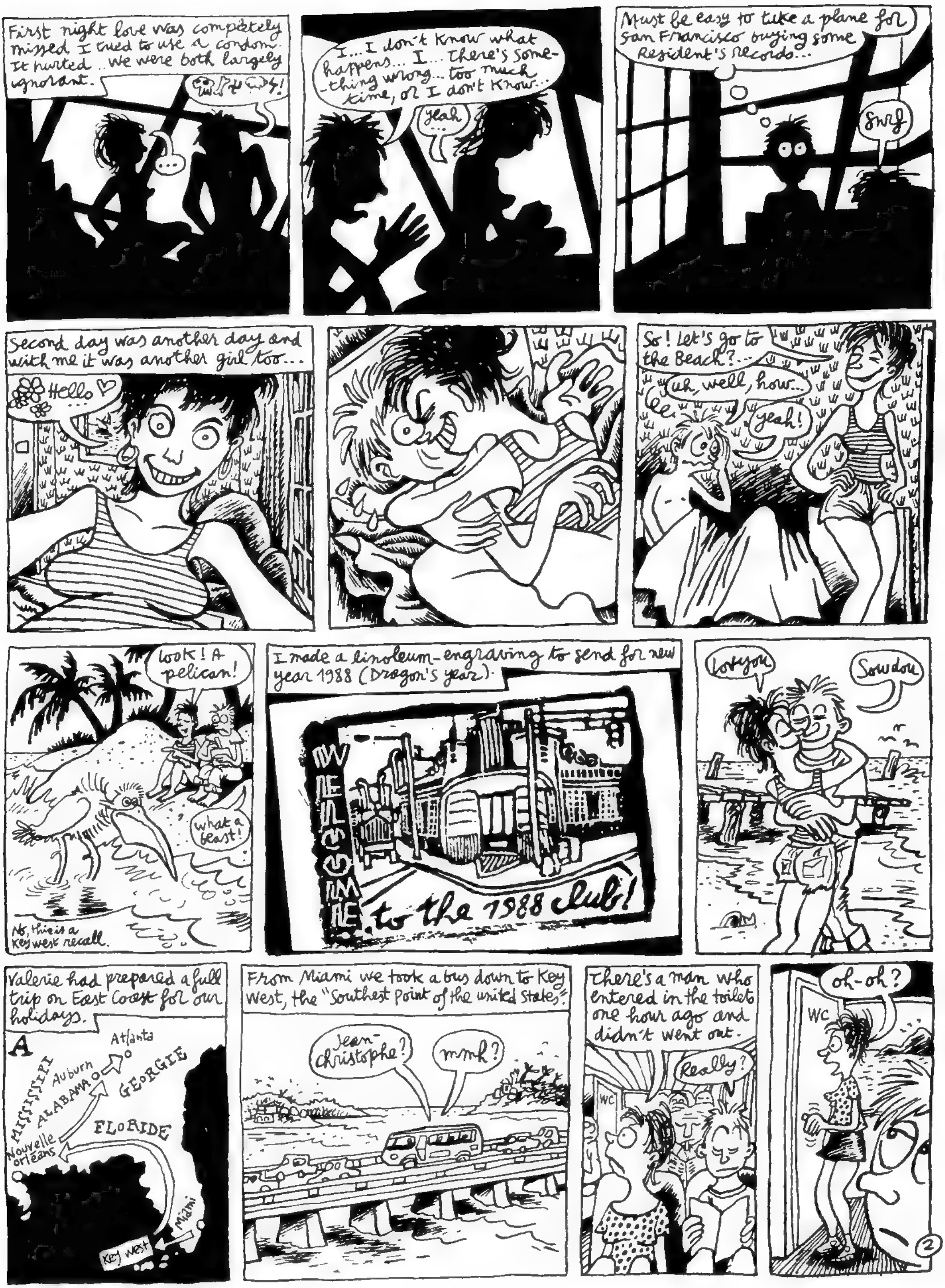
HELPING the POOR

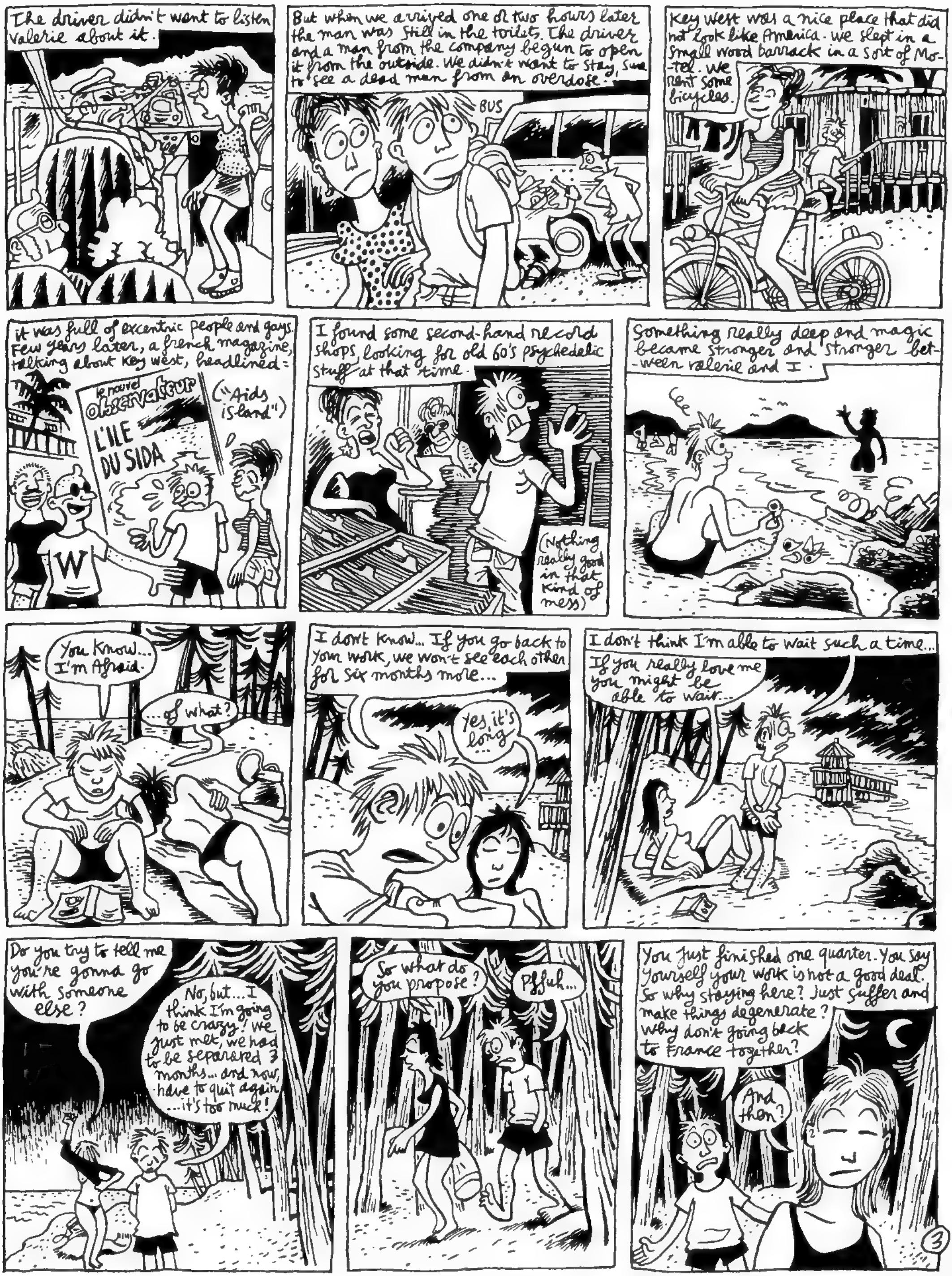

STOP PUSHING ME, PEARL!
I DIDN'T DO IT ON PURPOSE!
MOM, DO WE HAFTA GO?
IT WAS MY MOM'S IDEA TO HELP A NEEDY FAMILY BY TAKING SOME STUFF FOR CHRISTMAS.
© DEBBIE DRECHSLER 1993
IT'S TIME FOR YOU GIRLS TO STOP THINKING ONLY OF YOURSELVES. THERE ARE OTHERS WHO ARE LESS FORTUNATE THAN YOU.
WE THINK YOU'RE ALL ENTIRELY TOO SELF-CENTERED.
THIS EXPERIENCE WILL HELP YOU TO APPRECIATE JUST HOW GOOD YOU'VE GOT IT... LOCK YOUR DOORS, NOW!
HOW COME?
BECAUSE I SAID SO!
PAWN SHOP
HERE WE ARE.

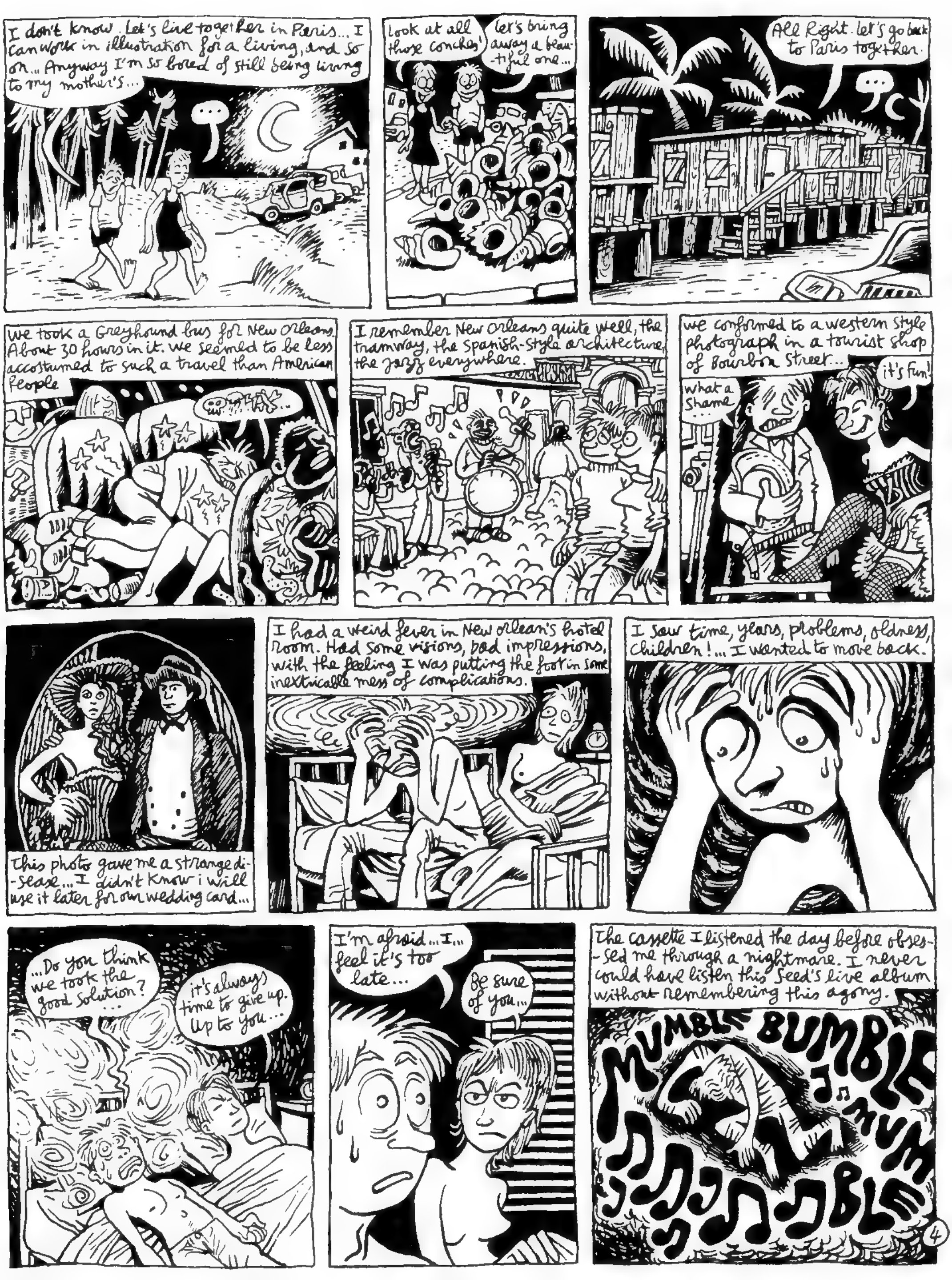

MERRY CHRISTMAS!
WE CAN GO IN THE KITCHEN AND THE KIDS WILL STAY OUT HERE, OK?
SURE. YOU KIDS BEHAVE, ALRIGHT?
LIL, TAKE THE BABY, PLEASE?
WHEN ROY SUDDENLY CUT ONE, EVERYONE COULD HEAR IT AND WE ALL CRACKED UP!
FFFT ZZZZZ

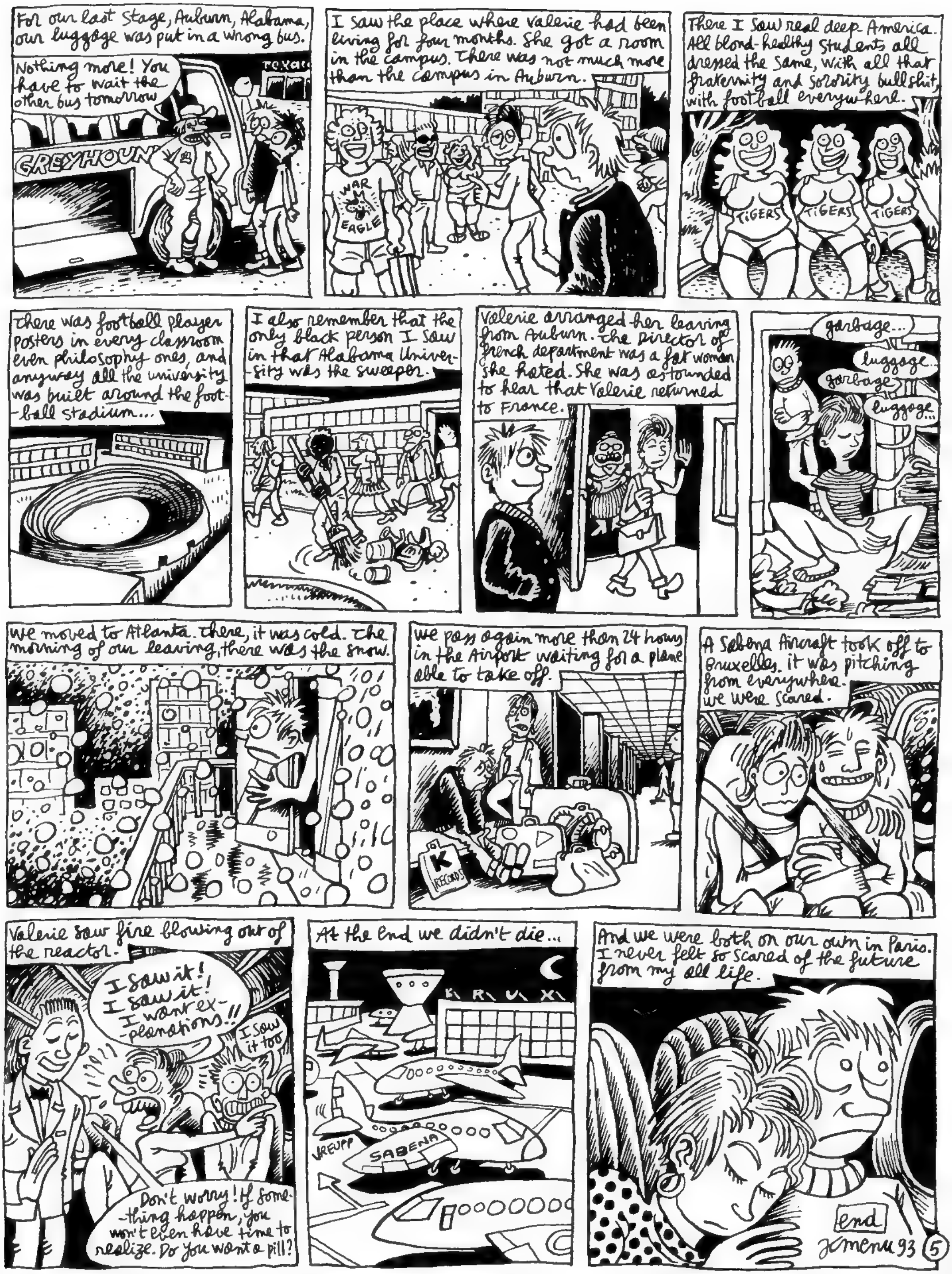

JUST THEN, MOM SAID IT WAS TIME TO GO.
GIRLS, GET YOUR COATS.
C'MON GIRLS, LET'S GO!
BYE!
I'M VERY PROUD OF YOU GIRLS FOR BEING SO NICE TO THOSE POOR KIDS.
I WISH THEY WEREN'T POOR.
ME TOO.
THE THOUGHT OF IT MADE PEARL AND KAY START TO CRY, ONLY MOM AND DAD JUST DIDN'T UNDERSTAND WHY.
WHAT ARE YOU CHILDREN CRYING ABOUT?
IF YOU DON'T STOP THAT RACKET, I'M GONNA REALLY GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO CRY ABOUT!
YOU KIDS JUST DON'T APPRECIATE ANYTHING WE DO FOR YOU.
END


USA 87
JCMenu
When the plane left France behind me, I was in a very perplexed state of mind...
I was doing 10000 km (or perhaps light-years) to find again a girl I didn't even know what could happen with.
We didn't see each other for four months, since we met us the previous summer. She had to go to teach french in Auburn Alabama's university... we wrote each other, said we love each other... but I was not sure of nothing at all anymore...
AIR FRANCE
But have I had been sure of anything at all in my life before?...
The aircraft got several hours of delay. With the heartbeat, I was searching her in Miami's Airport's crowd.
eeeeeee
I found her face crying.
W... what's the matter?
N... Nothing... I was afraid you won't be there... ...waiting for hours... been annoyed...
SNRF
SNRF
SNRF
Well, it's okay, now, no? I'm here, right?...
snrf... I booked a room at Miami Beach ...snrf snrf
I love youuu snrf snrf
II... I love you too
wanna cab or wot?
I bought this dress in djean for you, snrf... You like it, snrf?
uh... not terrific
euaeârk!
orange
snrf
my god
FISH & CHIPS
Not really recalling what Miami downtown looked like...
cute, mh?
Yeah! Seems like a Loustal comic-strip
But I can do a smart frame of Miami Beach here because I bought a picture book overthere on its "typical old ardeco architecture style"...


First night love was completely missed. I tried to use a condom. It hurted... We were both largely ignorant.
...
I... I don't know what happens... I... there's some-thing wrong... too much time, or I don't know...
Yeah ...
Must be easy to take a plane for San Francisco buying some Resident's Records...
Snrf
Second day was another day and with me it was another girl too...
Hello
So! Let's go to the Beach?...
uh, well, how...
yeah!
look! A pelican!
what a beast!
No, this is a Key west recall.
I made a linoleum-engraving to send for new year 1988 (Dragon's year).
WELCOME to the 1988 club!
Lovyou
Sowdou
Valerie had prepared a full trip on East Coast for our holidays.
A
MISSISSIPI
ALABAMA
Auburn
Atlanta
GEORGIE
FLORIDE
Nouvelle orléans
Miami
Key West
From Miami we took a bus down to Key West, the "Southest Point of the united States".
Jean-christophe?
mmh?
There's a man who entered in the toilets one hour ago and didn't went out.
Really?
WC
WC
oh-oh?

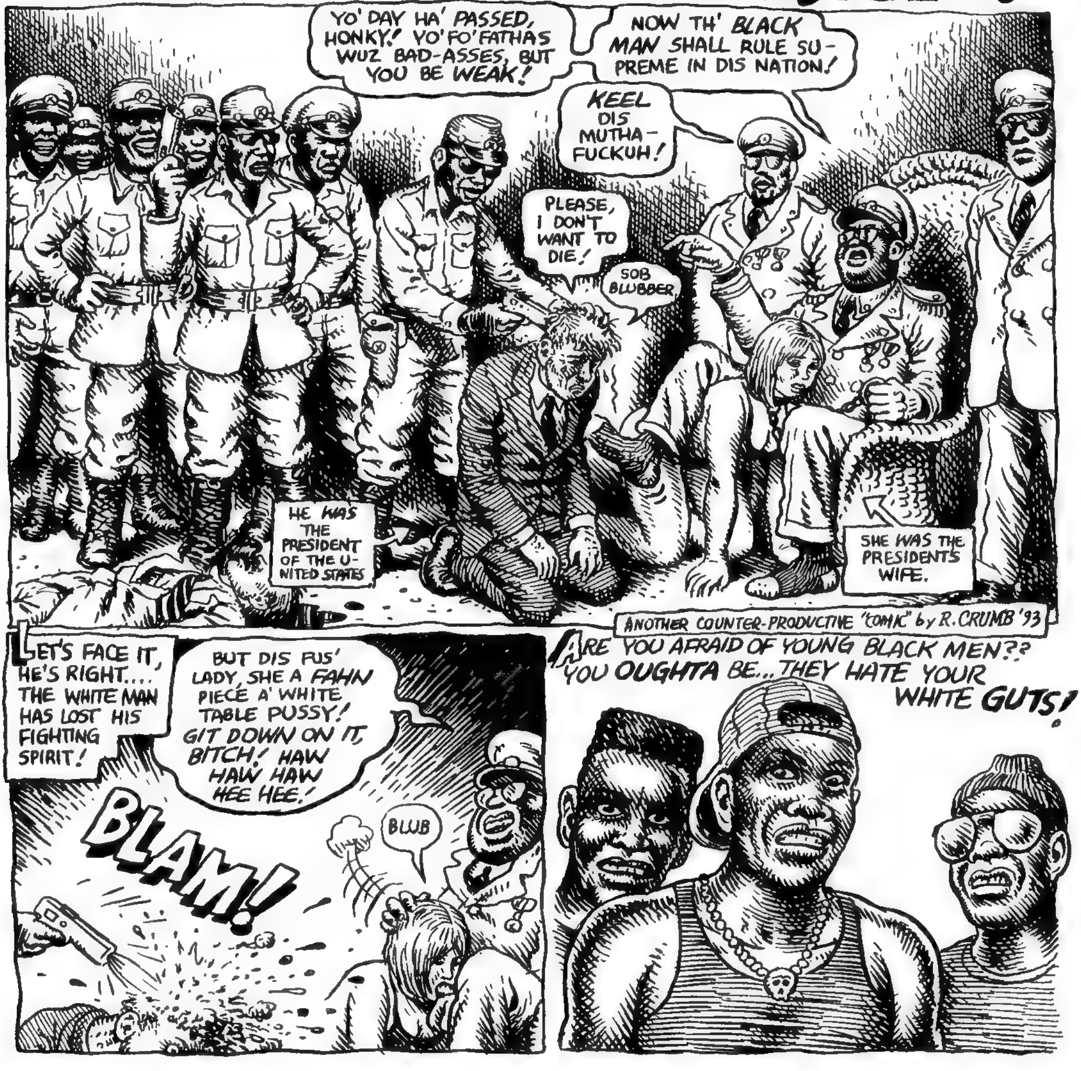

The driver didn't want to listen Valerie about it.
But when we arrived one or two hours later the man was still in the toilets. The driver and a man from the company begun to open it from the outside. We didn't want to stay, sure to see a dead man from an overdose.
BUS
Key West was a nice place that did not look like America. We slept in a small wood barrack in a sort of Mo-tel. We rent some bicycles.
it was full of excentric people and gays. Few years later, a french magazine, talking about Key West, headlined:
le nouvel observateur
L'ILE DU SIDA
("Aids island")
W
I found some second-hand record shops, looking for old 60's psychedelic stuff at that time.
(Nothing really good in that kind of mess)
Something really deep and magic became stronger and stronger between Valerie and I.
You know... I'm afraid.
...of what?
I don't know... If you go back to your work, we won't see each other for six months more...
Yes, it's long...
I don't think I'm able to wait such a time...
If you really love me you might be able to wait...
Do you try to tell me you're gonna go with someone else?
No, but... I think I'm going to be crazy! We just met, we had to be separated 3 months... and now, have to quit again ...it's too much!
So what do you propose?
Pffuh...
You just finished one quarter. You say yourself your work is not a good deal. So why staying here? Just suffer and make things degenerate? Why don't going back to France together?
And then?

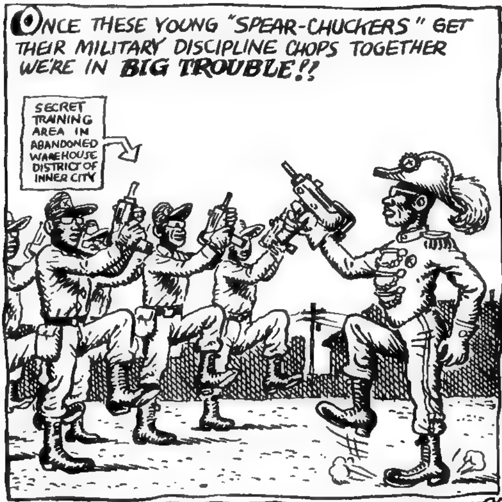

I don't know. Let's live together in Paris... I can work in illustration for a living, and so on... Anyway I'm so bored of still being living to my mother's...
...
Look at all those conches!
Let's bring away a beautiful one...
All Right. Let's go back to Paris together.
...
We took a Greyhound bus for New Orleans. About 30 hours in it. We seemed to be less accostumed to such a travel than American People
I remember New Orleans quite well, the tramway, the Spanish-style architecture, the jazz everywhere.
We conformed to a western style photograph in a tourist shop of Bourbon Street...
What a shame ...
it's fun!
This photo gave me a strange disease... I didn't know i will use it later for our wedding card...
I had a weird fever in New Orlean's hotel room. Had some visions, bad impressions, with the feeling I was putting the foot in some inextricable mess of complications.
I saw time, years, problems, oldness, children!... I wanted to move back.
...Do you think we took the good solution? ...
it's always time to give up. Up to you...
I'm afraid... I... feel it's too late...
Be sure of you...
The cassette I listened the day before obsessed me through a nightmare. I never could have listen this Seed's live album without remembering this agony.
MUMBLE BUMBLE
MUM
BLE


For our last Stage, Auburn, Alabama, our luggage was put in a wrong bus.
Nothing more! You have to wait the other bus tomorrow
TEXAC
GREYHOUN
I saw the place where Valerie had been living for four months. She got a room in the campus. There was not much more than the campus in Auburn.
WAR EAGLE
There I saw real deep America. All blond-healthy students all dressed the same, with all that fraternity and sorority bullshit with football everywhere.
TIGERS
TIGERS
TIGERS
there was football player posters in every classroom even philosophy ones, and anyway all the university was built around the foot-ball stadium...
I also remember that the only black person I saw in that Alabama University was the sweeper.
Valerie arranged her leaving from Auburn. the director of french department was a fat woman she hated. She was astounded to hear that Valerie returned to France.
garbage...
luggage...
garbage
luggage...
we moved to Atlanta. there, it was cold. the morning of our leaving, there was the snow.
we pass again more than 24 hours in the Airport waiting for a plane able to take off.
K RECORDS
A Sabena Aircraft took off to Bruxelles. it was pitching from everywhere. we were scared.
Valerie saw fire blowing out of the reactor.
I saw it! I saw it! I want ex-planations!!
I saw it too
Don't worry! If some-thing happen, you won't even have time to realize. Do you want a pill?
At the end we didn't die...
BRUX
VREUPP
SABENA
And we were both on our own in Paris. I never felt so scared of the future from my all life.
end
JCMenu 93

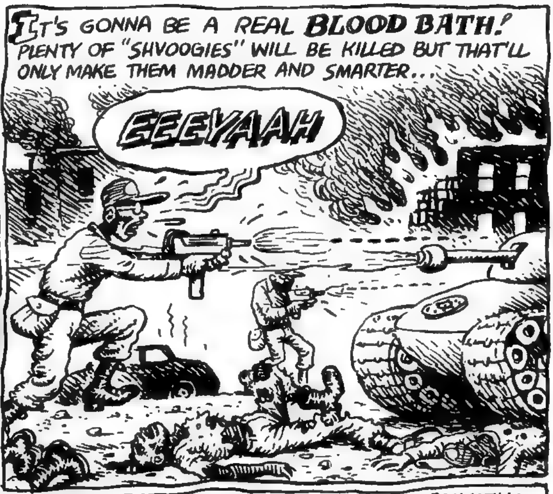
OH I'M TELLING YOU PEOPLE, THERE'S GONNA BE HELL TO PAY...

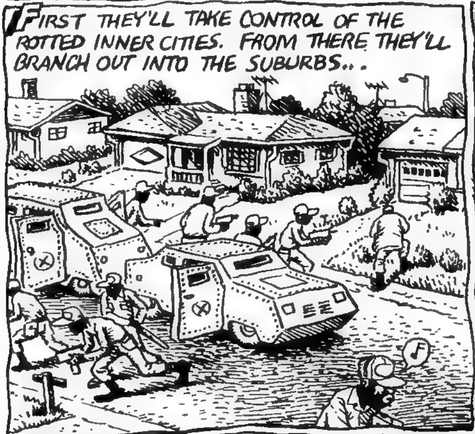
WHEN THE NIGGERS TAKE OVER AMERICA!

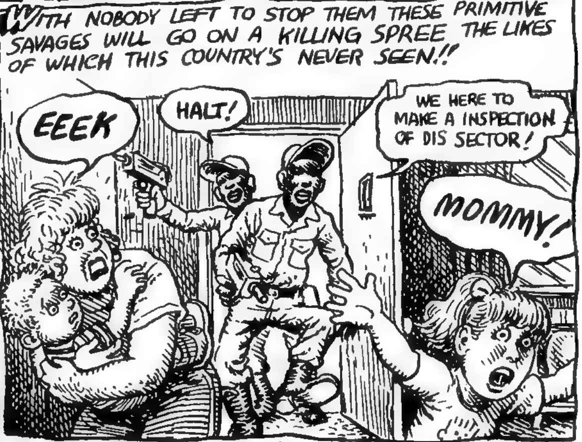

YO' DAY HA' PASSED, HONKY! YO' FO'FATHAS WUZ BAD-ASSES, BUT YOU BE WEAK!
NOW TH' BLACK MAN SHALL RULE SU-PREME IN DIS NATION!
KEEL DIS MUTHA-FUCKUH!
PLEASE, I DON'T WANT TO DIE!
SOB BLUBBER
HE WAS THE PRESIDENT OF THE U-NITED STATES
SHE WAS THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE.
ANOTHER COUNTER-PRODUCTIVE "COMIC" by R. CRUMB '93
LET'S FACE IT, HE'S RIGHT.... THE WHITE MAN HAS LOST HIS FIGHTING SPIRIT!
BUT DIS FUS' LADY, SHE A FAHN PIECE A' WHITE TABLE PUSSY! GIT DOWN ON IT, BITCH! HAW HAW HAW HEE HEE!
BLAM!
BLUB
ARE YOU AFRAID OF YOUNG BLACK MEN?? YOU OUGHTA BE... THEY HATE YOUR WHITE GUTS!


ONCE THESE YOUNG "SPEAR-CHUCKERS" GET THEIR MILITARY DISCIPLINE CHOPS TOGETHER WE'RE IN **BIG TROUBLE**!?

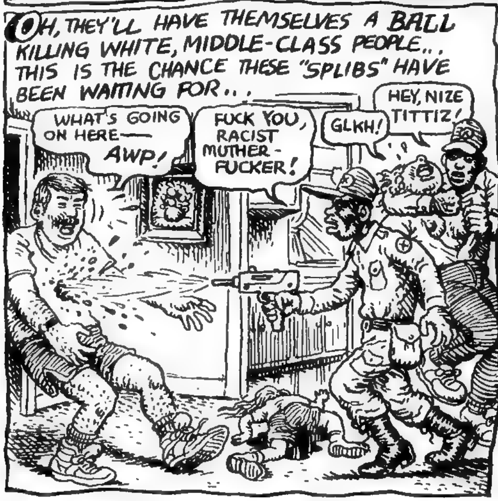
SECRET TRAINING AREA IN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE DISTRICT OF INNER CITY


IT'S GONNA BE A REAL **BLOOD BATH**! PLENTY OF "SHVOOGIES" WILL BE KILLED BUT THAT'LL ONLY MAKE THEM MADDER AND SMARTER...

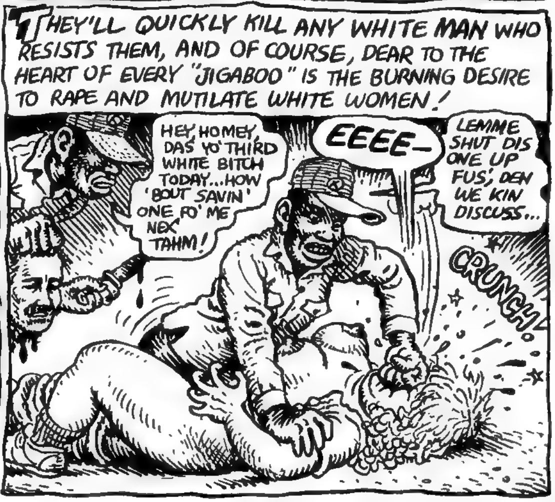

FIRST THEY'LL TAKE CONTROL OF THE ROTTED INNER CITIES. FROM THERE THEY'LL BRANCH OUT INTO THE SUBURBS...


WITH NOBODY LEFT TO STOP THEM THESE PRIMITIVE SAVAGES WILL GO ON A KILLING SPREE THE LIKES OF WHICH THIS COUNTRY'S NEVER SEEN!!

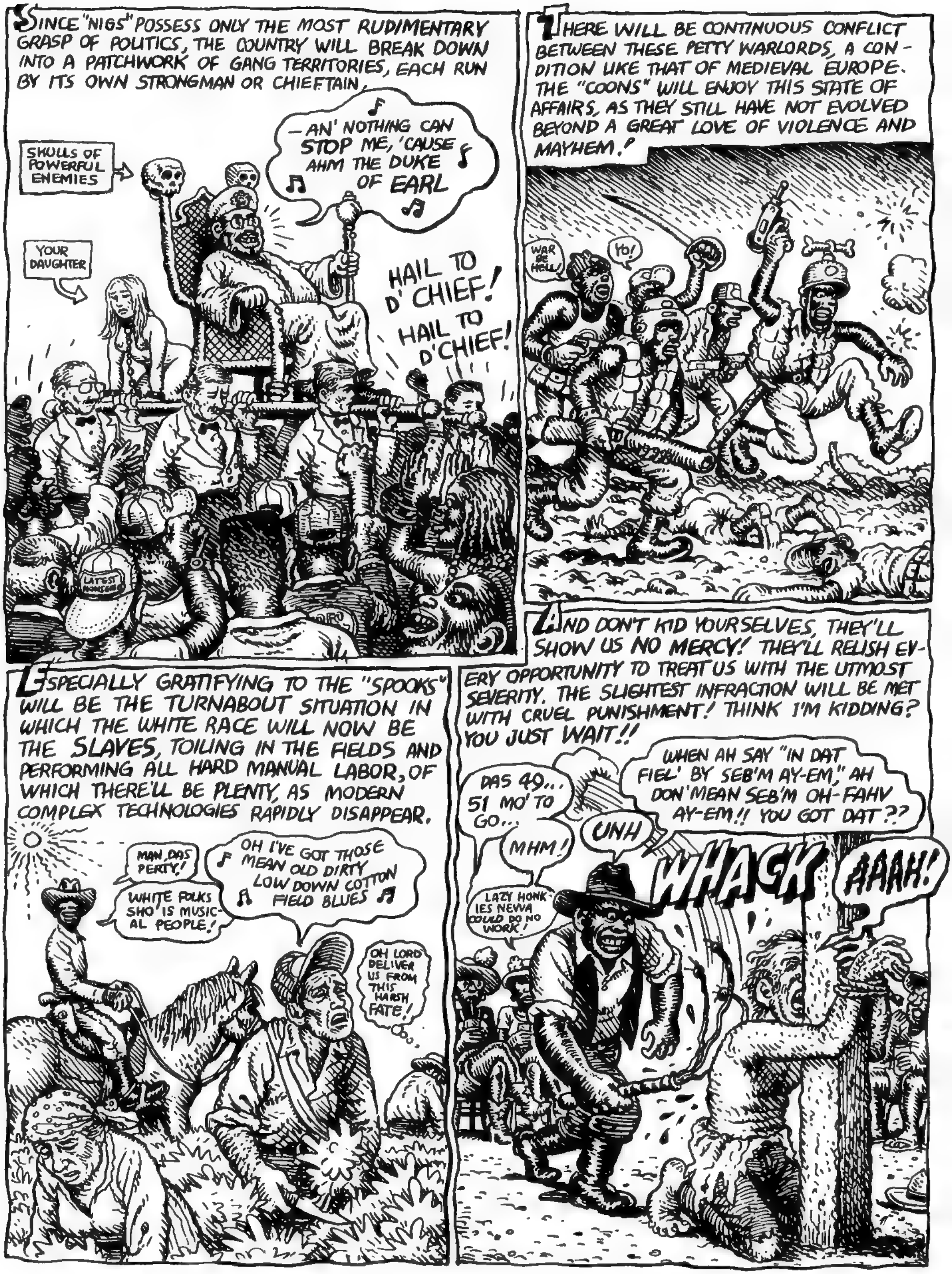
EEEK
HALT!
WE HERE TO MAKE A INSPECTION OF DIS SECTOR!
MOMMY!


OH, THEY'LL HAVE THEMSELVES A **BALL** KILLING WHITE, MIDDLE-CLASS PEOPLE... THIS IS THE CHANCE THESE "SPLIBS" HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR...

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE— AWP!
FUCK YOU, RACIST MUTHER-FUCKER!
GLKH!
HEY, NIZE TITTIZ!


THEY'LL QUICKLY KILL ANY WHITE **MAN** WHO RESISTS THEM, AND OF COURSE, DEAR TO THE HEART OF EVERY "JIGABOO" IS THE BURNING DESIRE TO RAPE AND MUTILATE WHITE WOMEN!

HEY, HOMEY, DAS YO' THIRD WHITE BITCH TODAY...HOW 'BOUT SAVIN' ONE FO' ME NEX' TAHM!
EEEE—
LEMME SHUT DIS ONE UP FUS', DEN WE KIN DISCUSS...
CRUNCH!


SINCE "NIGS" POSSESS ONLY THE MOST RUDIMENTARY GRASP OF POLITICS, THE COUNTRY WILL BREAK DOWN INTO A PATCHWORK OF GANG TERRITORIES, EACH RUN BY ITS OWN STRONGMAN OR CHIEFTAIN.

SKULLS OF POWERFUL ENEMIES
— AN' NOTHING CAN STOP ME, 'CAUSE AHM THE DUKE OF EARL
YOUR DAUGHTER
HAIL TO D' CHIEF! HAIL TO D'CHIEF!
LATEST NONSENSE

THERE WILL BE CONTINUOUS CONFLICT BETWEEN THESE PETTY WARLORDS, A CONDITION LIKE THAT OF MEDIEVAL EUROPE. THE "COONS" WILL ENJOY THIS STATE OF AFFAIRS, AS THEY STILL HAVE NOT EVOLVED BEYOND A GREAT LOVE OF VIOLENCE AND MAYHEM!

WAR BE HELL
Yo!

ESPECIALLY GRATIFYING TO THE "SPOOKS" WILL BE THE TURNABOUT SITUATION IN WHICH THE WHITE RACE WILL NOW BE THE SLAVES, TOILING IN THE FIELDS AND PERFORMING ALL HARD MANUAL LABOR, OF WHICH THERE'LL BE PLENTY, AS MODERN COMPLEX TECHNOLOGIES RAPIDLY DISAPPEAR.

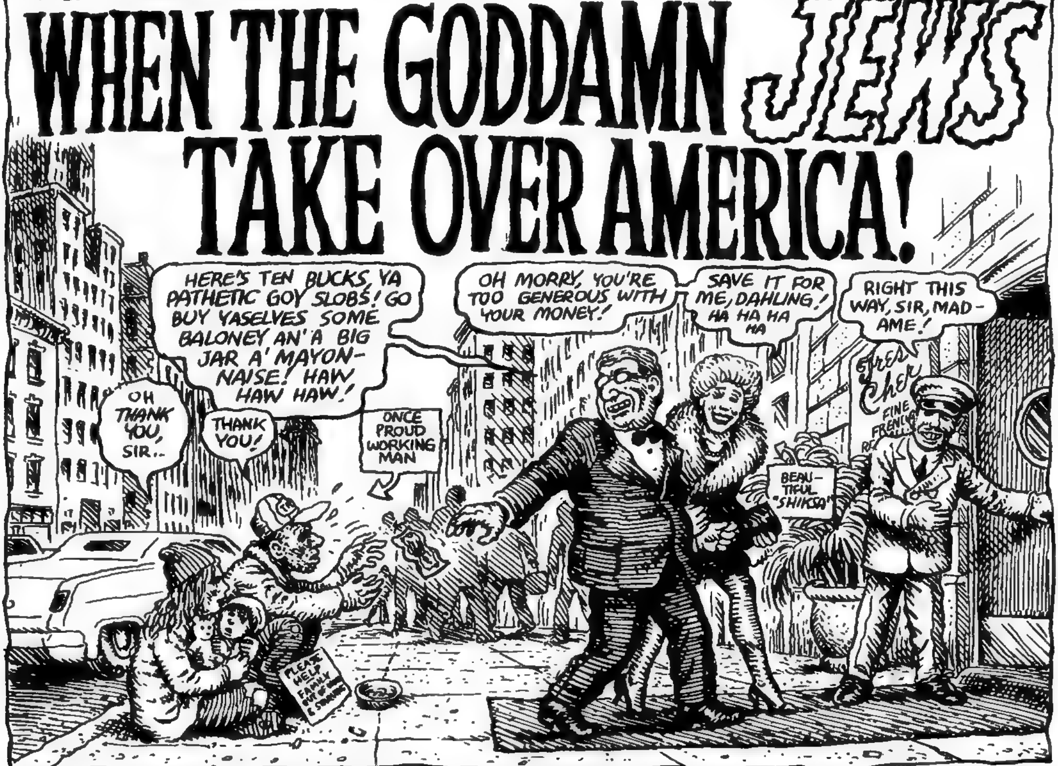
MAN, DAS PERTY!
WHITE FOLKS SHO' IS MUSICAL PEOPLE!
OH I'VE GOT THOSE MEAN OLD DIRTY LOW DOWN COTTON FIELD BLUES
OH LORD DELIVER US FROM THIS HARSH FATE!

AND DON'T KID YOURSELVES, THEY'LL SHOW US NO MERCY! THEY'LL RELISH EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO TREAT US WITH THE UTMOST SEVERITY. THE SLIGHTEST INFRACTION WILL BE MET WITH CRUEL PUNISHMENT! THINK I'M KIDDING? YOU JUST WAIT!!

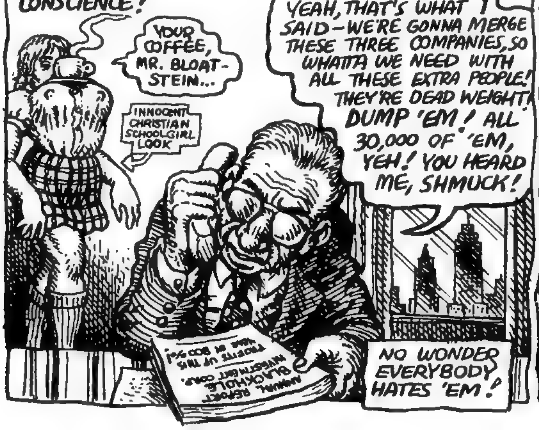
DAS 49... 51 MO' TO GO...
WHEN AH SAY "IN DAT FIEL' BY SEB'M AY-EM," AH DON' MEAN SEB'M OH-FAHV AY-EM!! YOU GOT DAT??
UNH
MHM!
WHACK
AAAH!
LAZY HONKIES NEWA COULD DO NO WORK!

'COURSE, THE WELL-KEPT SECRET THAT EVERYBODY KNOWS IS THAT THE "SHVARTZAS" ARE 'WAY TOO STOOPID TO PULL IT OFF WITHOUT THE BEHIND-THE-SCENES MANIPULATIONS OF THOSE CLEVER FELLOWS WITH THE HOOK NOSES—YOU KNOW WHO I'M TALKING ABOUT! WHILE THE BLACKS AND WHITES ARE BATTLING IT OUT AMONG THEMSELVES THE WEALTH OF THE NATION WILL BE QUIETLY SIPHONED OFF BY THE **REAL** RULERS——

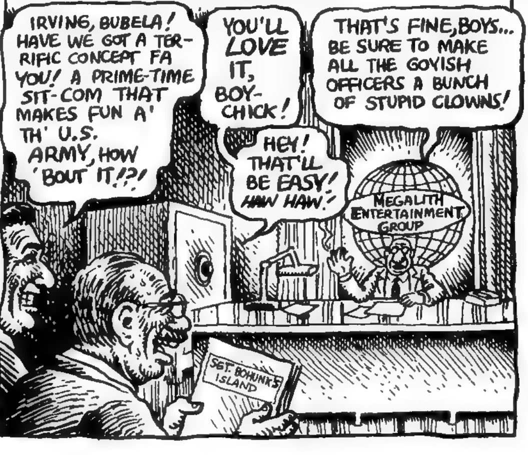
WHEN THE GODDAMN *JEWS* TAKE OVER AMERICA!

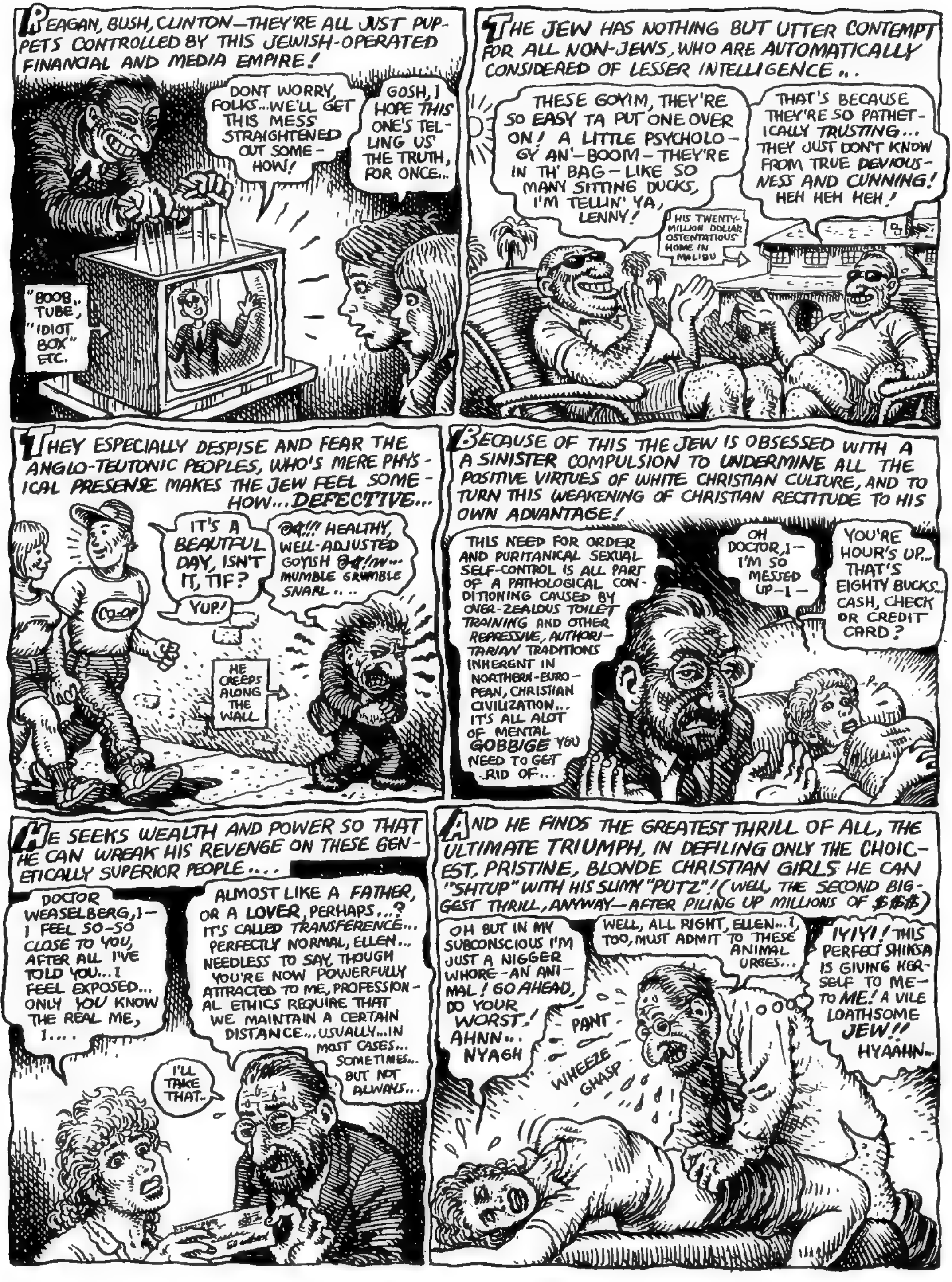

HERE'S TEN BUCKS, YA PATHETIC GOY SLOBS! GO BUY YASELVES SOME BALONEY AN' A BIG JAR A' MAYONNAISE! HAW HAW HAW!
OH THANK YOU, SIR..
THANK YOU!
ONCE PROUD WORKING MAN
OH MORRY, YOU'RE TOO GENEROUS WITH YOUR MONEY!
SAVE IT FOR ME, DAHLING! HA HA HA HA
RIGHT THIS WAY, SIR, MADAME!
BEAUTIFUL "SHIKSA"
Tres Cher FINE FRENCH RE
PLEASE HELP FAMILY OUT OF [illegible] & STARVING

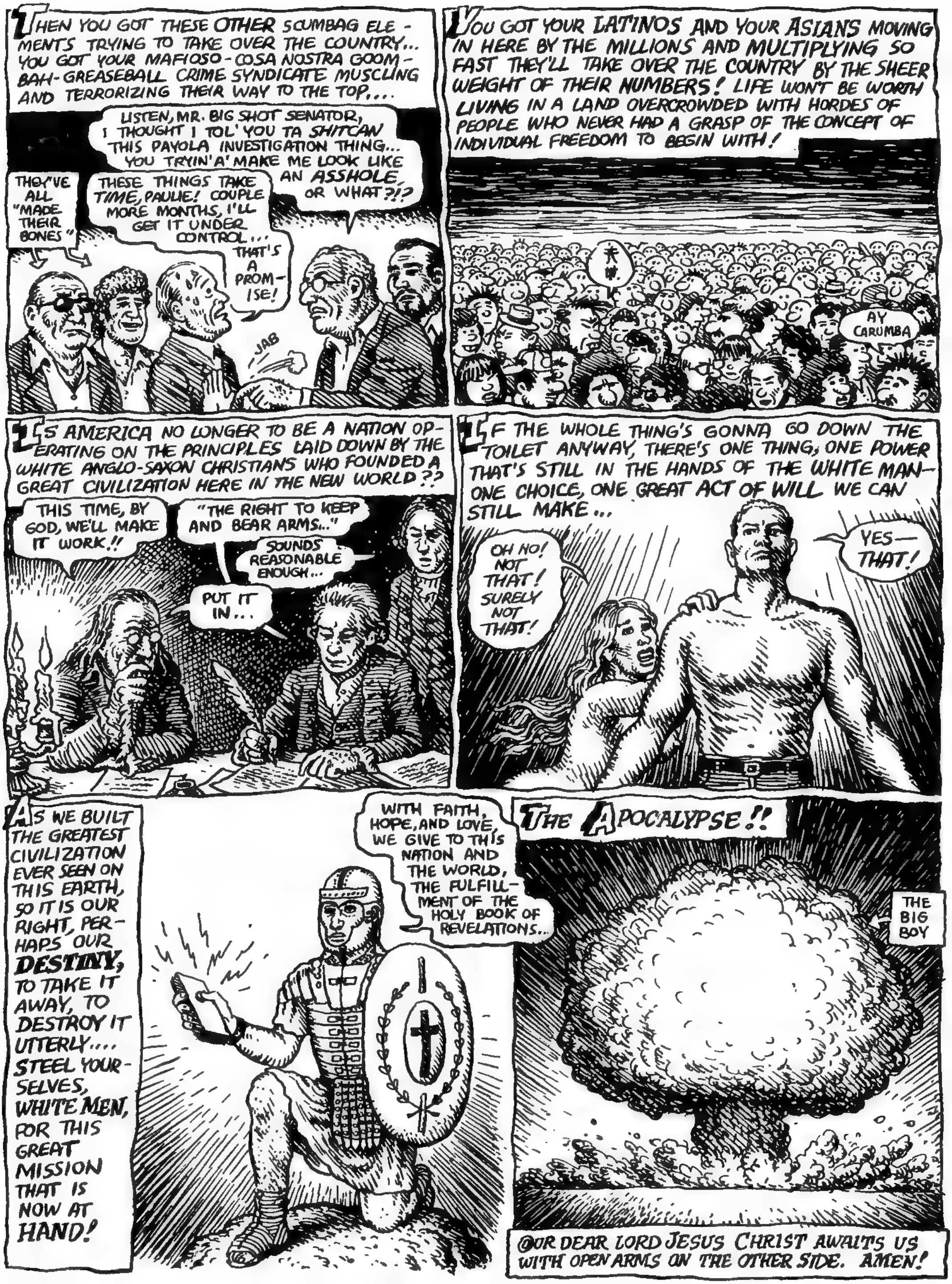
WELL, THE FACT OF THE MATTER IS, THEY ALREADY **HAVE** TAKEN OVER, WRECKING THE ONCE-SOLID AMERICAN ECONOMY WITH THEIR RUTHLESS FINANCIAL DOUBLE-DEALINGS. OH, THEY'RE CLEVER, THESE HEBES, THEY JUST DON'T HAVE ANY MORAL CONSCIENCE!

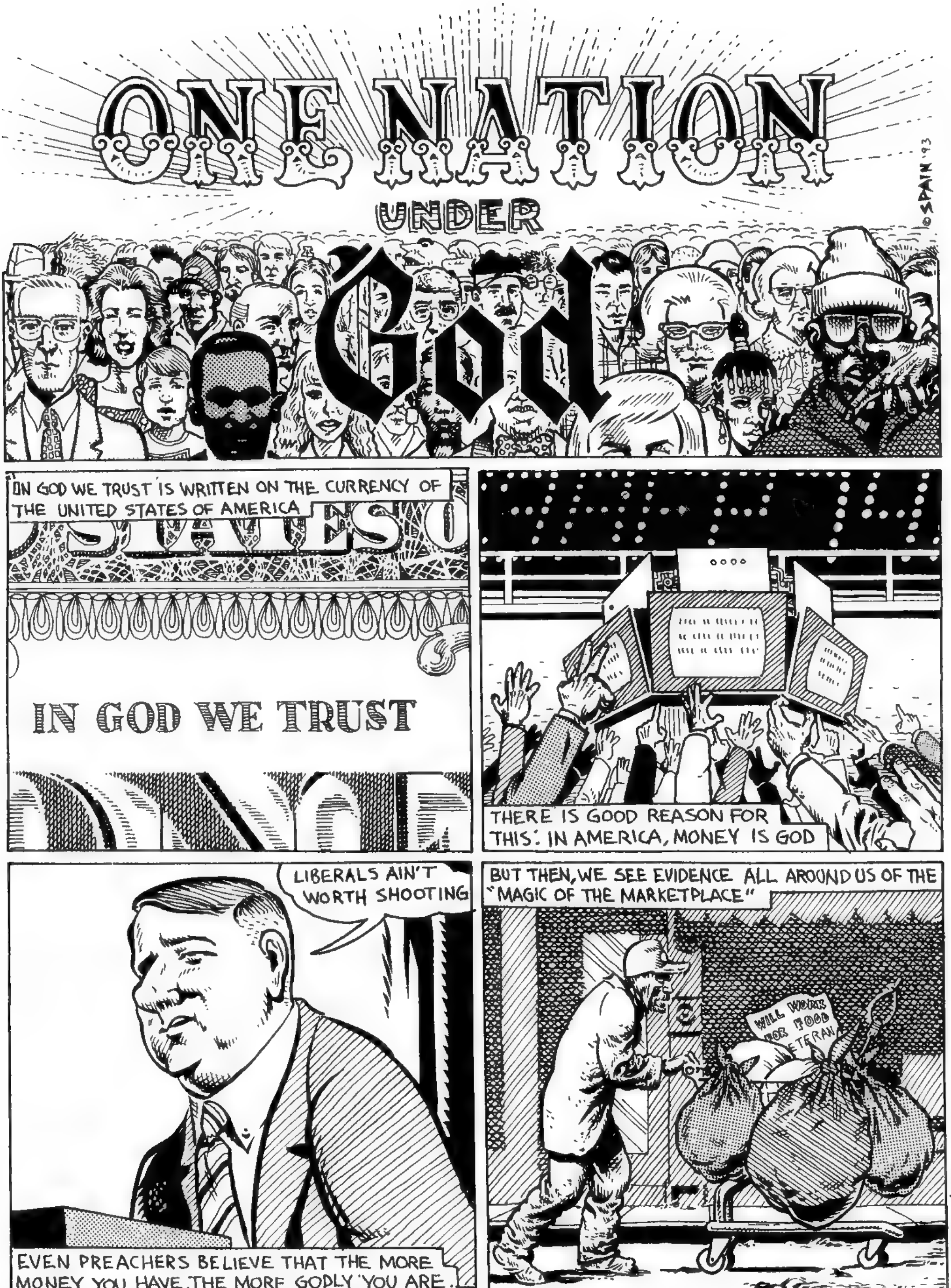

YOUR COFFEE, MR. BLOATSTEIN...
INNOCENT CHRISTIAN SCHOOLGIRL LOOK
YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I SAID—WE'RE GONNA MERGE THESE THREE COMPANIES, SO WHATTA WE NEED WITH ALL THESE EXTRA PEOPLE! THEY'RE DEAD WEIGHT! DUMP 'EM! ALL 30,000 OF 'EM, YEH! YOU HEARD ME, SHMUCK!
ANNUAL REPORT BLACKHOLE INVESTMENT CORP. PROFITS UP THIS YEAR BY 800%!
NO WONDER EVERYBODY HATES 'EM!

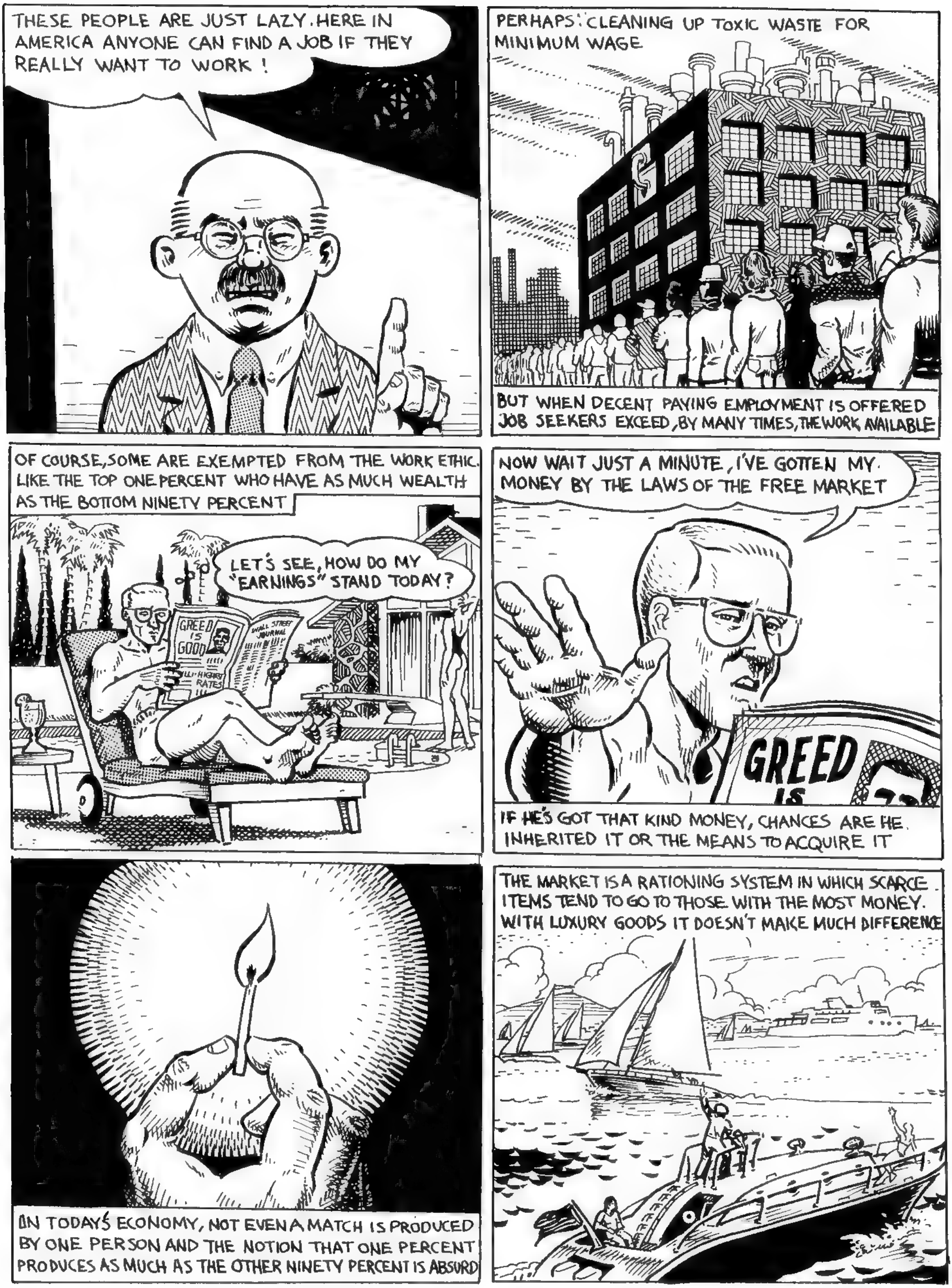
AND, THESE YIDS HAVE SECURED TOTALLY INTO THEIR GREASY HANDS OWNERSHIP OF THE MOST POWERFUL FORCE OF MIND CONTROL IN THE MODERN WORLD— THE MASS MEDIA!

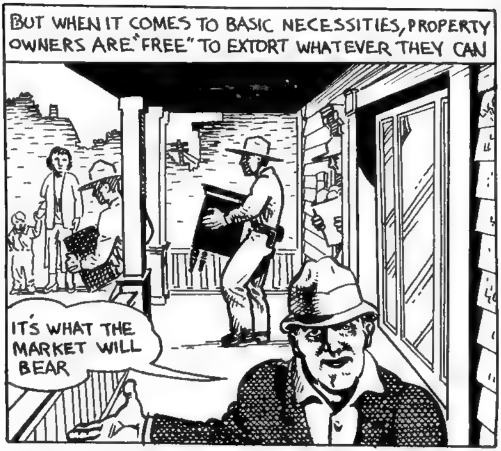

IRVING, BUBELA! HAVE WE GOT A TERRIFIC CONCEPT FA YOU! A PRIME-TIME SIT-COM THAT MAKES FUN A' TH' U.S. ARMY, HOW 'BOUT IT!?!
YOU'LL LOVE IT, BOYCHICK!
THAT'S FINE, BOYS... BE SURE TO MAKE ALL THE GOYISH OFFICERS A BUNCH OF STUPID CLOWNS!
HEY! THAT'LL BE EASY! HAW HAW!
MEGALITH ENTERTAINMENT GROUP
SGT. BOHUNK'S ISLAND


REAGAN, BUSH, CLINTON—THEY'RE ALL JUST PUPPETS CONTROLLED BY THIS JEWISH-OPERATED FINANCIAL AND MEDIA EMPIRE!
DONT WORRY, FOLKS...WE'LL GET THIS MESS STRAIGHTENED OUT SOMEHOW!
GOSH, I HOPE THIS ONE'S TELLING US THE TRUTH, FOR ONCE...
"BOOB TUBE," "IDIOT BOX" ETC.
THE JEW HAS NOTHING BUT UTTER CONTEMPT FOR ALL NON-JEWS, WHO ARE AUTOMATICALLY CONSIDERED OF LESSER INTELLIGENCE...
THESE GOYIM, THEY'RE SO EASY TA PUT ONE OVER ON! A LITTLE PSYCHOLOGY AN'—BOOM—THEY'RE IN TH' BAG—LIKE SO MANY SITTING DUCKS, I'M TELLIN' YA, LENNY!
THAT'S BECAUSE THEY'RE SO PATHETICALLY TRUSTING... THEY JUST DON'T KNOW FROM TRUE DEVIOUSNESS AND CUNNING! HEH HEH HEH!
HIS TWENTY-MILLION DOLLAR OSTENTATIOUS HOME IN MALIBU
THEY ESPECIALLY DESPISE AND FEAR THE ANGLO-TEUTONIC PEOPLES, WHO'S MERE PHYSICAL PRESENSE MAKES THE JEW FEEL SOMEHOW...DEFECTIVE...
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY, ISN'T IT, TIF?
YUP!
@#!!! HEALTHY, WELL-ADJUSTED GOYISH @#!/w... MUMBLE GRUMBLE SNARL....
CO-OP
HE CREEPS ALONG THE WALL
BECAUSE OF THIS THE JEW IS OBSESSED WITH A A SINISTER COMPULSION TO UNDERMINE ALL THE POSITIVE VIRTUES OF WHITE CHRISTIAN CULTURE, AND TO TURN THIS WEAKENING OF CHRISTIAN RECTITUDE TO HIS OWN ADVANTAGE!
THIS NEED FOR ORDER AND PURITANICAL SEXUAL SELF-CONTROL IS ALL PART OF A PATHOLOGICAL CONDITIONING CAUSED BY OVER-ZEALOUS TOILET TRAINING AND OTHER REPRESSIVE, AUTHORITARIAN TRADITIONS INHERENT IN NORTHERN-EUROPEAN, CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION... IT'S ALL ALOT OF MENTAL GOBBIGE YOU NEED TO GET RID OF...
OH DOCTOR, I—I'M SO MESSED UP—I—
YOU'RE HOUR'S UP... THAT'S EIGHTY BUCKS... CASH, CHECK OR CREDIT CARD?
HE SEEKS WEALTH AND POWER SO THAT HE CAN WREAK HIS REVENGE ON THESE GENETICALLY SUPERIOR PEOPLE...
DOCTOR WEASELBERG, I—I FEEL SO-SO CLOSE TO YOU, AFTER ALL I'VE TOLD YOU... I FEEL EXPOSED... ONLY YOU KNOW THE REAL ME, I....
ALMOST LIKE A FATHER, OR A LOVER, PERHAPS...? IT'S CALLED TRANSFERENCE... PERFECTLY NORMAL, ELLEN... NEEDLESS TO SAY, THOUGH YOU'RE NOW POWERFULLY ATTRACTED TO ME, PROFESSIONAL ETHICS REQUIRE THAT WE MAINTAIN A CERTAIN DISTANCE...USUALLY...IN MOST CASES... SOMETIMES... BUT NOT ALWAYS...
I'LL TAKE THAT.
AND HE FINDS THE GREATEST THRILL OF ALL, THE ULTIMATE TRIUMPH, IN DEFILING ONLY THE CHOICEST, PRISTINE, BLONDE CHRISTIAN GIRLS HE CAN "SHTUP" WITH HIS SLIMY "PUTZ"! (WELL, THE SECOND BIGGEST THRILL, ANYWAY—AFTER PILING UP MILLIONS OF $$$)
OH BUT IN MY SUBCONSCIOUS I'M JUST A NIGGER WHORE—AN ANIMAL! GO AHEAD, DO YOUR WORST! AHNN... NYAGH
WELL, ALL RIGHT, ELLEN... I, TOO, MUST ADMIT TO THESE ANIMAL URGES...
IYIYI! THIS PERFECT SHIKSA IS GIVING HERSELF TO ME—TO ME! A VILE LOATHSOME JEW!! HYAAHN...
PANT
WHEEZE
GHASP


THEN YOU GOT THESE OTHER SCUMBAG ELEMENTS TRYING TO TAKE OVER THE COUNTRY... YOU GOT YOUR MAFIOSO-COSA NOSTRA GOOMBAH-GREASEBALL CRIME SYNDICATE MUSCLING AND TERRORIZING THEIR WAY TO THE TOP....
LISTEN, MR. BIG SHOT SENATOR, I THOUGHT I TOL' YOU TA SHITCAN THIS PAYOLA INVESTIGATION THING... YOU TRYIN'A' MAKE ME LOOK LIKE AN ASSHOLE, OR WHAT?!?
THEY'VE ALL "MADE THEIR BONES"
THESE THINGS TAKE TIME, PAULIE! COUPLE MORE MONTHS, I'LL GET IT UNDER CONTROL... THAT'S A PROMISE!
JAB
YOU GOT YOUR LATINOS AND YOUR ASIANS MOVING IN HERE BY THE MILLIONS AND MULTIPLYING SO FAST THEY'LL TAKE OVER THE COUNTRY BY THE SHEER WEIGHT OF THEIR NUMBERS! LIFE WON'T BE WORTH LIVING IN A LAND OVERCROWDED WITH HORDES OF PEOPLE WHO NEVER HAD A GRASP OF THE CONCEPT OF INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM TO BEGIN WITH!
AY CARUMBA
IS AMERICA NO LONGER TO BE A NATION OPERATING ON THE PRINCIPLES LAID DOWN BY THE WHITE ANGLO-SAXON CHRISTIANS WHO FOUNDED A GREAT CIVILIZATION HERE IN THE NEW WORLD??
THIS TIME, BY GOD, WE'LL MAKE IT WORK!!
"THE RIGHT TO KEEP AND BEAR ARMS..."
SOUNDS REASONABLE ENOUGH...
PUT IT IN...
IF THE WHOLE THING'S GONNA GO DOWN THE TOILET ANYWAY, THERE'S ONE THING, ONE POWER THAT'S STILL IN THE HANDS OF THE WHITE MAN— ONE CHOICE, ONE GREAT ACT OF WILL WE CAN STILL MAKE...
OH NO! NOT THAT! SURELY NOT THAT!
YES— THAT!
AS WE BUILT THE GREATEST CIVILIZATION EVER SEEN ON THIS EARTH, SO IT IS OUR RIGHT, PERHAPS OUR DESTINY, TO TAKE IT AWAY, TO DESTROY IT UTTERLY.... STEEL YOURSELVES, WHITE MEN, FOR THIS GREAT MISSION THAT IS NOW AT HAND!
WITH FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE, WE GIVE TO THIS NATION AND THE WORLD, THE FULFILLMENT OF THE HOLY BOOK OF REVELATIONS...
THE APOCALYPSE!!
THE BIG BOY
OUR DEAR LORD JESUS CHRIST AWAITS US WITH OPEN ARMS ON THE OTHER SIDE. AMEN!

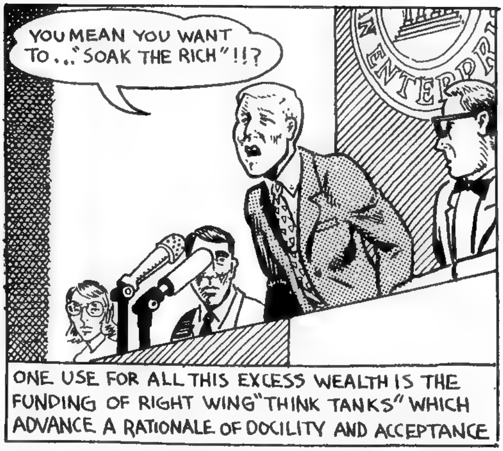

ONE NATION
UNDER
God
©SPAIN '93
IN GOD WE TRUST IS WRITTEN ON THE CURRENCY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
STATES
IN GOD WE TRUST
THERE IS GOOD REASON FOR THIS: IN AMERICA, MONEY IS GOD
LIBERALS AIN'T WORTH SHOOTING
EVEN PREACHERS BELIEVE THAT THE MORE MONEY YOU HAVE, THE MORE GODLY YOU ARE. (EXCEPT, OF COURSE, IF YOU FEEL SYMPATHY FOR THE POOR)
BUT THEN, WE SEE EVIDENCE ALL AROUND US OF THE "MAGIC OF THE MARKETPLACE"
WILL WORK FOR FOOD ETERAN


THESE PEOPLE ARE JUST LAZY. HERE IN AMERICA ANYONE CAN FIND A JOB IF THEY REALLY WANT TO WORK!
PERHAPS: CLEANING UP TOXIC WASTE FOR MINIMUM WAGE
BUT WHEN DECENT PAYING EMPLOYMENT IS OFFERED JOB SEEKERS EXCEED, BY MANY TIMES, THE WORK AVAILABLE
OF COURSE, SOME ARE EXEMPTED FROM THE WORK ETHIC. LIKE THE TOP ONE PERCENT WHO HAVE AS MUCH WEALTH AS THE BOTTOM NINETY PERCENT
LET'S SEE, HOW DO MY "EARNINGS" STAND TODAY?
GREED IS GOOD
HIGHEST RATES
WALL STREET JOURNAL
NOW WAIT JUST A MINUTE, I'VE GOTTEN MY MONEY BY THE LAWS OF THE FREE MARKET
GREED IS
IF HE'S GOT THAT KIND MONEY, CHANCES ARE HE INHERITED IT OR THE MEANS TO ACQUIRE IT
IN TODAY'S ECONOMY, NOT EVEN A MATCH IS PRODUCED BY ONE PERSON AND THE NOTION THAT ONE PERCENT PRODUCES AS MUCH AS THE OTHER NINETY PERCENT IS ABSURD
THE MARKET IS A RATIONING SYSTEM IN WHICH SCARCE ITEMS TEND TO GO TO THOSE WITH THE MOST MONEY. WITH LUXURY GOODS IT DOESN'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE



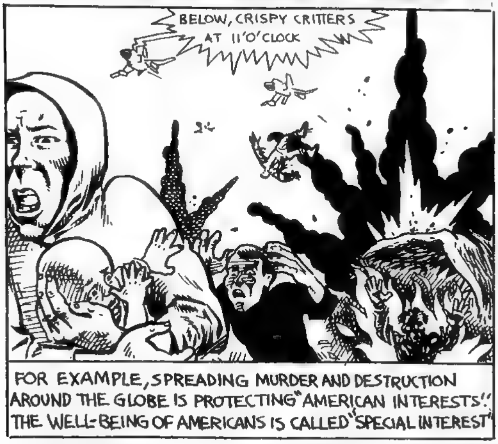
BUT WHEN IT COMES TO BASIC NECESSITIES, PROPERTY OWNERS ARE "FREE" TO EXTORT WHATEVER THEY CAN

IT'S WHAT THE MARKET WILL BEAR



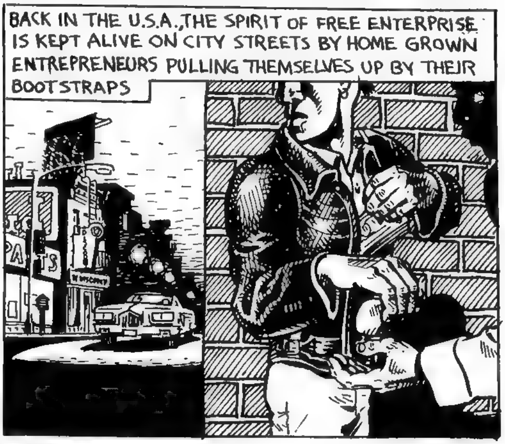
YOU MEAN YOU WANT TO... "SOAK THE RICH"!!?
ENTERPR

ONE USE FOR ALL THIS EXCESS WEALTH IS THE FUNDING OF RIGHT WING "THINK TANKS" WHICH ADVANCE A RATIONALE OF DOCILITY AND ACCEPTANCE

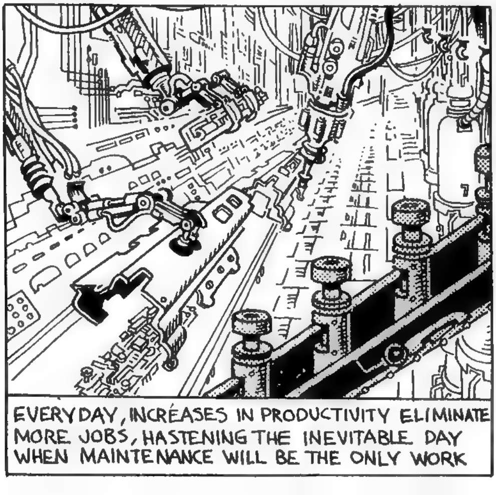


BELOW, CRISPY CRITTERS AT 11'O'CLOCK

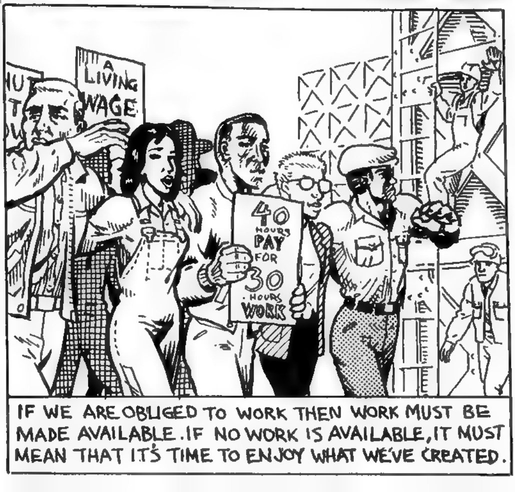
FOR EXAMPLE, SPREADING MURDER AND DESTRUCTION AROUND THE GLOBE IS PROTECTING "AMERICAN INTERESTS". THE WELL-BEING OF AMERICANS IS CALLED "SPECIAL INTEREST"



BACK IN THE U.S.A., THE SPIRIT OF FREE ENTERPRISE IS KEPT ALIVE ON CITY STREETS BY HOME GROWN ENTREPRENEURS PULLING THEMSELVES UP BY THEIR BOOTSTRAPS

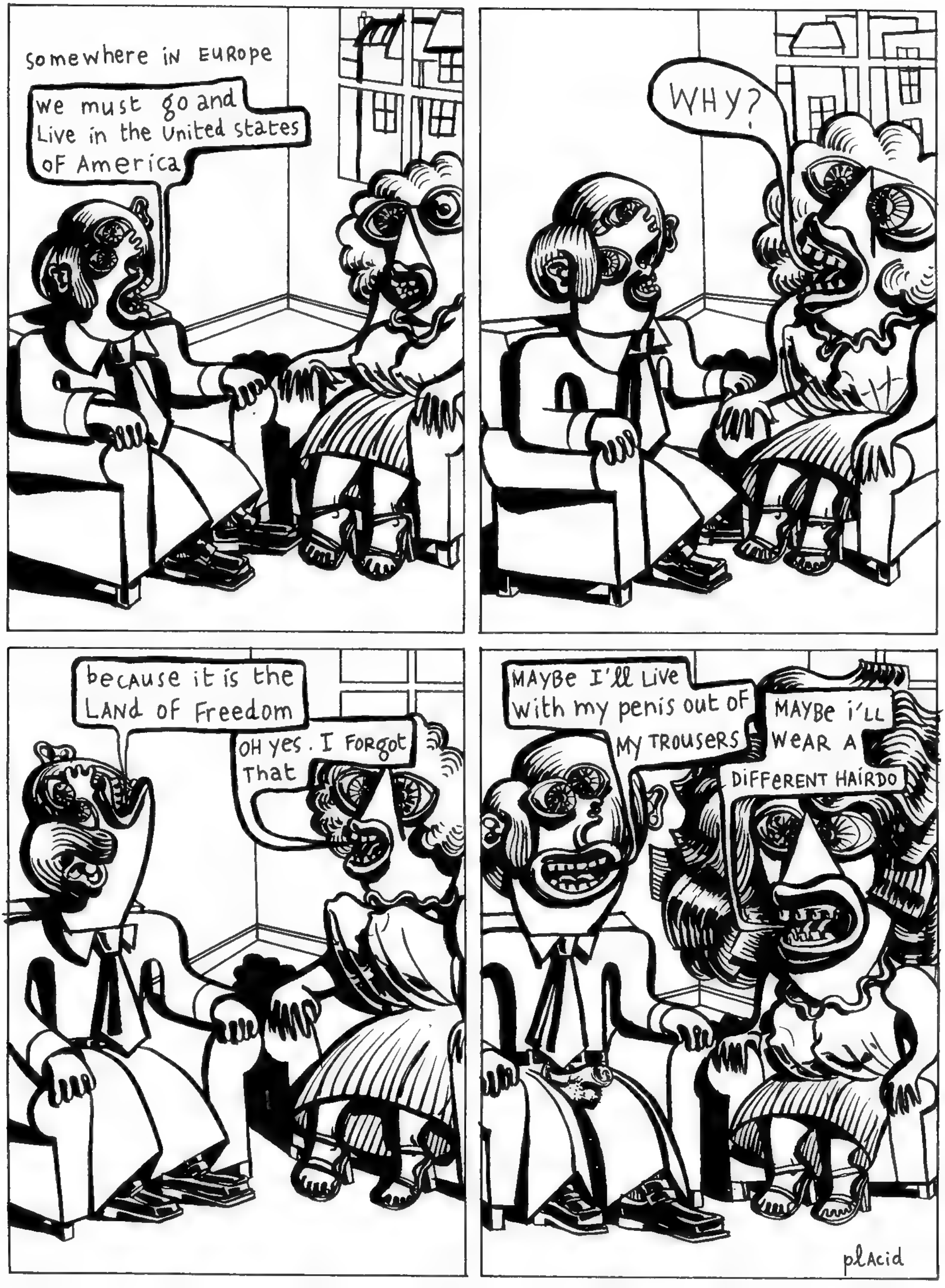


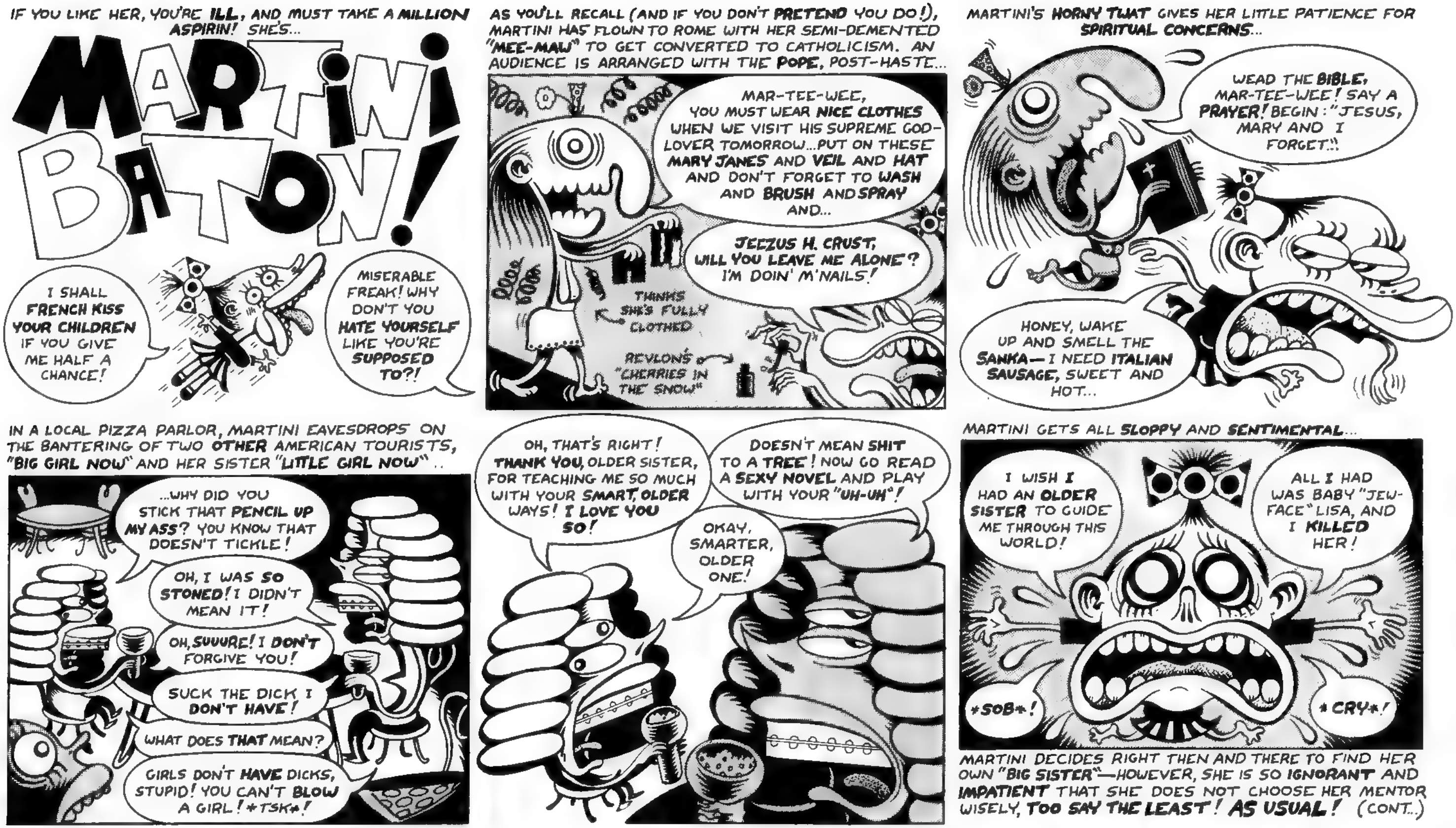
EVERYDAY, INCREASES IN PRODUCTIVITY ELIMINATE MORE JOBS, HASTENING THE INEVITABLE DAY WHEN MAINTENANCE WILL BE THE ONLY WORK

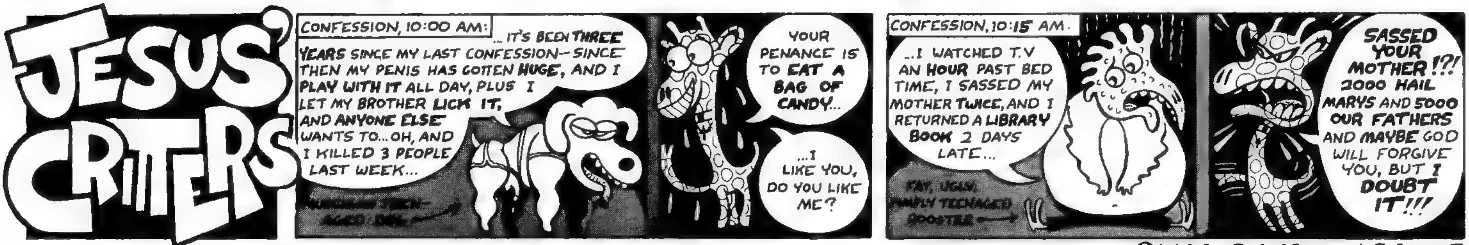


A LIVING WAGE
40 HOURS PAY FOR 30 HOURS WORK

IF WE ARE OBLIGED TO WORK THEN WORK MUST BE MADE AVAILABLE. IF NO WORK IS AVAILABLE, IT MUST MEAN THAT IT'S TIME TO ENJOY WHAT WE'VE CREATED.


somewhere in Europe
we must go and Live in the United states of America
WHY?
because it is the LAND of Freedom
OH yes. I Forgot That
MAYBE I'll Live with my penis out of my TROUSERS
MAYBE i'LL WEAR A DIFFERENT HAIRDO
plAcid


IF YOU LIKE HER, YOU'RE ILL, AND MUST TAKE A MILLION ASPIRIN! SHE'S...
MARTINI BATON!
I SHALL FRENCH KISS YOUR CHILDREN IF YOU GIVE ME HALF A CHANCE!
MISERABLE FREAK! WHY DON'T YOU HATE YOURSELF LIKE YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO?!
AS YOU'LL RECALL (AND IF YOU DON'T PRETEND YOU DO!), MARTINI HAS FLOWN TO ROME WITH HER SEMI-DEMENTED "MEE-MAW" TO GET CONVERTED TO CATHOLICISM. AN AUDIENCE IS ARRANGED WITH THE POPE, POST-HASTE...
MAR-TEE-WEE, YOU MUST WEAR NICE CLOTHES WHEN WE VISIT HIS SUPREME GOD-LOVER TOMORROW...PUT ON THESE MARY JANES AND VEIL AND HAT AND DON'T FORGET TO WASH AND BRUSH AND SPRAY AND...
JEEZUS H. CRUST, WILL YOU LEAVE ME ALONE? I'M DOIN' M'NAILS!
THINKS SHE'S FULLY CLOTHED
REVLON'S "CHERRIES IN THE SNOW"
MARTINI'S HORNY TWAT GIVES HER LITTLE PATIENCE FOR SPIRITUAL CONCERNS...
WEAD THE BIBLE, MAR-TEE-WEE! SAY A PRAYER! BEGIN: "JESUS, MARY AND I FORGET.."
HONEY, WAKE UP AND SMELL THE SANKA— I NEED ITALIAN SAUSAGE, SWEET AND HOT...
IN A LOCAL PIZZA PARLOR, MARTINI EAVESDROPS ON THE BANTERING OF TWO OTHER AMERICAN TOURISTS, "BIG GIRL NOW" AND HER SISTER "LITTLE GIRL NOW"...
...WHY DID YOU STICK THAT PENCIL UP MY ASS? YOU KNOW THAT DOESN'T TICKLE!
OH, I WAS SO STONED! I DIDN'T MEAN IT!
OH, SUUURE! I DON'T FORGIVE YOU!
SUCK THE DICK I DON'T HAVE!
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
GIRLS DON'T HAVE DICKS, STUPID! YOU CAN'T BLOW A GIRL! *TSK*!
OH, THAT'S RIGHT! THANK YOU, OLDER SISTER, FOR TEACHING ME SO MUCH WITH YOUR SMART, OLDER WAYS! I LOVE YOU SO!
DOESN'T MEAN SHIT TO A TREE! NOW GO READ A SEXY NOVEL AND PLAY WITH YOUR "UH-UH"!
OKAY, SMARTER, OLDER ONE!
MARTINI GETS ALL SLOPPY AND SENTIMENTAL...
I WISH I HAD AN OLDER SISTER TO GUIDE ME THROUGH THIS WORLD!
ALL I HAD WAS BABY "JEW-FACE" LISA, AND I KILLED HER!
SOB!
CRY!
MARTINI DECIDES RIGHT THEN AND THERE TO FIND HER OWN "BIG SISTER"—HOWEVER, SHE IS SO IGNORANT AND IMPATIENT THAT SHE DOES NOT CHOOSE HER MENTOR WISELY, TOO SAY THE LEAST! AS USUAL! (CONT..)


JESUS' CRITTERS
CONFESSION, 10:00 AM:
...IT'S BEEN THREE YEARS SINCE MY LAST CONFESSION— SINCE THEN MY PENIS HAS GOTTEN HUGE, AND I PLAY WITH IT ALL DAY, PLUS I LET MY BROTHER LICK IT, AND ANYONE ELSE WANTS TO...OH, AND I KILLED 3 PEOPLE LAST WEEK...
HUMUNGOUS TEEN-AGED DOG
YOUR PENANCE IS TO EAT A BAG OF CANDY...
...I LIKE YOU, DO YOU LIKE ME?
CONFESSION, 10:15 AM.
...I WATCHED T.V AN HOUR PAST BED TIME, I SASSED MY MOTHER TWICE, AND I RETURNED A LIBRARY BOOK 2 DAYS LATE...
FAT, UGLY, PIMPLY TEENAGED ROOSTER
SASSED YOUR MOTHER!?! 2000 HAIL MARYS AND 5000 OUR FATHERS AND MAYBE GOD WILL FORGIVE YOU, BUT I DOUBT IT!!!

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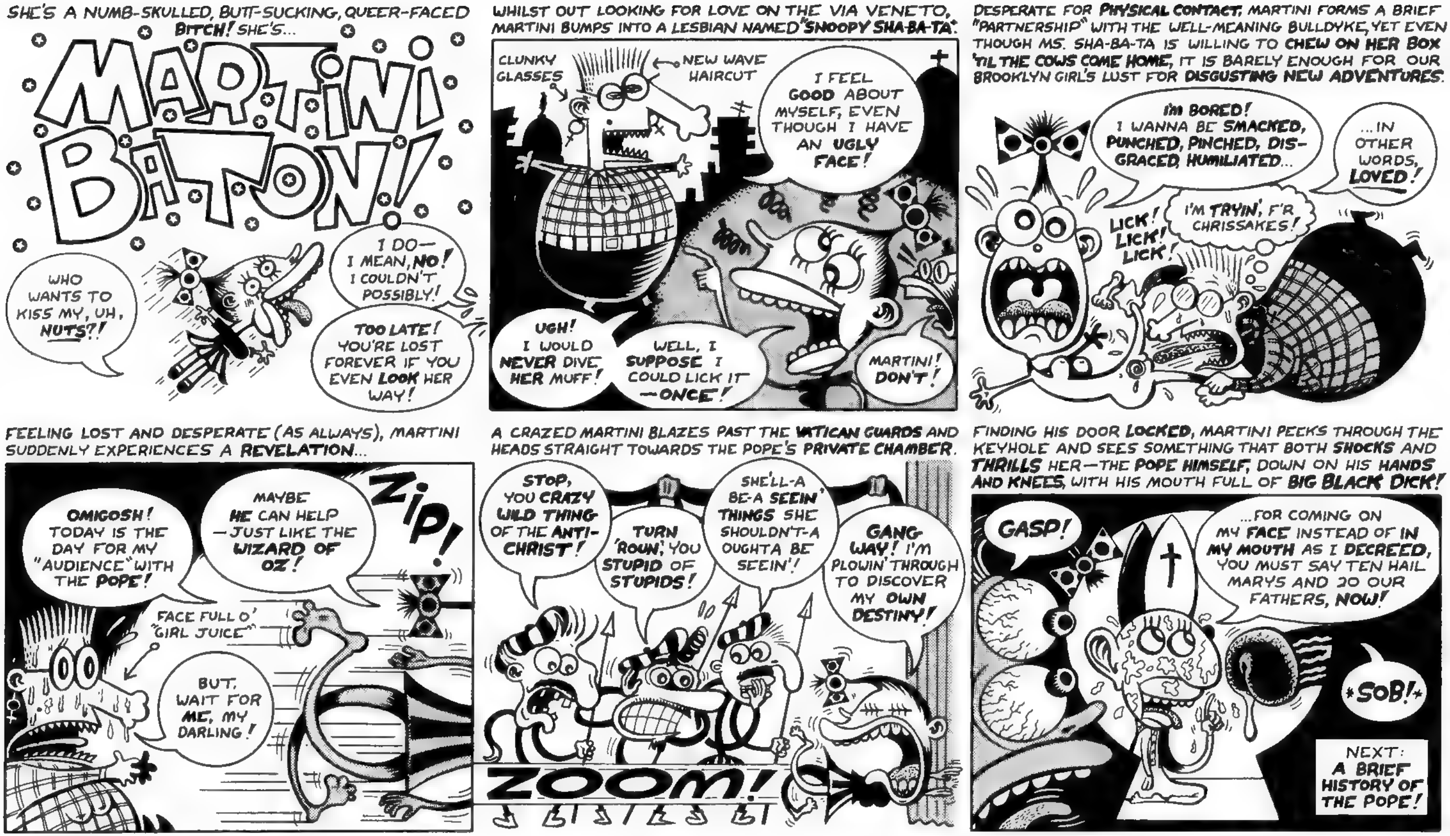
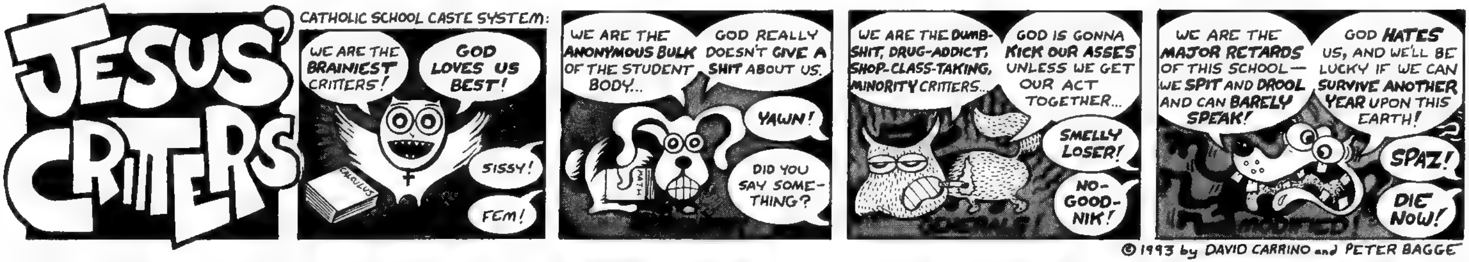

SHE'S A NUMB-SKULLED, BUTT-SUCKING, QUEER-FACED BITCH! SHE'S...
MARTINI BATON!
WHO WANTS TO KISS MY, UH, NUTS?!
I DO— I MEAN, NO! I COULDN'T POSSIBLY!
TOO LATE! YOU'RE LOST FOREVER IF YOU EVEN LOOK HER WAY!
WHILST OUT LOOKING FOR LOVE ON THE VIA VENETO, MARTINI BUMPS INTO A LESBIAN NAMED "SNOOPY SHA-BA-TA".
CLUNKY GLASSES
NEW WAVE HAIRCUT
I FEEL GOOD ABOUT MYSELF, EVEN THOUGH I HAVE AN UGLY FACE!
UGH! I WOULD NEVER DIVE HER MUFF!
WELL, I SUPPOSE I COULD LICK IT —ONCE!
MARTINI! DON'T!
DESPERATE FOR PHYSICAL CONTACT, MARTINI FORMS A BRIEF "PARTNERSHIP" WITH THE WELL-MEANING BULLDYKE, YET EVEN THOUGH MS. SHA-BA-TA IS WILLING TO CHEW ON HER BOX 'TIL THE COWS COME HOME, IT IS BARELY ENOUGH FOR OUR BROOKLYN GIRL'S LUST FOR DISGUSTING NEW ADVENTURES.
I'M BORED! I WANNA BE SMACKED, PUNCHED, PINCHED, DISGRACED, HUMILIATED...
...IN OTHER WORDS, LOVED!
LICK! LICK! LICK!
I'M TRYIN', F'R CHRISSAKES!
FEELING LOST AND DESPERATE (AS ALWAYS), MARTINI SUDDENLY EXPERIENCES A REVELATION...
OMIGOSH! TODAY IS THE DAY FOR MY "AUDIENCE" WITH THE POPE!
MAYBE HE CAN HELP —JUST LIKE THE WIZARD OF OZ!
ZIP!
FACE FULL O' "GIRL JUICE"
BUT, WAIT FOR ME, MY DARLING!
A CRAZED MARTINI BLAZES PAST THE VATICAN GUARDS AND HEADS STRAIGHT TOWARDS THE POPE'S PRIVATE CHAMBER.
STOP, YOU CRAZY WILD THING OF THE ANTI-CHRIST!
TURN 'ROUN', YOU STUPID OF STUPIDS!
SHE'LL-A BE-A SEEIN' THINGS SHE SHOULDN'T-A OUGHTA BE SEEIN'!
GANG-WAY! I'M PLOWIN' THROUGH TO DISCOVER MY OWN DESTINY!
ZOOM!
FINDING HIS DOOR LOCKED, MARTINI PEEKS THROUGH THE KEYHOLE AND SEES SOMETHING THAT BOTH SHOCKS AND THRILLS HER—THE POPE HIMSELF, DOWN ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES, WITH HIS MOUTH FULL OF BIG BLACK DICK!
GASP!
...FOR COMING ON MY FACE INSTEAD OF IN MY MOUTH AS I DECREED, YOU MUST SAY TEN HAIL MARYS AND 20 OUR FATHERS, NOW!
SOB!
NEXT: A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE POPE!


JESUS' CRITTERS
CATHOLIC SCHOOL CASTE SYSTEM:
WE ARE THE BRAINIEST CRITTERS!
GOD LOVES US BEST!
CALCULUS
SISSY!
FEM!
WE ARE THE ANONYMOUS BULK OF THE STUDENT BODY...
GOD REALLY DOESN'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT US.
YAWN!
MATH
DID YOU SAY SOMETHING?
WE ARE THE DUMB-SHIT, DRUG-ADDICT, SHOP-CLASS-TAKING, MINORITY CRITTERS...
GOD IS GONNA KICK OUR ASSES UNLESS WE GET OUR ACT TOGETHER...
SMELLY LOSER!
NO-GOOD-NIK!
WE ARE THE MAJOR RETARDS OF THIS SCHOOL— WE SPIT AND DROOL AND CAN BARELY SPEAK!
GOD HATES US, AND WE'LL BE LUCKY IF WE CAN SURVIVE ANOTHER YEAR UPON THIS EARTH!
SPAZ!
DIE NOW!

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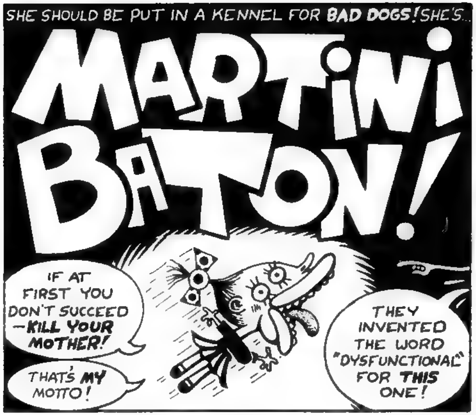
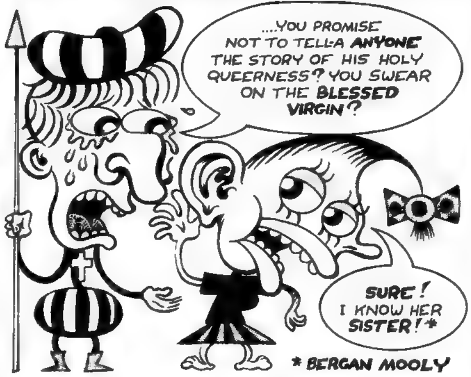
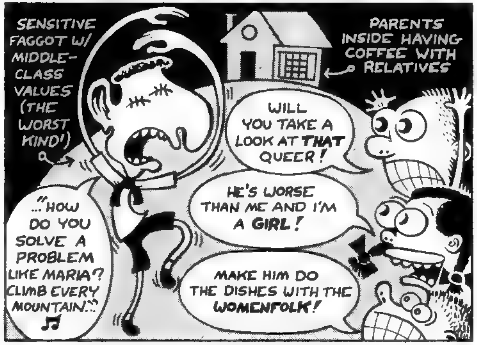
MARTINI BATON!


SHE SHOULD BE PUT IN A KENNEL FOR **BAD DOGS**! SHE'S...
MARTINI BATON!
IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED —**KILL YOUR MOTHER!**
THAT'S **MY** MOTTO!
THEY INVENTED THE WORD "DYSFUNCTIONAL" FOR **THIS** ONE!

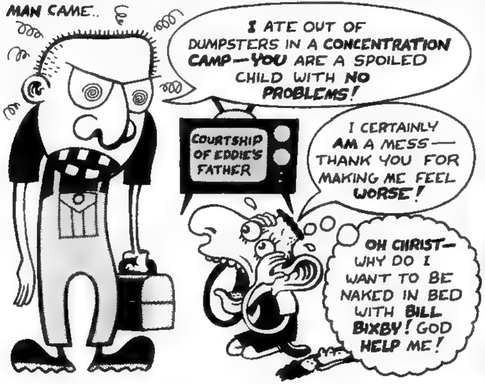
AFTER WITNESSING A **SHOCKING SIGHT**, A HYSTERICAL GUARD CONFESSES THE **WHOLE STORY** TO MARTINI'S BURNING EAR...


...YOU PROMISE NOT TO TELL-A **ANYONE** THE STORY OF HIS HOLY QUEERNESS? YOU SWEAR ON THE **BLESSED VIRGIN**?
SURE! I KNOW HER **SISTER!***
*** BERGAN MOOLY**

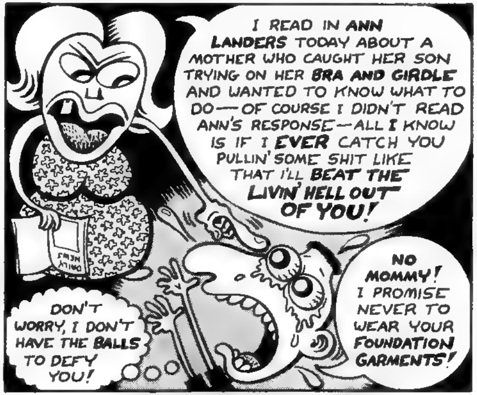
EVERYTHING YOU HEARD ABOUT THE POPE IS A **LIE!** HE'S NOT FROM POLAND—HE'S FROM **LONG ISLAND**, WHERE HE SPENT HIS SUMMERS SINGING AND DANCING TO HIS **FAVORITE SHOW TUNES** IN FRONT OF HIS **STUNNED COUSINS**.


SENSITIVE FAGGOT W/ MIDDLE-CLASS VALUES (THE WORST KIND!)
PARENTS INSIDE HAVING COFFEE WITH RELATIVES
WILL YOU TAKE A LOOK AT **THAT** QUEER!
..."HOW DO YOU SOLVE A PROBLEM LIKE MARIA? CLIMB EVERY MOUNTAIN..." ♫
HE'S WORSE THAN ME AND I'M A **GIRL!**
MAKE HIM DO THE DISHES WITH THE **WOMENFOLK!**

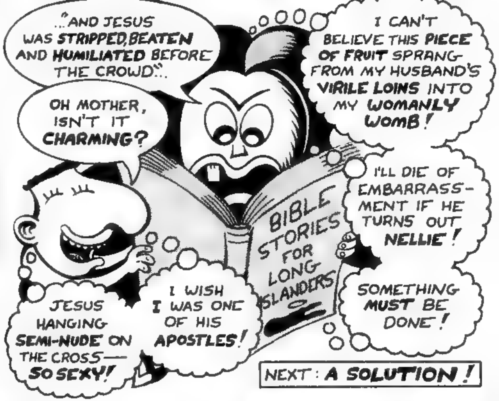
HE ALWAYS KNEW HE WAS A **FEM**—AS A LAD HE HID HIS **BARBIE DOLLS** UNDER THE THE COUCH WHENEVER THE **T.V. REPAIRMAN** CAME..


I ATE OUT OF DUMPSTERS IN A **CONCENTRATION CAMP**—**YOU** ARE A SPOILED CHILD WITH **NO PROBLEMS!**
COURTSHIP OF EDDIE'S FATHER
I CERTAINLY **AM** A MESS— THANK YOU FOR MAKING ME FEEL **WORSE!**
OH CHRIST— WHY DO I WANT TO BE NAKED IN BED WITH **BILL BIXBY!** GOD **HELP** ME!

EVEN HIS **OWN MOTHER** COULD HARDLY STOMACH HIM.

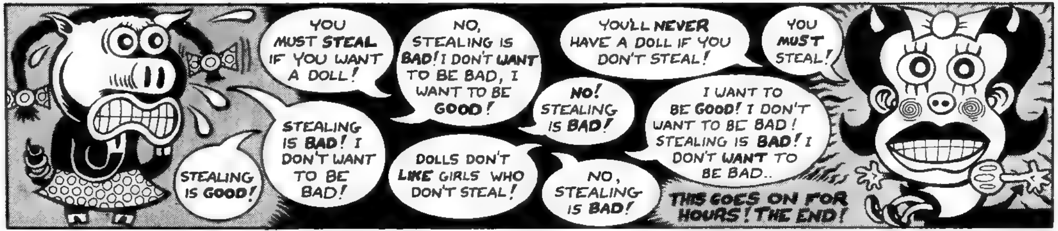

I READ IN **ANN LANDERS** TODAY ABOUT A MOTHER WHO CAUGHT HER SON TRYING ON HER **BRA AND GIRDLE** AND WANTED TO KNOW WHAT TO DO— OF COURSE I DIDN'T READ ANN'S RESPONSE—ALL **I** KNOW IS IF I **EVER** CATCH YOU PULLIN' SOME SHIT LIKE THAT I'LL **BEAT THE LIVIN' HELL OUT OF YOU!**
DON'T WORRY, I DON'T HAVE THE **BALLS** TO DEFY YOU!
NO MOMMY! I PROMISE NEVER TO WEAR YOUR **FOUNDATION GARMENTS!**

OF COURSE, THEY **DID** HAVE THEIR "TENDER MOMENTS".


..."AND JESUS WAS **STRIPPED, BEATEN** AND **HUMILIATED** BEFORE THE CROWD"..
I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS **PIECE OF FRUIT** SPRANG FROM MY HUSBAND'S **VIRILE LOINS** INTO MY **WOMANLY WOMB!**
OH MOTHER, ISN'T IT **CHARMING?**
BIBLE STORIES FOR LONG ISLANDERS
I'LL DIE OF EMBARRASSMENT IF HE TURNS OUT **NELLIE!**
JESUS HANGING **SEMI-NUDE** ON THE CROSS— **SO SEXY!**
I WISH **I** WAS ONE OF HIS **APOSTLES!**
SOMETHING **MUST** BE DONE!
NEXT: **A SOLUTION!**

JESUS' CRITTERS

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN A CATHOLIC CRITTER CHILD AND A **BAD DEVIL DOLL:**


YOU MUST **STEAL** IF YOU WANT A DOLL!
STEALING IS **GOOD!**
NO, STEALING IS **BAD!** I DON'T **WANT** TO BE BAD, I WANT TO BE **GOOD!**
STEALING IS **BAD!** I DON'T WANT TO BE BAD!
YOU'LL **NEVER** HAVE A DOLL IF YOU DON'T STEAL!
NO! STEALING IS **BAD!**
DOLLS DON'T **LIKE** GIRLS WHO DON'T STEAL!
YOU **MUST** STEAL!
I WANT TO BE **GOOD!** I DON'T WANT TO BE BAD! STEALING IS **BAD!** I DON'T **WANT** TO BE BAD..
NO, STEALING IS **BAD!**
THIS GOES ON FOR HOURS! THE END!

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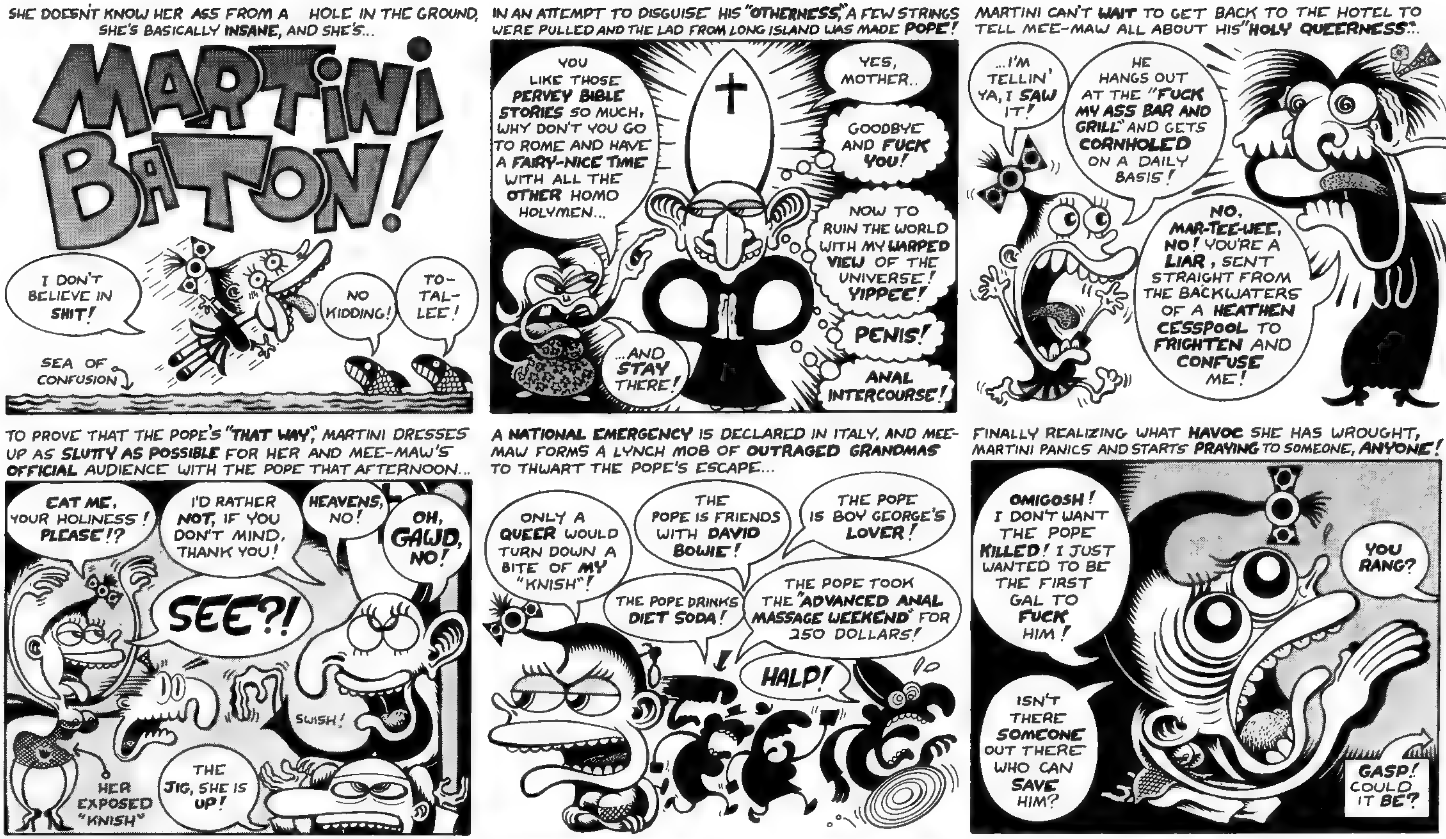
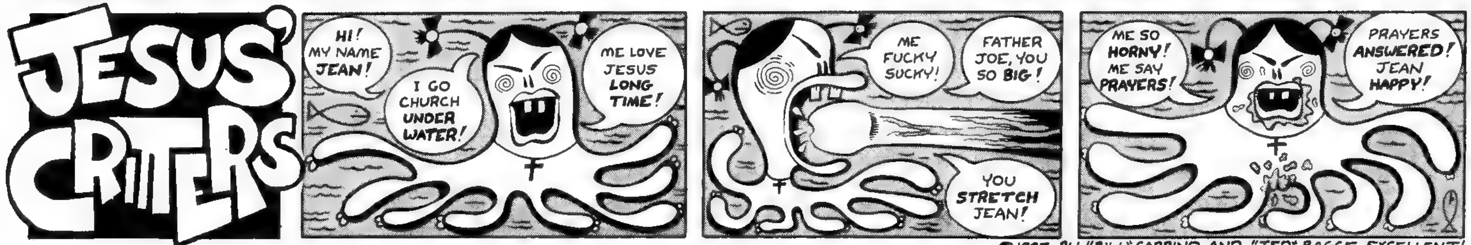

SHE DOESN'T KNOW HER ASS FROM A HOLE IN THE GROUND, SHE'S BASICALLY INSANE, AND SHE'S...
MARTINI BATON!
I DON'T BELIEVE IN SHIT!
NO KIDDING!
TO-TAL-LEE!
SEA OF CONFUSION
IN AN ATTEMPT TO DISGUISE HIS "OTHERNESS," A FEW STRINGS WERE PULLED AND THE LAD FROM LONG ISLAND WAS MADE POPE!
YOU LIKE THOSE PERVEY BIBLE STORIES SO MUCH, WHY DON'T YOU GO TO ROME AND HAVE A FAIRY-NICE TIME WITH ALL THE OTHER HOMO HOLYMEN...
...AND STAY THERE!
YES, MOTHER..
GOODBYE AND FUCK YOU!
NOW TO RUIN THE WORLD WITH MY WARPED VIEW OF THE UNIVERSE! YIPPEE!
PENIS!
ANAL INTERCOURSE!
MARTINI CAN'T WAIT TO GET BACK TO THE HOTEL TO TELL MEE-MAW ALL ABOUT HIS "HOLY QUEERNESS"...
...I'M TELLIN' YA, I SAW IT!
HE HANGS OUT AT THE "FUCK MY ASS BAR AND GRILL" AND GETS CORNHOLED ON A DAILY BASIS!
NO, MAR-TEE-WEE, NO! YOU'RE A LIAR, SENT STRAIGHT FROM THE BACKWATERS OF A HEATHEN CESSPOOL TO FRIGHTEN AND CONFUSE ME!
TO PROVE THAT THE POPE'S "THAT WAY," MARTINI DRESSES UP AS SLUTTY AS POSSIBLE FOR HER AND MEE-MAW'S OFFICIAL AUDIENCE WITH THE POPE THAT AFTERNOON...
EAT ME, YOUR HOLINESS! PLEASE!?
I'D RATHER NOT, IF YOU DON'T MIND, THANK YOU!
HEAVENS, NO!
OH, GAWD, NO!
SEE?!
SWISH!
HER EXPOSED "KNISH"
THE JIG, SHE IS UP!
A NATIONAL EMERGENCY IS DECLARED IN ITALY, AND MEE-MAW FORMS A LYNCH MOB OF OUTRAGED GRANDMAS TO THWART THE POPE'S ESCAPE...
ONLY A QUEER WOULD TURN DOWN A BITE OF MY "KNISH"!
THE POPE IS FRIENDS WITH DAVID BOWIE!
THE POPE IS BOY GEORGE'S LOVER!
THE POPE DRINKS DIET SODA!
THE POPE TOOK THE "ADVANCED ANAL MASSAGE WEEKEND" FOR 250 DOLLARS!
HALP!
FINALLY REALIZING WHAT HAVOC SHE HAS WROUGHT, MARTINI PANICS AND STARTS PRAYING TO SOMEONE, ANYONE!
OMIGOSH! I DON'T WANT THE POPE KILLED! I JUST WANTED TO BE THE FIRST GAL TO FUCK HIM!
YOU RANG?
ISN'T THERE SOMEONE OUT THERE WHO CAN SAVE HIM?
GASP! COULD IT BE?


JESUS' CRITTERS
HI! MY NAME JEAN!
I GO CHURCH UNDER WATER!
ME LOVE JESUS LONG TIME!
ME FUCKY SUCKY!
FATHER JOE, YOU SO BIG!
YOU STRETCH JEAN!
ME SO HORNY! ME SAY PRAYERS!
PRAYERS ANSWERED! JEAN HAPPY!

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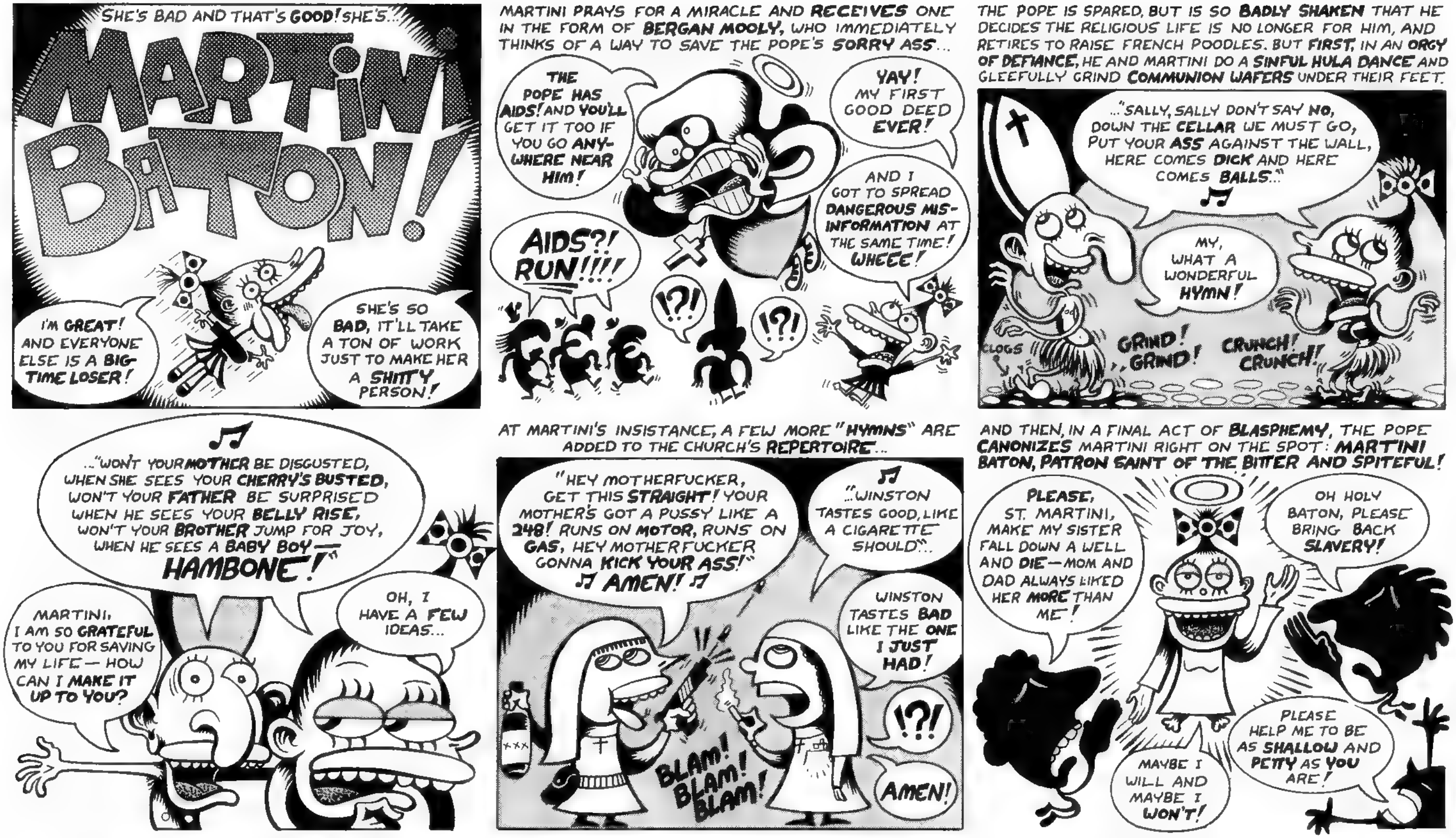
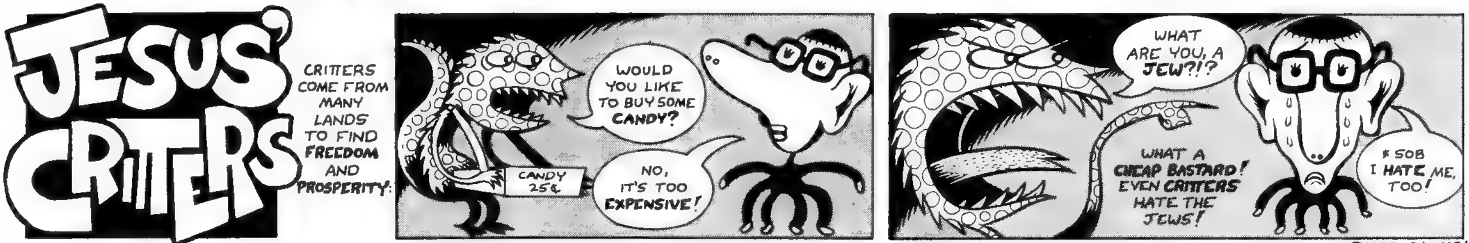

SHE'S BAD AND THAT'S GOOD! SHE'S...
MARTINI BATON!
I'M GREAT! AND EVERYONE ELSE IS A BIG-TIME LOSER!
SHE'S SO BAD, IT'LL TAKE A TON OF WORK JUST TO MAKE HER A SHITTY PERSON!
MARTINI PRAYS FOR A MIRACLE AND RECEIVES ONE IN THE FORM OF BERGAN MOOLY, WHO IMMEDIATELY THINKS OF A WAY TO SAVE THE POPE'S SORRY ASS...
THE POPE HAS AIDS! AND YOU'LL GET IT TOO IF YOU GO ANYWHERE NEAR HIM!
YAY! MY FIRST GOOD DEED EVER!
AND I GOT TO SPREAD DANGEROUS MISINFORMATION AT THE SAME TIME! WHEEE!
AIDS?! RUN!!!!!
!?!
!?!
THE POPE IS SPARED, BUT IS SO BADLY SHAKEN THAT HE DECIDES THE RELIGIOUS LIFE IS NO LONGER FOR HIM, AND RETIRES TO RAISE FRENCH POODLES. BUT FIRST, IN AN ORGY OF DEFIANCE, HE AND MARTINI DO A SINFUL HULA DANCE AND GLEEFULLY GRIND COMMUNION WAFERS UNDER THEIR FEET.
..."SALLY, SALLY DON'T SAY NO, DOWN THE CELLAR WE MUST GO, PUT YOUR ASS AGAINST THE WALL, HERE COMES DICK AND HERE COMES BALLS..." ♫
MY, WHAT A WONDERFUL HYMN!
CLOGS
GRIND! GRIND!
CRUNCH! CRUNCH!
♫ ..."WON'T YOUR MOTHER BE DISGUSTED, WHEN SHE SEES YOUR CHERRY'S BUSTED, WON'T YOUR FATHER BE SURPRISED WHEN HE SEES YOUR BELLY RISE, WON'T YOUR BROTHER JUMP FOR JOY, WHEN HE SEES A BABY BOY— HAMBONE!"
MARTINI, I AM SO GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR SAVING MY LIFE— HOW CAN I MAKE IT UP TO YOU?
OH, I HAVE A FEW IDEAS...
AT MARTINI'S INSISTANCE, A FEW MORE "HYMNS" ARE ADDED TO THE CHURCH'S REPERTOIRE...
"HEY MOTHERFUCKER, GET THIS STRAIGHT! YOUR MOTHER'S GOT A PUSSY LIKE A 248! RUNS ON MOTOR, RUNS ON GAS, HEY MOTHERFUCKER GONNA KICK YOUR ASS!" ♫ AMEN! ♫
♫ ..."WINSTON TASTES GOOD, LIKE A CIGARETTE SHOULD"...
WINSTON TASTES BAD LIKE THE ONE I JUST HAD!
XXX
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
!?!
AMEN!
AND THEN, IN A FINAL ACT OF BLASPHEMY, THE POPE CANONIZES MARTINI RIGHT ON THE SPOT: MARTINI BATON, PATRON SAINT OF THE BITTER AND SPITEFUL!
PLEASE, ST. MARTINI, MAKE MY SISTER FALL DOWN A WELL AND DIE— MOM AND DAD ALWAYS LIKED HER MORE THAN ME!
OH HOLY BATON, PLEASE BRING BACK SLAVERY!
PLEASE HELP ME TO BE AS SHALLOW AND PETTY AS YOU ARE!
MAYBE I WILL AND MAYBE I WON'T!


JESUS' CRITTERS
CRITTERS COME FROM MANY LANDS TO FIND FREEDOM AND PROSPERITY:
WOULD YOU LIKE TO BUY SOME CANDY?
CANDY 25¢
NO, IT'S TOO EXPENSIVE!
WHAT ARE YOU, A JEW?!?
WHAT A CHEAP BASTARD! EVEN CRITTERS HATE THE JEWS!
* SOB I HATE ME, TOO!

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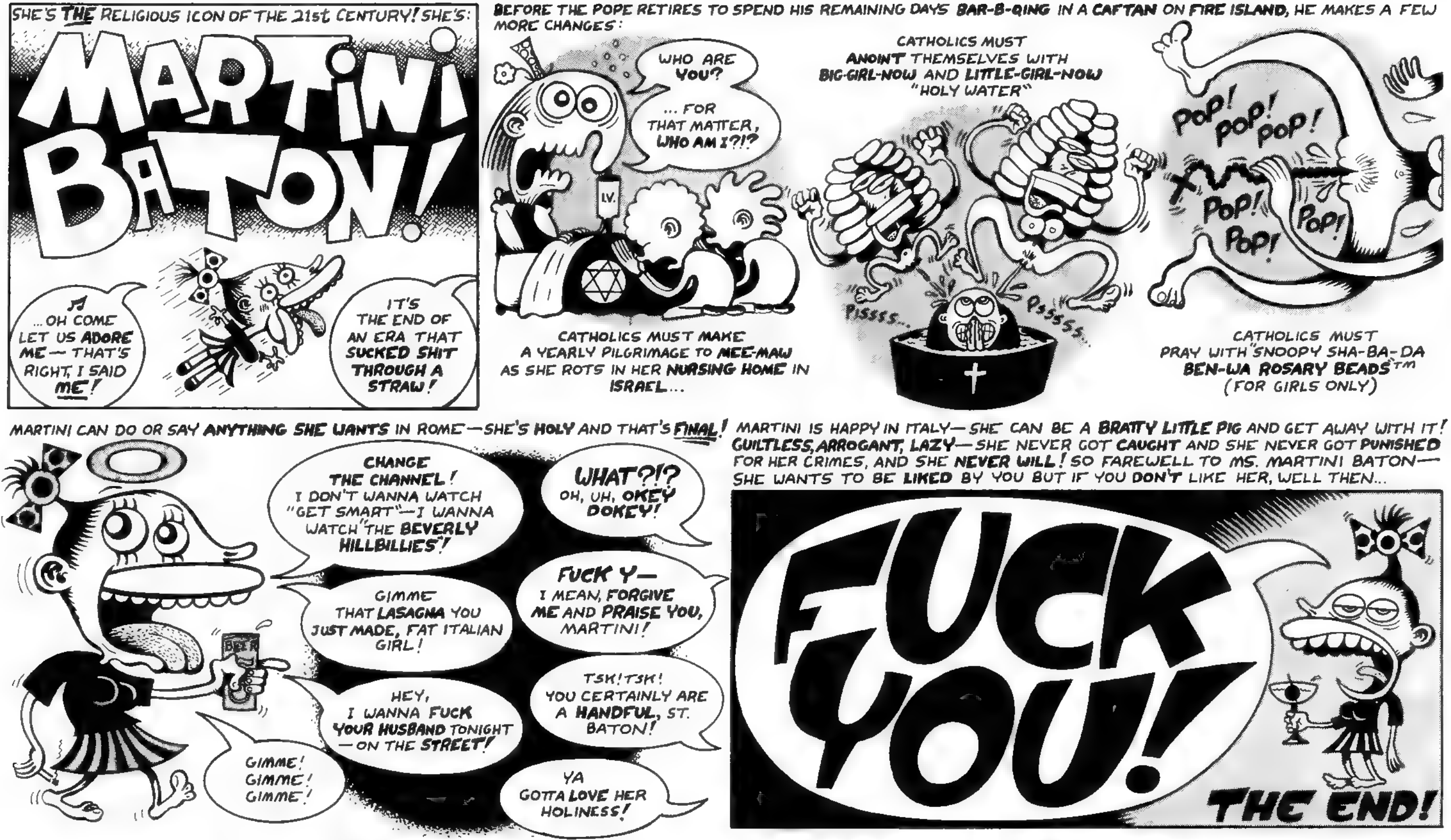
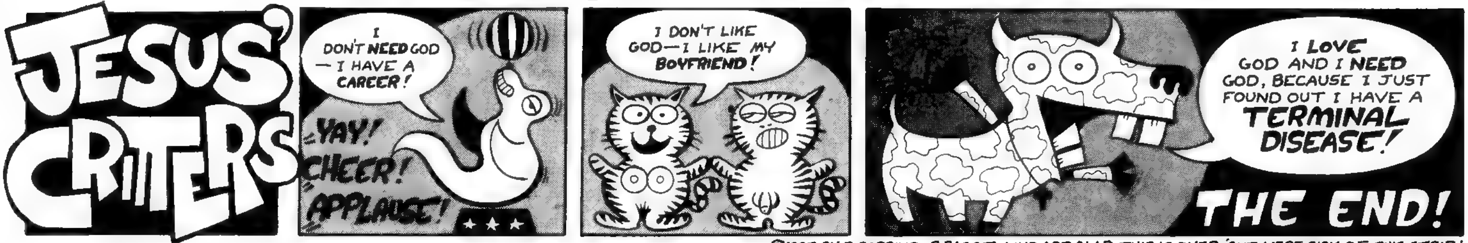

SHE'S THE RELIGIOUS ICON OF THE 21st CENTURY! SHE'S:
MARTINI BATON!
♪ ...OH COME LET US ADORE ME — THAT'S RIGHT, I SAID ME!
IT'S THE END OF AN ERA THAT SUCKED SHIT THROUGH A STRAW!
BEFORE THE POPE RETIRES TO SPEND HIS REMAINING DAYS BAR-B-QING IN A CAFTAN ON FIRE ISLAND, HE MAKES A FEW MORE CHANGES:
WHO ARE YOU?
...FOR THAT MATTER, WHO AM I?!?
I.V.
CATHOLICS MUST MAKE A YEARLY PILGRIMAGE TO MEE-MAW AS SHE ROTS IN HER NURSING HOME IN ISRAEL...
CATHOLICS MUST ANOINT THEMSELVES WITH BIG-GIRL-NOW AND LITTLE-GIRL-NOW "HOLY WATER"
PSSSSS...
PSSSSS...
POP! POP! POP!
POP! POP! POP!
CATHOLICS MUST PRAY WITH "SNOOPY SHA-BA-DA BEN-WA ROSARY BEADS"™ (FOR GIRLS ONLY)
MARTINI CAN DO OR SAY ANYTHING SHE WANTS IN ROME — SHE'S HOLY AND THAT'S FINAL!
CHANGE THE CHANNEL! I DON'T WANNA WATCH "GET SMART" — I WANNA WATCH "THE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES"!
WHAT?!? OH, UH, OKEY DOKEY!
GIMME THAT LASAGNA YOU JUST MADE, FAT ITALIAN GIRL!
FUCK Y— I MEAN, FORGIVE ME AND PRAISE YOU, MARTINI!
HEY, I WANNA FUCK YOUR HUSBAND TONIGHT — ON THE STREET!
TSK! TSK! YOU CERTAINLY ARE A HANDFUL, ST. BATON!
GIMME! GIMME! GIMME!
YA GOTTA LOVE HER HOLINESS!
BEER
MARTINI IS HAPPY IN ITALY — SHE CAN BE A BRATTY LITTLE PIG AND GET AWAY WITH IT! GUILTLESS, ARROGANT, LAZY — SHE NEVER GOT CAUGHT AND SHE NEVER GOT PUNISHED FOR HER CRIMES, AND SHE NEVER WILL! SO FAREWELL TO MS. MARTINI BATON — SHE WANTS TO BE LIKED BY YOU BUT IF YOU DON'T LIKE HER, WELL THEN...
FUCK YOU!
THE END!


JESUS' CRITTERS
I DON'T NEED GOD — I HAVE A CAREER!
YAY! CHEER! APPLAUSE!
I DON'T LIKE GOD — I LIKE MY BOYFRIEND!
I LOVE GOD AND I NEED GOD, BECAUSE I JUST FOUND OUT I HAVE A TERMINAL DISEASE!
THE END!

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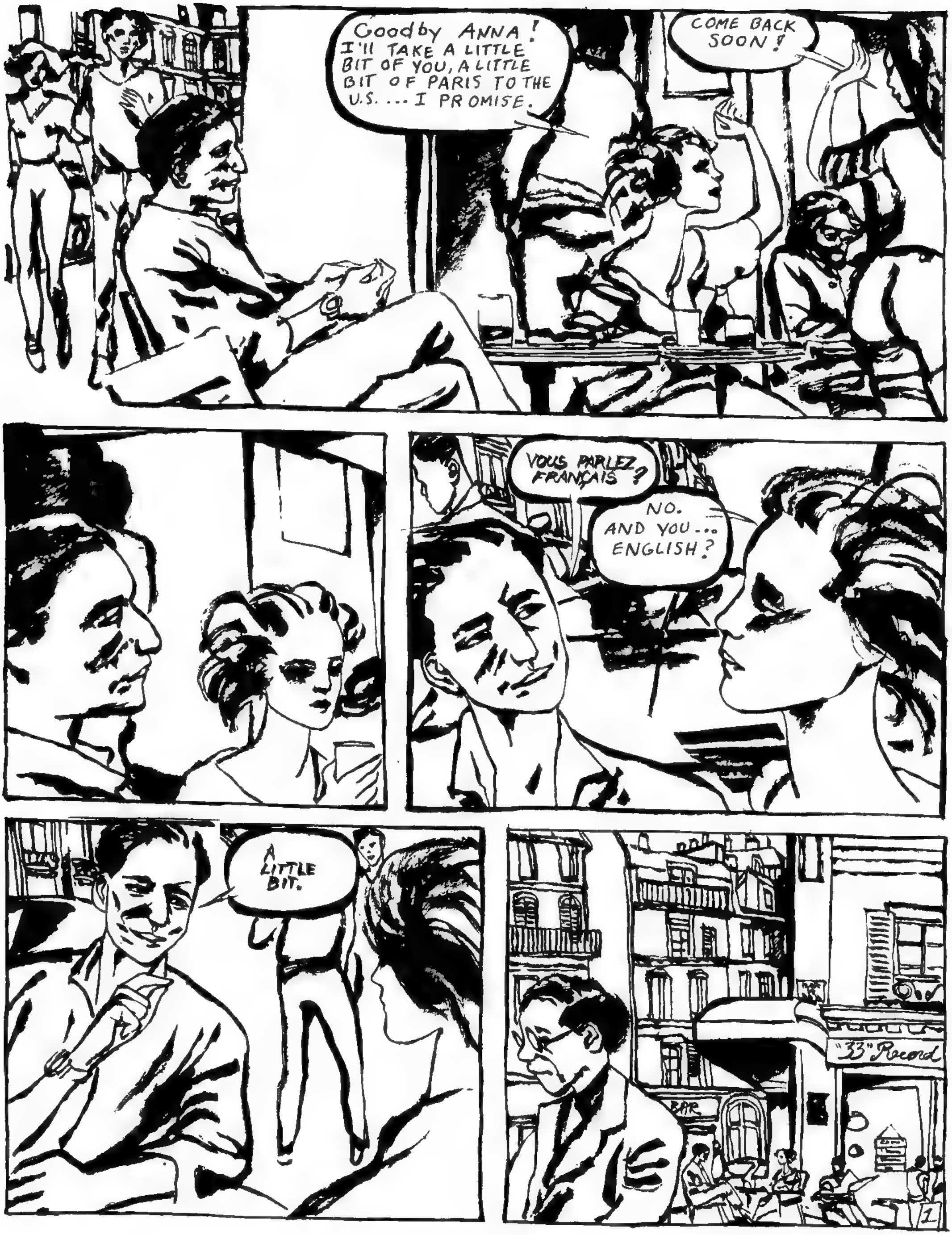
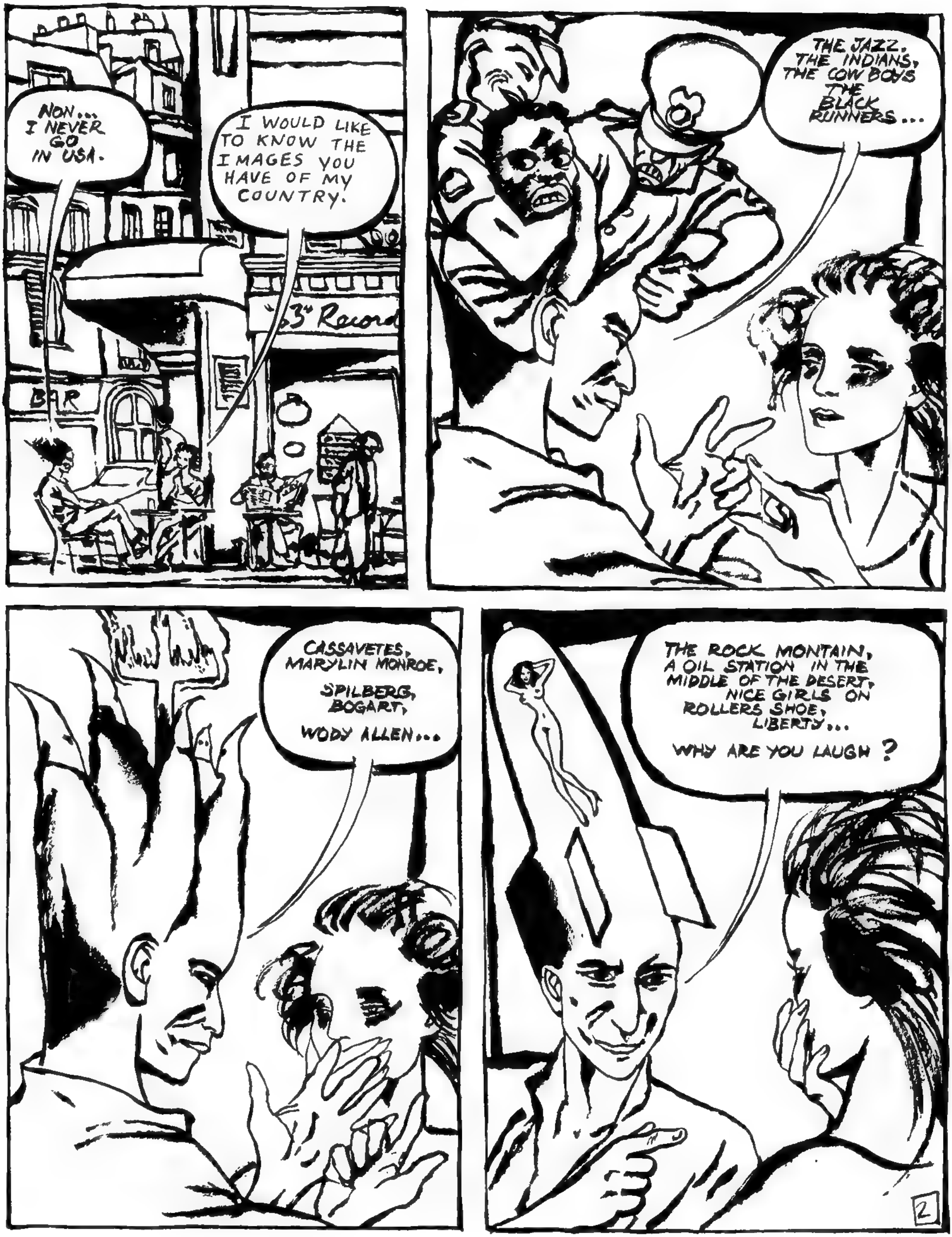
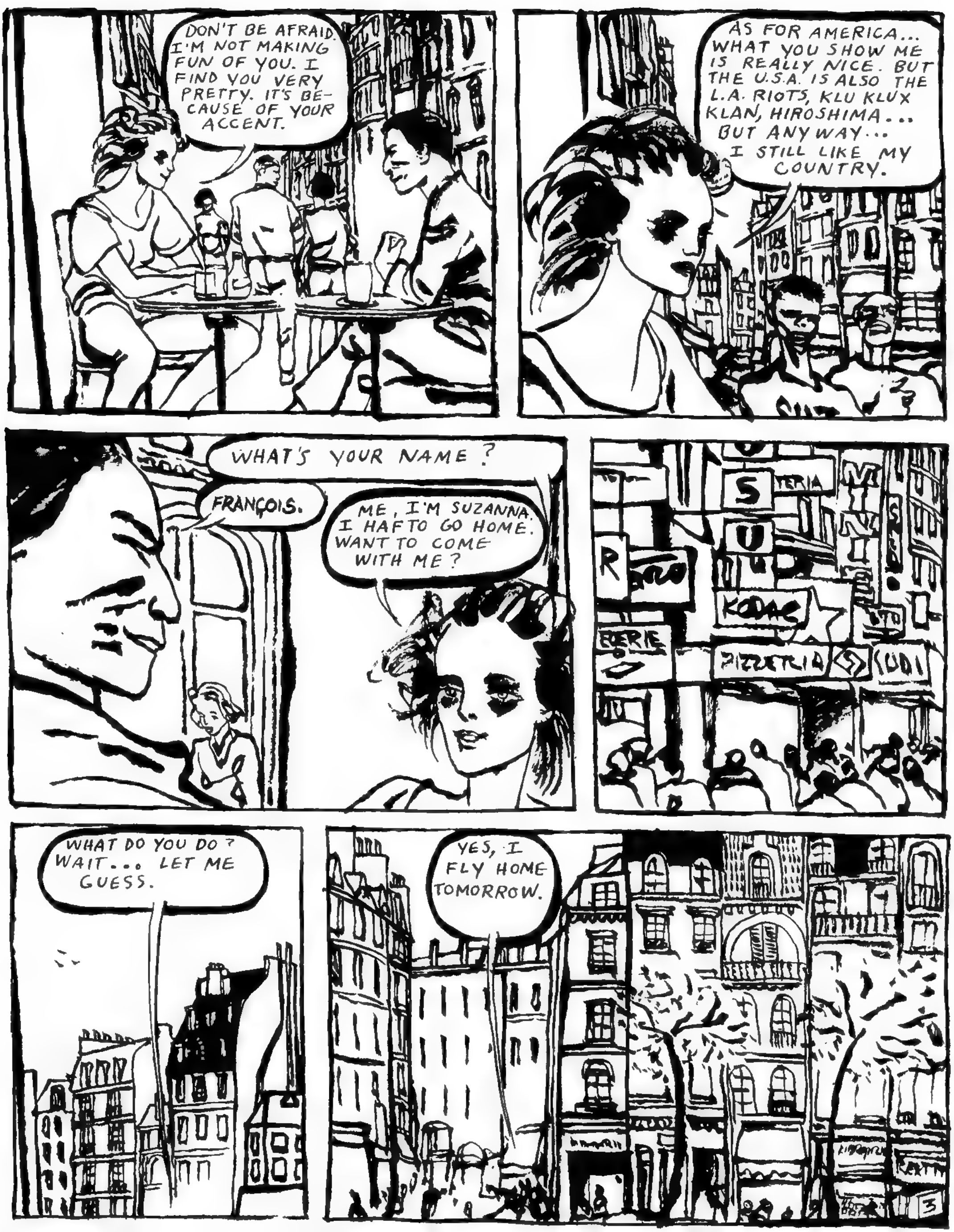
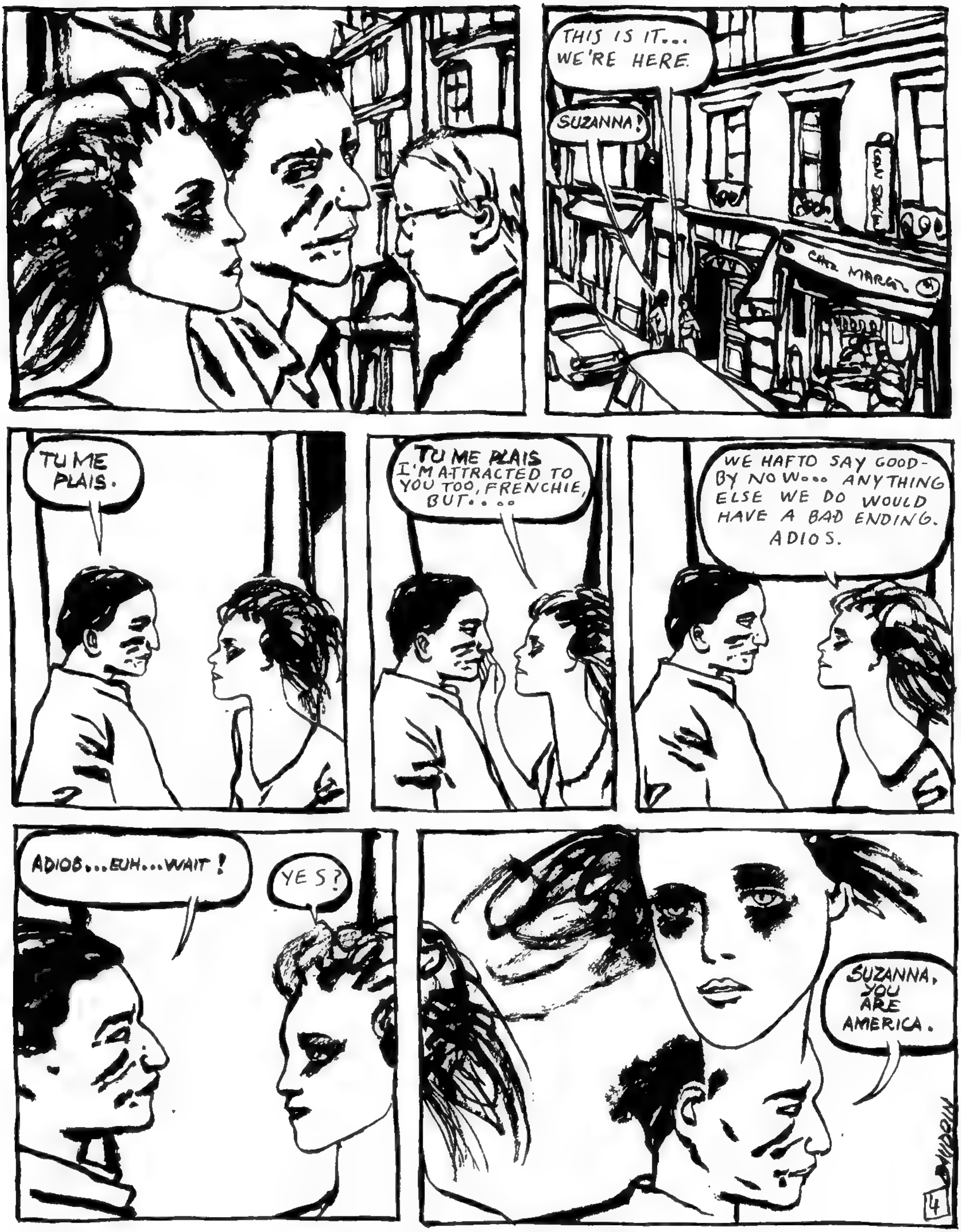

Goodby ANNA! I'll TAKE A LITTLE BIT OF YOU, A LITTLE BIT OF PARIS TO THE U.S. ... I PROMISE.
COME BACK SOON!
VOUS PARLEZ FRANÇAIS?
NO. AND YOU... ENGLISH?
A LITTLE BIT.
BAR
"33" Record

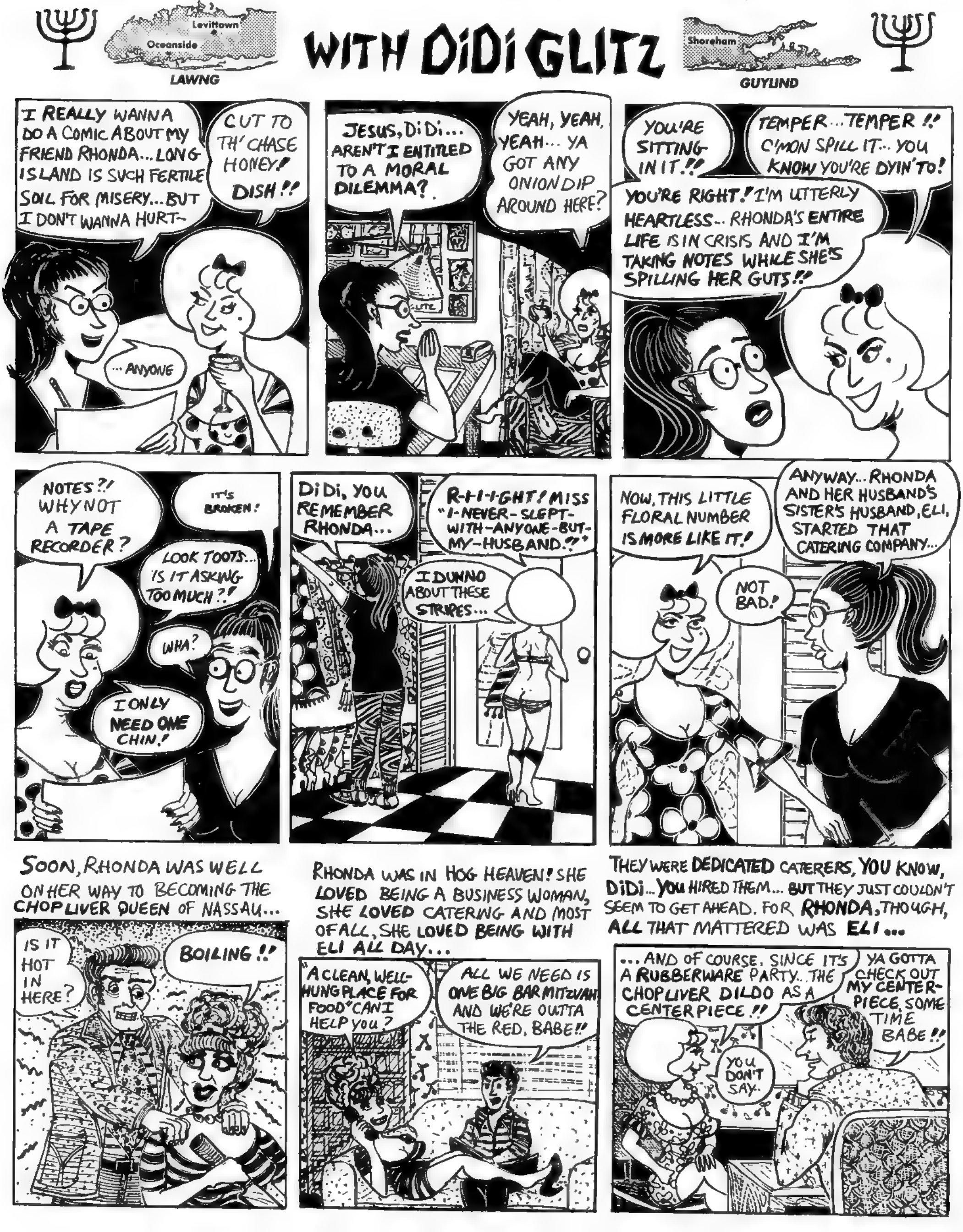

NON... I NEVER GO IN USA.
I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW THE IMAGES YOU HAVE OF MY COUNTRY.
BAR
"3" Record
THE JAZZ, THE INDIANS, THE COW BOYS THE BLACK RUNNERS...
CASSAVETES, MARYLIN MONROE, SPILBERG, BOGART, WODY ALLEN...
THE ROCK MONTAIN, A OIL STATION IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DESERT, NICE GIRLS ON ROLLERS SHOE, LIBERTY...
WHY ARE YOU LAUGH ?

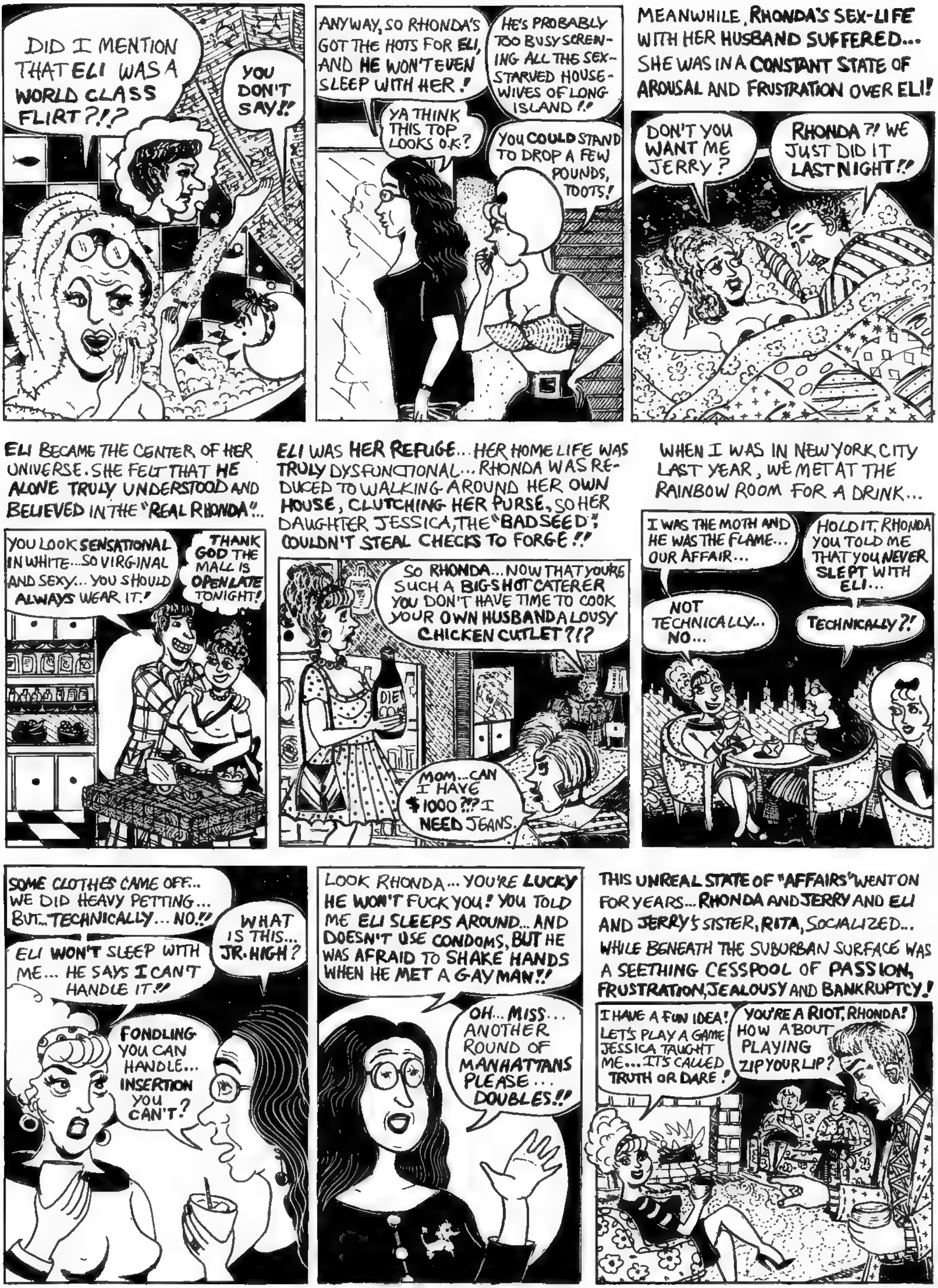

DON'T BE AFRAID. I'M NOT MAKING FUN OF YOU. I FIND YOU VERY PRETTY. IT'S BECAUSE OF YOUR ACCENT.
AS FOR AMERICA... WHAT YOU SHOW ME IS REALLY NICE. BUT THE U.S.A. IS ALSO THE L.A. RIOTS, KLU KLUX KLAN, HIROSHIMA... BUT ANYWAY... I STILL LIKE MY COUNTRY.
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
FRANÇOIS.
ME, I'M SUZANNA. I HAFTO GO HOME. WANT TO COME WITH ME?
KODAK
PIZZERIA
WHAT DO YOU DO? WAIT... LET ME GUESS.
YES, I FLY HOME TOMORROW.

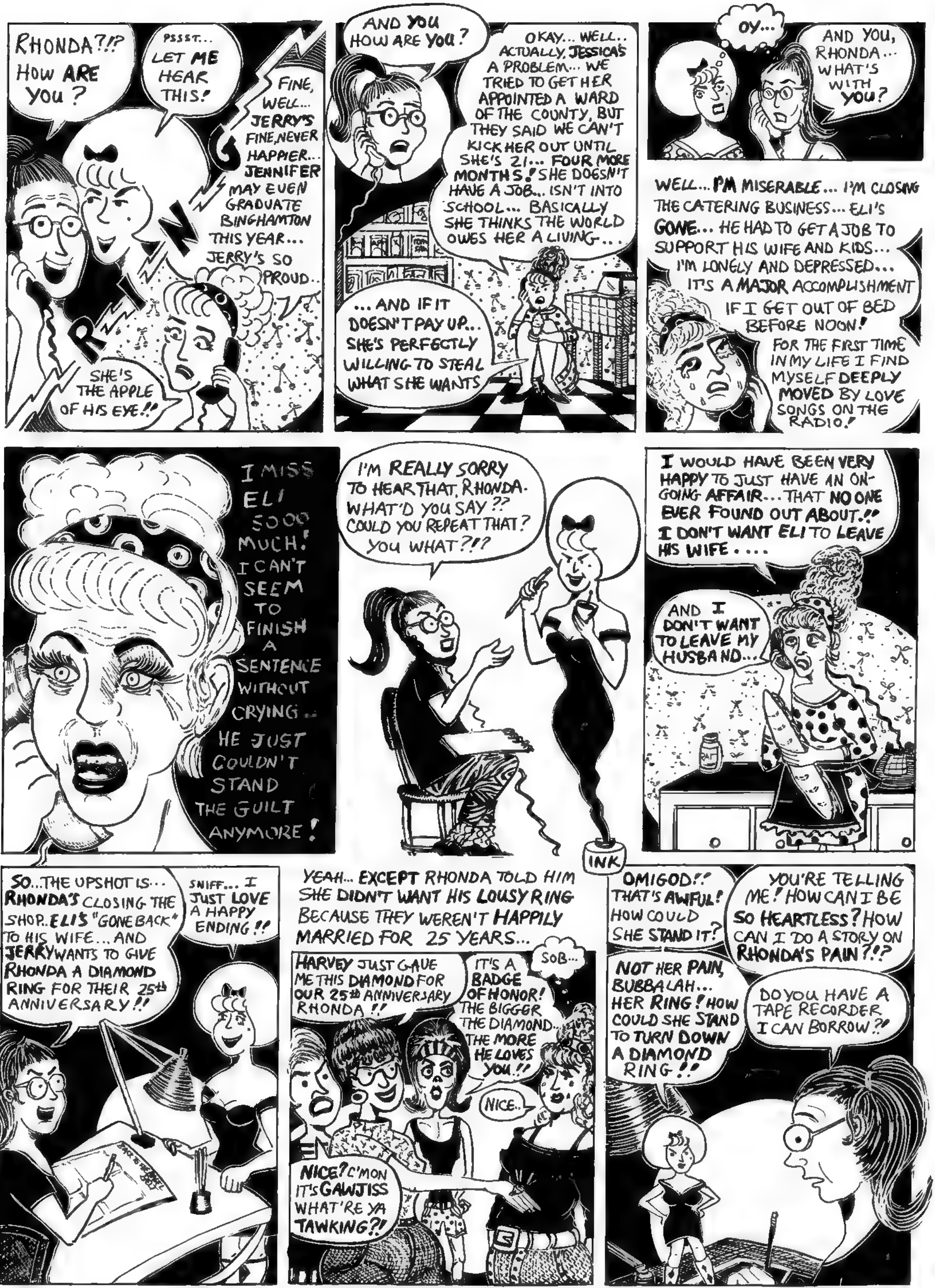

THIS IS IT... WE'RE HERE.
SUZANNA!
CHEZ MARGOT
TU ME PLAIS.
TU ME PLAIS
I'M ATTRACTED TO YOU TOO, FRENCHIE, BUT....
WE HAFTO SAY GOOD-BY NOW... ANYTHING ELSE WE DO WOULD HAVE A BAD ENDING. ADIOS.
ADIOS...EUH...WAIT!
YES?
SUZANNA, YOU ARE AMERICA.

BACK TO THE BAGEL BEDS

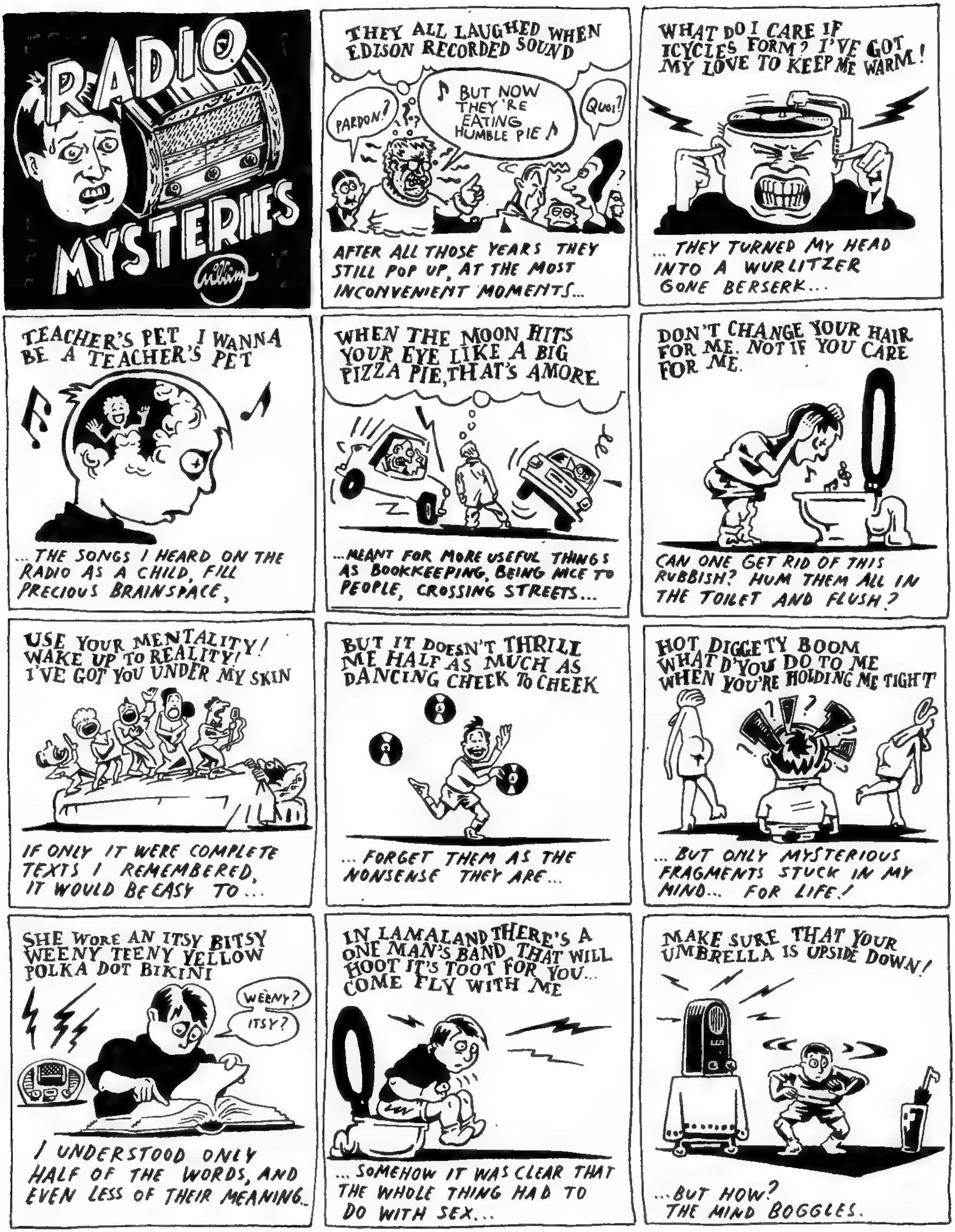
WITH DiDi GLITZ

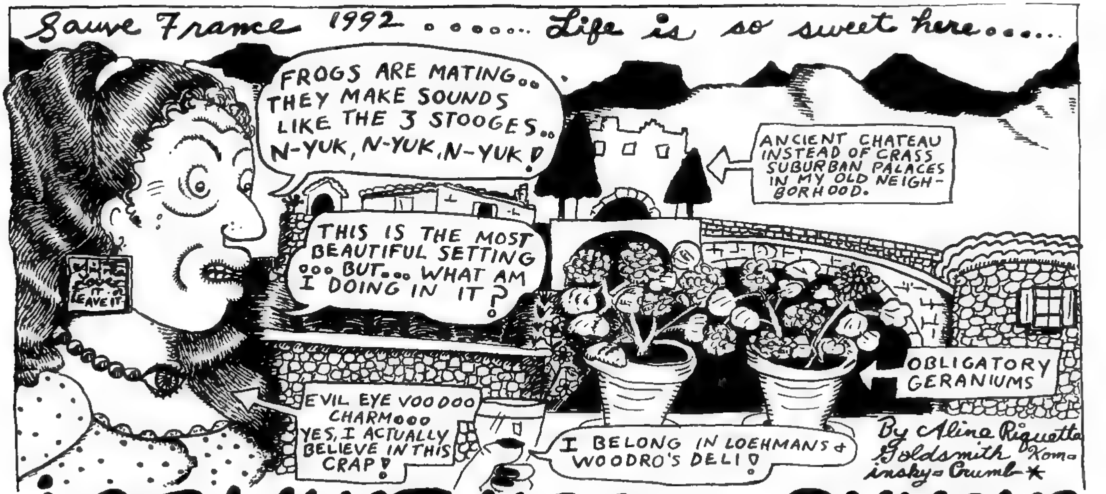

Levittown
Oceanside
LAWNG
Shoreham
GUYLIND
I REALLY WANNA DO A COMIC ABOUT MY FRIEND RHONDA... LONG ISLAND IS SUCH FERTILE SOIL FOR MISERY... BUT I DON'T WANNA HURT–
CUT TO TH' CHASE HONEY! DISH!!
... ANYONE
JESUS, DiDi... AREN'T I ENTITLED TO A MORAL DILEMMA?
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH... YA GOT ANY ONION DIP AROUND HERE?
YOU'RE SITTING IN IT!!
TEMPER... TEMPER!! C'MON SPILL IT... YOU KNOW YOU'RE DYIN' TO!
YOU'RE RIGHT! I'M UTTERLY HEARTLESS... RHONDA'S ENTIRE LIFE IS IN CRISIS AND I'M TAKING NOTES WHILE SHE'S SPILLING HER GUTS!!
NOTES?! WHY NOT A TAPE RECORDER?
IT'S BROKEN!
LOOK TOOTS... IS IT ASKING TOO MUCH?!
WHA?
I ONLY NEED ONE CHIN!
DiDi, YOU REMEMBER RHONDA...
R-I-I-GHT! MISS "I-NEVER-SLEPT-WITH-ANYONE-BUT-MY-HUSBAND?!"
I DUNNO ABOUT THESE STRIPES...
NOW, THIS LITTLE FLORAL NUMBER IS MORE LIKE IT!
ANYWAY... RHONDA AND HER HUSBAND'S SISTER'S HUSBAND, ELI, STARTED THAT CATERING COMPANY...
NOT BAD!
SOON, RHONDA WAS WELL ON HER WAY TO BECOMING THE CHOP LIVER QUEEN OF NASSAU...
IS IT HOT IN HERE?
BOILING!!
RHONDA WAS IN HOG HEAVEN! SHE LOVED BEING A BUSINESS WOMAN, SHE LOVED CATERING AND MOST OF ALL, SHE LOVED BEING WITH ELI ALL DAY...
"A CLEAN, WELL-HUNG PLACE FOR FOOD" CAN I HELP YOU?
ALL WE NEED IS ONE BIG BAR MITZVAH AND WE'RE OUTTA THE RED, BABE!!
THEY WERE DEDICATED CATERERS, YOU KNOW, DiDi... YOU HIRED THEM... BUT THEY JUST COULDN'T SEEM TO GET AHEAD. FOR RHONDA, THOUGH, ALL THAT MATTERED WAS ELI...
... AND OF COURSE, SINCE IT'S A RUBBERWARE PARTY.. THE CHOP LIVER DILDO AS A CENTERPIECE!!
YA GOTTA CHECK OUT MY CENTERPIECE, SOME TIME BABE!!
YOU DON'T SAY.


DID I MENTION THAT ELI WAS A WORLD CLASS FLIRT?!?
YOU DON'T SAY!!
ANYWAY, SO RHONDA'S GOT THE HOTS FOR ELI, AND HE WON'T EVEN SLEEP WITH HER!
HE'S PROBABLY TOO BUSY SCREWING ALL THE SEX-STARVED HOUSEWIVES OF LONG ISLAND!!
YA THINK THIS TOP LOOKS O.K.?
YOU COULD STAND TO DROP A FEW POUNDS, TOOTS!
MEANWHILE, RHONDA'S SEX-LIFE WITH HER HUSBAND SUFFERED... SHE WAS IN A CONSTANT STATE OF AROUSAL AND FRUSTRATION OVER ELI!
DON'T YOU WANT ME JERRY?
RHONDA?! WE JUST DID IT LAST NIGHT!!
ELI BECAME THE CENTER OF HER UNIVERSE. SHE FELT THAT HE ALONE TRULY UNDERSTOOD AND BELIEVED IN THE "REAL RHONDA"...
YOU LOOK SENSATIONAL IN WHITE... SO VIRGINAL AND SEXY... YOU SHOULD ALWAYS WEAR IT.!
THANK GOD THE MALL IS OPEN LATE TONIGHT!
ELI WAS HER REFUGE... HER HOME LIFE WAS TRULY DYSFUNCTIONAL... RHONDA WAS REDUCED TO WALKING AROUND HER OWN HOUSE, CLUTCHING HER PURSE, SO HER DAUGHTER JESSICA, THE "BAD SEED", COULDN'T STEAL CHECKS TO FORGE!!
SO RHONDA... NOW THAT YOU'RE SUCH A BIG SHOT CATERER YOU DON'T HAVE TIME TO COOK YOUR OWN HUSBAND A LOUSY CHICKEN CUTLET?!?
DIET COKE
MOM... CAN I HAVE $1000?!? I NEED JEANS.
WHEN I WAS IN NEW YORK CITY LAST YEAR, WE MET AT THE RAINBOW ROOM FOR A DRINK...
I WAS THE MOTH AND HE WAS THE FLAME... OUR AFFAIR...
HOLD IT, RHONDA YOU TOLD ME THAT YOU NEVER SLEPT WITH ELI...
NOT TECHNICALLY... NO...
TECHNICALLY?!
SOME CLOTHES CAME OFF... WE DID HEAVY PETTING... BUT... TECHNICALLY... NO!!
WHAT IS THIS... JR. HIGH?
ELI WON'T SLEEP WITH ME... HE SAYS I CAN'T HANDLE IT!!
FONDLING YOU CAN HANDLE... INSERTION YOU CAN'T?
LOOK RHONDA... YOU'RE LUCKY HE WON'T FUCK YOU! YOU TOLD ME ELI SLEEPS AROUND... AND DOESN'T USE CONDOMS, BUT HE WAS AFRAID TO SHAKE HANDS WHEN HE MET A GAY MAN!!
OH... MISS... ANOTHER ROUND OF MANHATTANS PLEASE... DOUBLES!!
THIS UNREAL STATE OF "AFFAIRS" WENT ON FOR YEARS... RHONDA AND JERRY AND ELI AND JERRY'S SISTER, RITA, SOCIALIZED... WHILE BENEATH THE SUBURBAN SURFACE WAS A SEETHING CESSPOOL OF PASSION, FRUSTRATION, JEALOUSY AND BANKRUPTCY!
I HAVE A FUN IDEA! LET'S PLAY A GAME JESSICA TAUGHT ME... IT'S CALLED TRUTH OR DARE!
YOU'RE A RIOT, RHONDA! HOW ABOUT PLAYING ZIP YOUR LIP?


RHONDA?!? HOW ARE YOU?
PSSST... LET ME HEAR THIS!
FINE, WELL... JERRY'S FINE, NEVER HAPPIER... JENNIFER MAY EVEN GRADUATE BINGHAMTON THIS YEAR... JERRY'S SO PROUD...
RING
SHE'S THE APPLE OF HIS EYE!!
AND YOU HOW ARE YOU?
OKAY... WELL.. ACTUALLY, JESSICA'S A PROBLEM... WE TRIED TO GET HER APPOINTED A WARD OF THE COUNTY, BUT THEY SAID WE CAN'T KICK HER OUT UNTIL SHE'S 21... FOUR MORE MONTHS! SHE DOESN'T HAVE A JOB... ISN'T INTO SCHOOL... BASICALLY SHE THINKS THE WORLD OWES HER A LIVING...
...AND IF IT DOESN'T PAY UP... SHE'S PERFECTLY WILLING TO STEAL WHAT SHE WANTS
OY...
AND YOU, RHONDA... WHAT'S WITH YOU?
WELL... I'M MISERABLE... I'M CLOSING THE CATERING BUSINESS... ELI'S GONE... HE HAD TO GET A JOB TO SUPPORT HIS WIFE AND KIDS... I'M LONELY AND DEPRESSED... IT'S A MAJOR ACCOMPLISHMENT IF I GET OUT OF BED BEFORE NOON! FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I FIND MYSELF DEEPLY MOVED BY LOVE SONGS ON THE RADIO!
I MISS ELI SOOO MUCH! I CAN'T SEEM TO FINISH A SENTENCE WITHOUT CRYING... HE JUST COULDN'T STAND THE GUILT ANYMORE!
I'M REALLY SORRY TO HEAR THAT, RHONDA. WHAT'D YOU SAY?? COULD YOU REPEAT THAT? YOU WHAT?!?
INK
I WOULD HAVE BEEN VERY HAPPY TO JUST HAVE AN ON-GOING AFFAIR... THAT NO ONE EVER FOUND OUT ABOUT!! I DON'T WANT ELI TO LEAVE HIS WIFE....
AND I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE MY HUSBAND...
SO...THE UPSHOT IS... RHONDA'S CLOSING THE SHOP.. ELI'S "GONE BACK" TO HIS WIFE... AND JERRY WANTS TO GIVE RHONDA A DIAMOND RING FOR THEIR 25th ANNIVERSARY!!
SNIFF... I JUST LOVE A HAPPY ENDING!!
YEAH... EXCEPT RHONDA TOLD HIM SHE DIDN'T WANT HIS LOUSY RING BECAUSE THEY WEREN'T HAPPILY MARRIED FOR 25 YEARS...
HARVEY JUST GAVE ME THIS DIAMOND FOR OUR 25th ANNIVERSARY RHONDA!!
SOB...
IT'S A BADGE OF HONOR! THE BIGGER THE DIAMOND... THE MORE HE LOVES YOU!!
NICE..
NICE? C'MON IT'S GAWJISS WHAT'RE YA TAWKING?!
OMIGOD!! THAT'S AWFUL! HOW COULD SHE STAND IT?
YOU'RE TELLING ME! HOW CAN I BE SO HEARTLESS? HOW CAN I DO A STORY ON RHONDA'S PAIN?!?
NOT HER PAIN, BUBBALAH... HER RING! HOW COULD SHE STAND TO TURN DOWN A DIAMOND RING!!
DO YOU HAVE A TAPE RECORDER I CAN BORROW?!

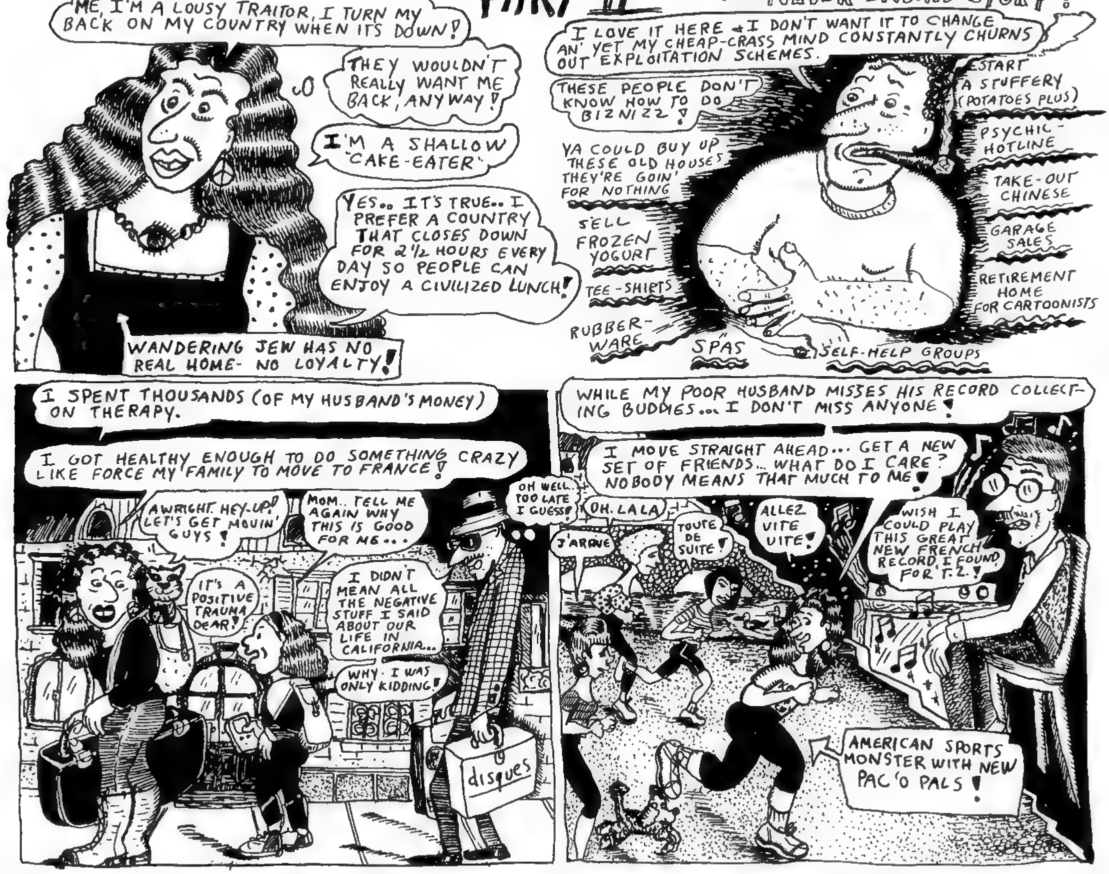
© Diane Noomin 1993

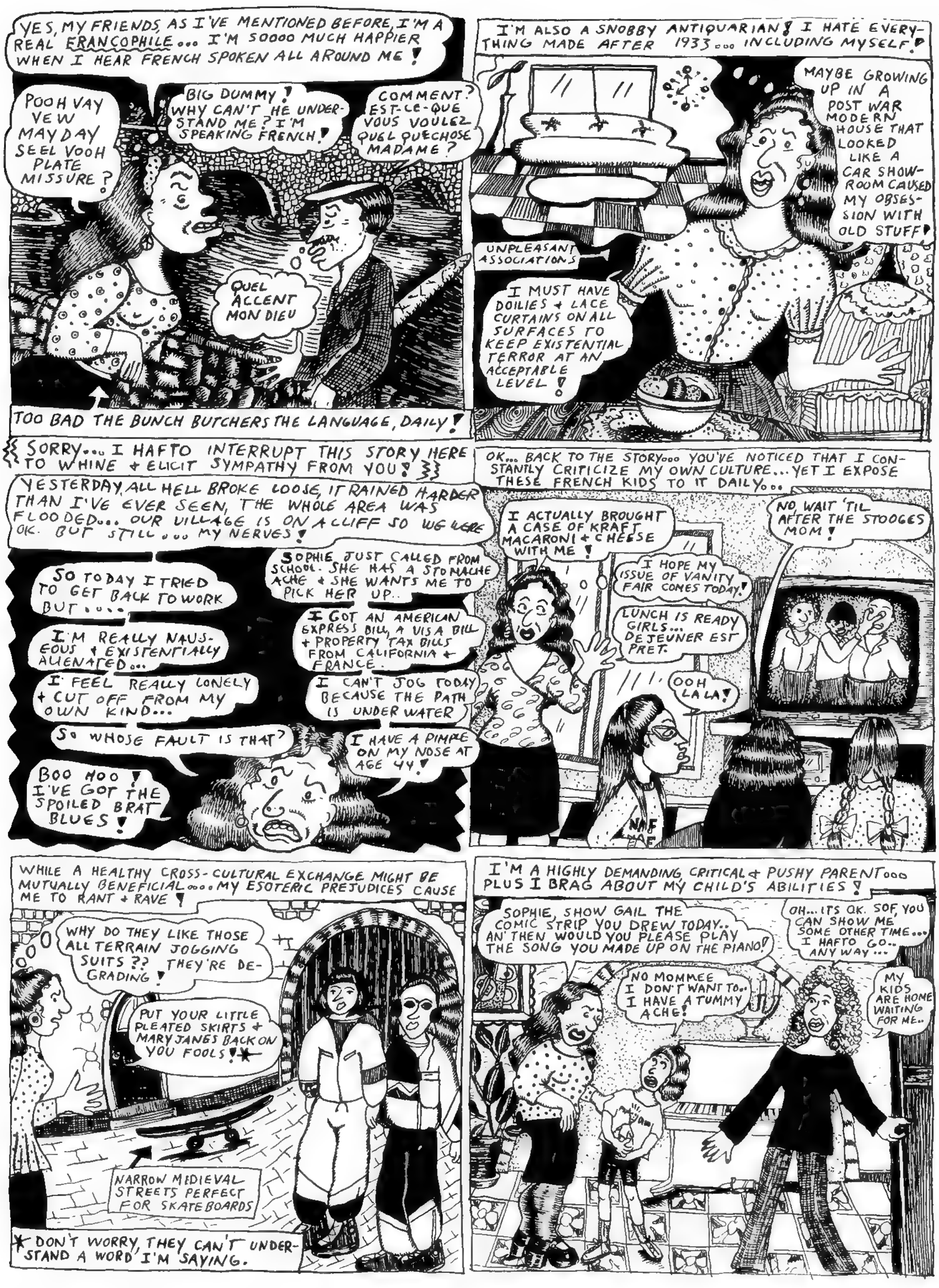

RADIO MYSTERIES
William
THEY ALL LAUGHED WHEN EDISON RECORDED SOUND
PARDON?
BUT NOW THEY'RE EATING HUMBLE PIE
QUOI?
AFTER ALL THOSE YEARS THEY STILL POP UP, AT THE MOST INCONVENIENT MOMENTS...
WHAT DO I CARE IF ICYCLES FORM? I'VE GOT MY LOVE TO KEEP ME WARM!
... THEY TURNED MY HEAD INTO A WURLITZER GONE BERSERK...
TEACHER'S PET I WANNA BE A TEACHER'S PET
... THE SONGS I HEARD ON THE RADIO AS A CHILD, FILL PRECIOUS BRAINSPACE,
WHEN THE MOON HITS YOUR EYE LIKE A BIG PIZZA PIE, THAT'S AMORE
...MEANT FOR MORE USEFUL THINGS AS BOOKKEEPING, BEING NICE TO PEOPLE, CROSSING STREETS...
DON'T CHANGE YOUR HAIR FOR ME, NOT IF YOU CARE FOR ME.
CAN ONE GET RID OF THIS RUBBISH? HUM THEM ALL IN THE TOILET AND FLUSH?
USE YOUR MENTALITY! WAKE UP TO REALITY! I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN
IF ONLY IT WERE COMPLETE TEXTS I REMEMBERED, IT WOULD BE EASY TO...
BUT IT DOESN'T THRILL ME HALF AS MUCH AS DANCING CHEEK TO CHEEK
... FORGET THEM AS THE NONSENSE THEY ARE...
HOT DIGGETY BOOM WHAT D'YOU DO TO ME WHEN YOU'RE HOLDING ME TIGHT
... BUT ONLY MYSTERIOUS FRAGMENTS STUCK IN MY MIND... FOR LIFE!
SHE WORE AN ITSY BITSY WEENY TEENY YELLOW POLKA DOT BIKINI
WEENY?
ITSY?
I UNDERSTOOD ONLY HALF OF THE WORDS, AND EVEN LESS OF THEIR MEANING...
IN LAMALAND THERE'S A ONE MAN'S BAND THAT WILL HOOT IT'S TOOT FOR YOU... COME FLY WITH ME
... SOMEHOW IT WAS CLEAR THAT THE WHOLE THING HAD TO DO WITH SEX...
MAKE SURE THAT YOUR UMBRELLA IS UPSIDE DOWN!
... BUT HOW? THE MIND BOGGLES.

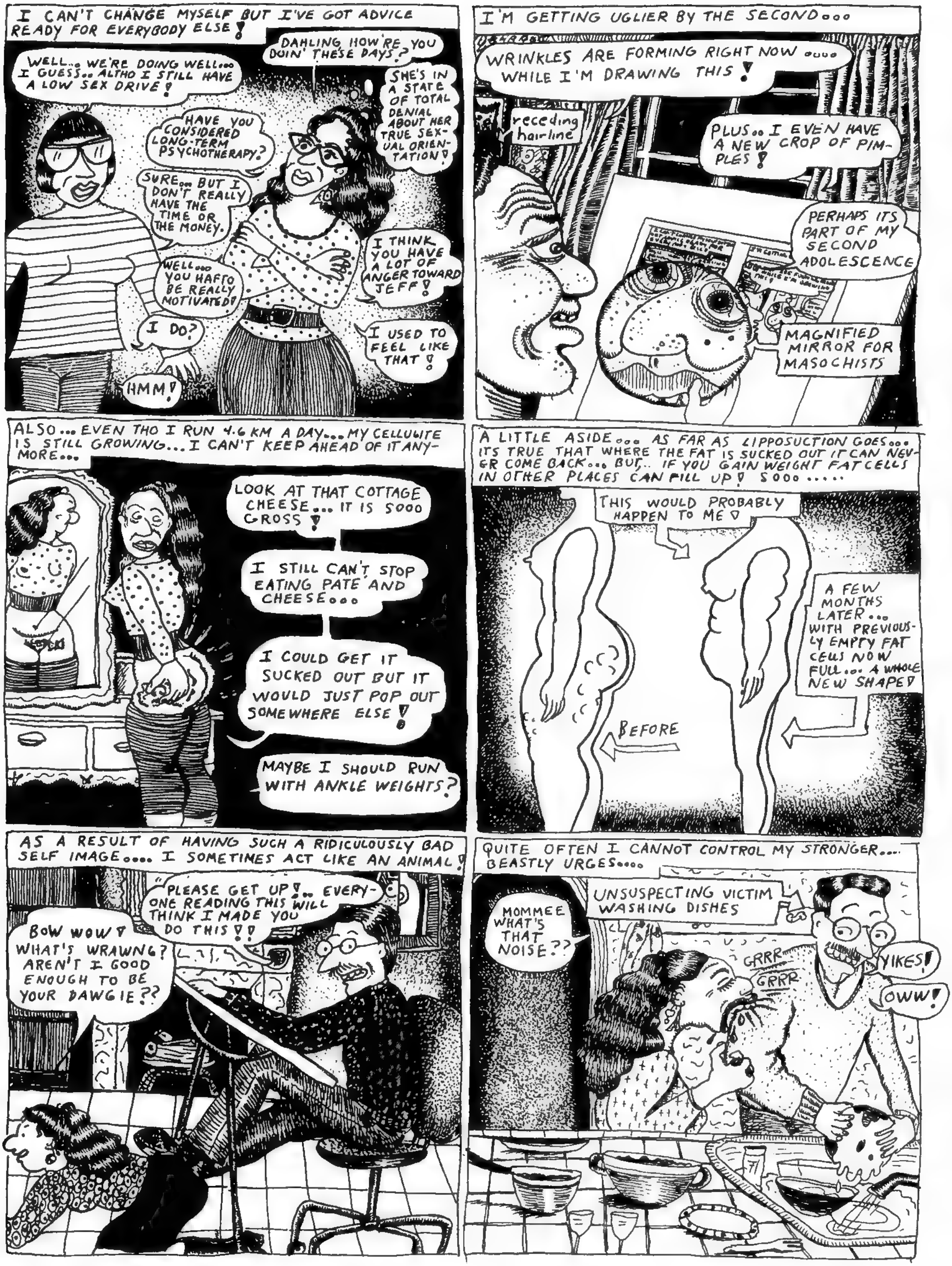

Sauve France 1992 ...... Life is so sweet here.....
FROGS ARE MATING.. THEY MAKE SOUNDS LIKE THE 3 STOOGES.. N-YUK, N-YUK, N-YUK!
ANCIENT CHATEAU INSTEAD OF CRASS SUBURBAN PALACES IN MY OLD NEIGHBORHOOD.
THIS IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SETTING ... BUT... WHAT AM I DOING IN IT?
LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT
OBLIGATORY GERANIUMS
EVIL EYE VOODOO CHARM... YES, I ACTUALLY BELIEVE IN THIS CRAP!
I BELONG IN LOEHMANS + WOODRO'S DELI!
By Aline Riquetta Goldsmith Kominsky-Crumb ★

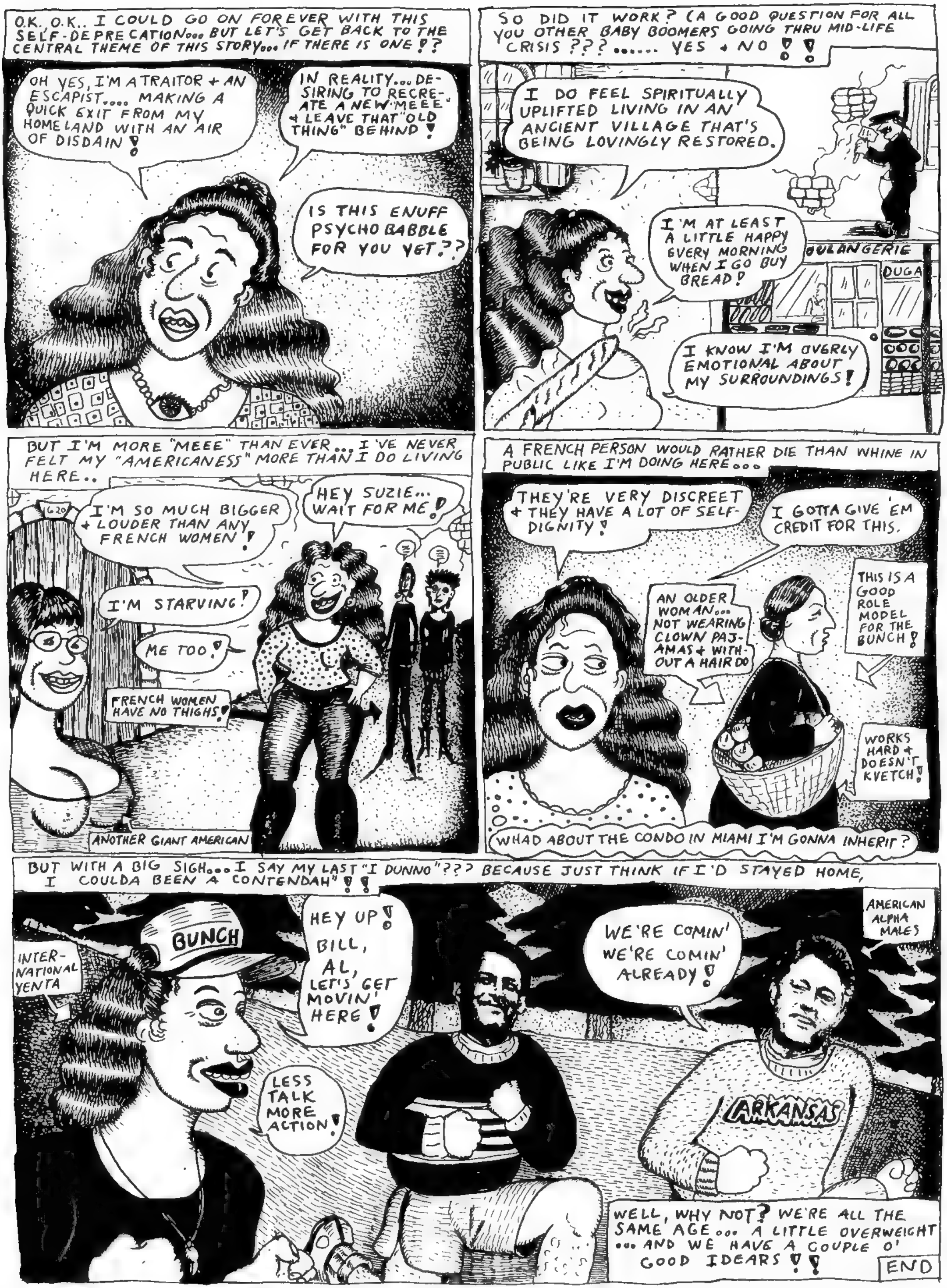
¿OF WHAT USE IS A BUNCH?

PART II THE NEVER ENDING STORY!

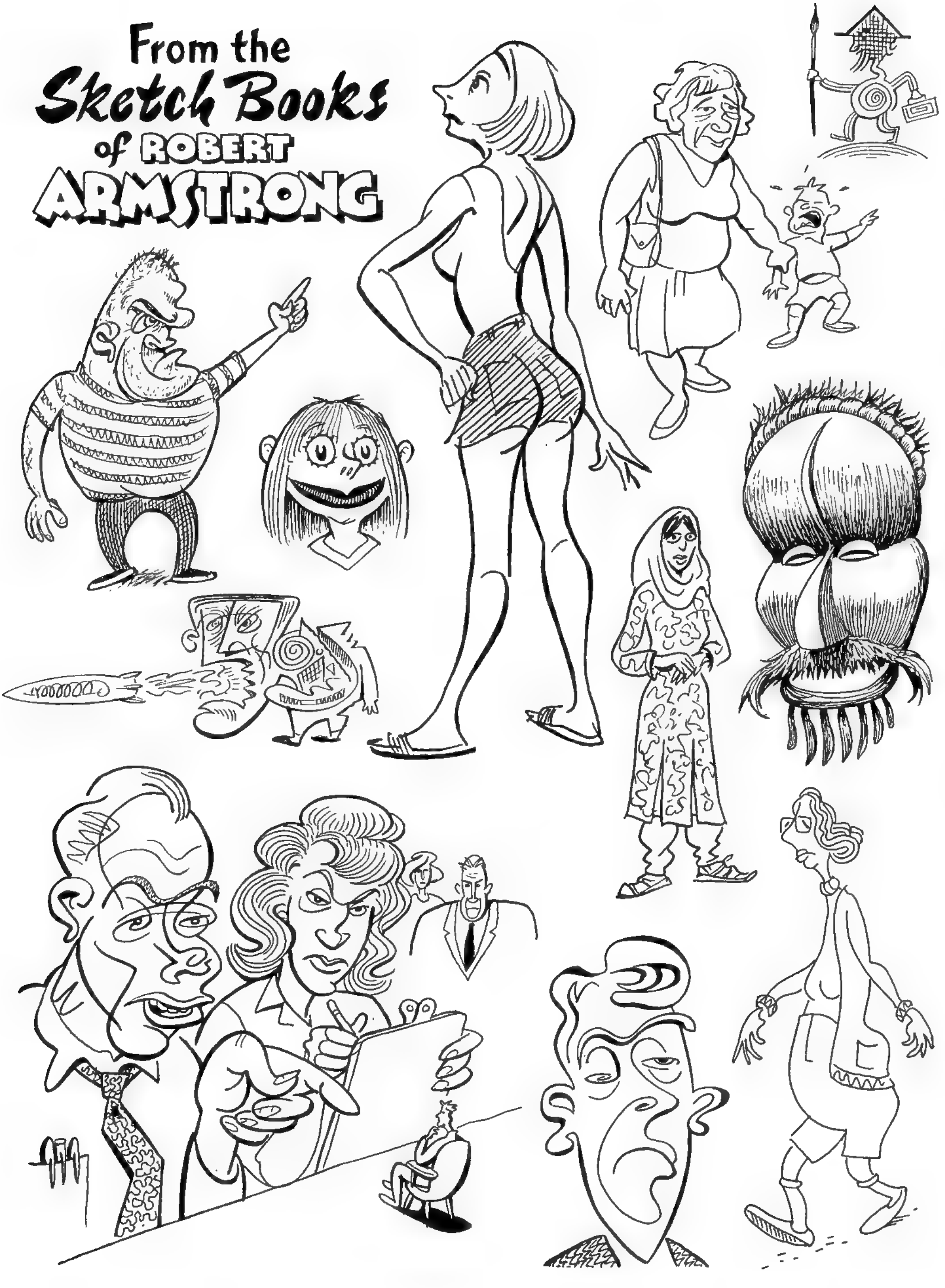

ME, I'M A LOUSY TRAITOR, I TURN MY BACK ON MY COUNTRY WHEN ITS DOWN!
THEY WOULDN'T REALLY WANT ME BACK, ANYWAY!
I'M A SHALLOW "CAKE-EATER"
YES.. IT'S TRUE.. I PREFER A COUNTRY THAT CLOSES DOWN FOR 2½ HOURS EVERY DAY SO PEOPLE CAN ENJOY A CIVILIZED LUNCH!
WANDERING JEW HAS NO REAL HOME- NO LOYALTY!
I LOVE IT HERE + I DON'T WANT IT TO CHANGE AN' YET MY CHEAP-CRASS MIND CONSTANTLY CHURNS OUT EXPLOITATION SCHEMES.
THESE PEOPLE DON'T KNOW HOW TO DO BIZNIZZ!
YA COULD BUY UP THESE OLD HOUSES THEY'RE GOIN' FOR NOTHING
SELL FROZEN YOGURT
TEE-SHIRTS
RUBBERWARE
SPAS
SELF-HELP GROUPS
START A STUFFERY (POTATOES PLUS)
PSYCHIC-HOTLINE
TAKE-OUT CHINESE
GARAGE SALES
RETIREMENT HOME FOR CARTOONISTS
I SPENT THOUSANDS (OF MY HUSBAND'S MONEY) ON THERAPY.
I GOT HEALTHY ENOUGH TO DO SOMETHING CRAZY LIKE FORCE MY FAMILY TO MOVE TO FRANCE!
AWRIGHT. HEY-UP! LET'S GET MOVIN' GUYS!
MOM.. TELL ME AGAIN WHY THIS IS GOOD FOR ME...
IT'S A POSITIVE TRAUMA DEAR!
I DIDN'T MEAN ALL THE NEGATIVE STUFF I SAID ABOUT OUR LIFE IN CALIFORNIA...
WHY. I WAS ONLY KIDDING!
OH WELL.. TOO LATE I GUESS!
disques
WHILE MY POOR HUSBAND MISSES HIS RECORD COLLECTING BUDDIES... I DON'T MISS ANYONE!
I MOVE STRAIGHT AHEAD... GET A NEW SET OF FRIENDS... WHAT DO I CARE? NOBODY MEANS THAT MUCH TO ME!
OH. LALA
J'ARRIVE
TOUTE DE SUITE!
ALLEZ VITE VITE!
WISH I COULD PLAY THIS GREAT NEW FRENCH RECORD, I FOUND FOR T.Z.!
AMERICAN SPORTS MONSTER WITH NEW PAC'O PALS!

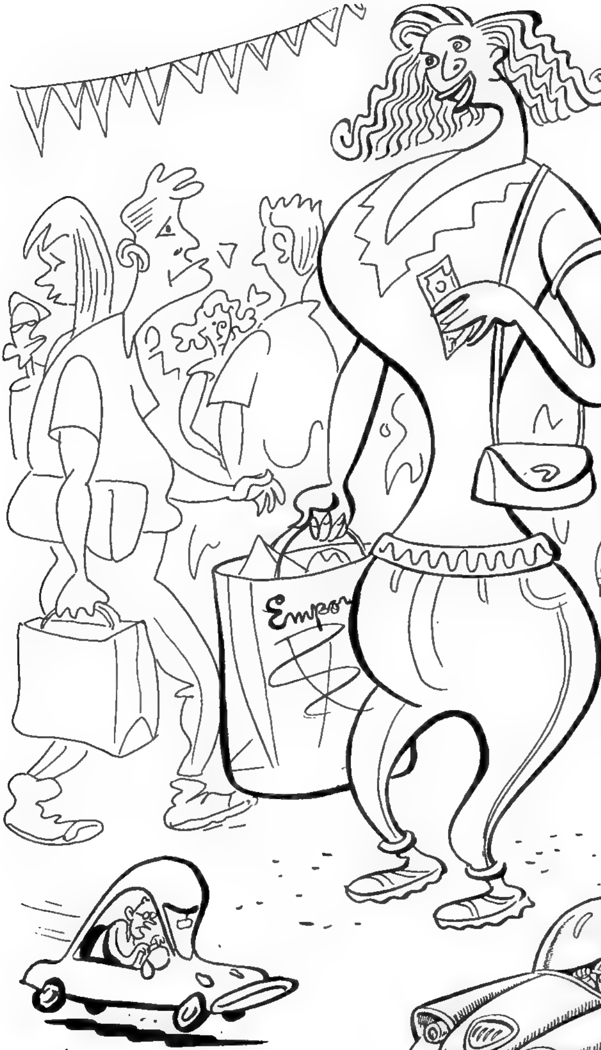

YES, MY FRIENDS, AS I'VE MENTIONED BEFORE, I'M A REAL FRANCOPHILE... I'M SOOOO MUCH HAPPIER WHEN I HEAR FRENCH SPOKEN ALL AROUND ME!
POOH VAY VEW MAY DAY SEEL VOOH PLATE MISSURE?
BIG DUMMY! WHY CAN'T HE UNDERSTAND ME? I'M SPEAKING FRENCH!
COMMENT? EST-CE-QUE VOUS VOULEZ QUEL QUECHOSE MADAME?
QUEL ACCENT MON DIEU
TOO BAD THE BUNCH BUTCHERS THE LANGUAGE, DAILY!
I'M ALSO A SNOBBY ANTIQUARIAN! I HATE EVERYTHING MADE AFTER 1933... INCLUDING MYSELF!
MAYBE GROWING UP IN A POST WAR MODERN HOUSE THAT LOOKED LIKE A CAR SHOWROOM CAUSED MY OBSESSION WITH OLD STUFF!
UNPLEASANT ASSOCIATIONS
I MUST HAVE DOILIES + LACE CURTAINS ON ALL SURFACES TO KEEP EXISTENTIAL TERROR AT AN ACCEPTABLE LEVEL!
SORRY... I HAFTO INTERRUPT THIS STORY HERE TO WHINE + ELICIT SYMPATHY FROM YOU!
YESTERDAY ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE, IT RAINED HARDER THAN I'VE EVER SEEN, THE WHOLE AREA WAS FLOODED... OUR VILLAGE IS ON A CLIFF SO WE WERE OK. BUT STILL... MY NERVES!
SO TODAY I TRIED TO GET BACK TO WORK BUT....
SOPHIE JUST CALLED FROM SCHOOL. SHE HAS A STOMACHE ACHE + SHE WANTS ME TO PICK HER UP..
I'M REALLY NAUSEOUS + EXISTENTIALLY ALIENATED...
I GOT AN AMERICAN EXPRESS BILL, A VISA BILL + PROPERTY TAX BILLS FROM CALIFORNIA + FRANCE.
I FEEL REALLY LONELY + CUT OFF FROM MY OWN KIND...
I CAN'T JOG TODAY BECAUSE THE PATH IS UNDER WATER
SO WHOSE FAULT IS THAT?
I HAVE A PIMPLE ON MY NOSE AT AGE 44!
BOO HOO! I'VE GOT THE SPOILED BRAT BLUES!
OK... BACK TO THE STORY... YOU'VE NOTICED THAT I CONSTANTLY CRITICIZE MY OWN CULTURE... YET I EXPOSE THESE FRENCH KIDS TO IT DAILY...
I ACTUALLY BROUGHT A CASE OF KRAFT MACARONI + CHEESE WITH ME!
NO WAIT 'TIL AFTER THE STOOGES MOM!
I HOPE MY ISSUE OF VANITY FAIR COMES TODAY!
LUNCH IS READY GIRLS... DEJEUNER EST PRET.
OOH LA LA!
NAF NAF
WHILE A HEALTHY CROSS-CULTURAL EXCHANGE MIGHT BE MUTUALLY BENEFICIAL.... MY ESOTERIC PREJUDICES CAUSE ME TO RANT + RAVE!
WHY DO THEY LIKE THOSE ALL TERRAIN JOGGING SUITS?? THEY'RE DEGRADING!
PUT YOUR LITTLE PLEATED SKIRTS + MARY JANES BACK ON YOU FOOLS!*
NARROW MEDIEVAL STREETS PERFECT FOR SKATEBOARDS
* DON'T WORRY, THEY CAN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD I'M SAYING.
I'M A HIGHLY DEMANDING, CRITICAL + PUSHY PARENT... PLUS I BRAG ABOUT MY CHILD'S ABILITIES!
SOPHIE, SHOW GAIL THE COMIC STRIP YOU DREW TODAY.. AN' THEN WOULD YOU PLEASE PLAY THE SONG YOU MADE UP ON THE PIANO!
OH... ITS OK. SOF, YOU CAN SHOW ME SOME OTHER TIME... I HAFTO GO.. ANY WAY...
NO MOMMEE I DON'T WANT TO.. I HAVE A TUMMY ACHE!
MY KIDS ARE HOME WAITING FOR ME..

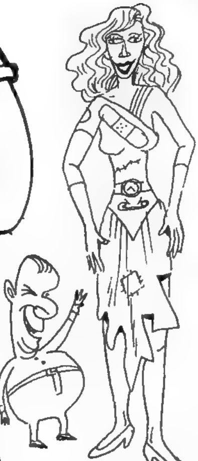

I CAN'T CHANGE MYSELF BUT I'VE GOT ADVICE READY FOR EVERYBODY ELSE!
DAHLING, HOW'RE YOU DOIN' THESE DAYS?
WELL... WE'RE DOING WELL... I GUESS.. ALTHO I STILL HAVE A LOW SEX DRIVE!
SHE'S IN A STATE OF TOTAL DENIAL ABOUT HER TRUE SEXUAL ORIENTATION!
HAVE YOU CONSIDERED LONG-TERM PSYCHOTHERAPY?
SURE... BUT I DON'T REALLY HAVE THE TIME OR THE MONEY.
I THINK YOU HAVE A LOT OF ANGER TOWARD JEFF!
WELL... YOU HAFTO BE REALLY MOTIVATED!
I DO?
I USED TO FEEL LIKE THAT!
HMM!
I'M GETTING UGLIER BY THE SECOND...
WRINKLES ARE FORMING RIGHT NOW .... WHILE I'M DRAWING THIS!
receding hairline
PLUS.. I EVEN HAVE A NEW CROP OF PIMPLES!
PERHAPS ITS PART OF MY SECOND ADOLESCENCE
MAGNIFIED MIRROR FOR MASOCHISTS
ALSO... EVEN THO I RUN 4.6 KM A DAY... MY CELLULITE IS STILL GROWING... I CAN'T KEEP AHEAD OF IT ANYMORE...
LOOK AT THAT COTTAGE CHEESE... IT IS SOOO GROSS!
I STILL CAN'T STOP EATING PATE AND CHEESE...
I COULD GET IT SUCKED OUT BUT IT WOULD JUST POP OUT SOMEWHERE ELSE!
MAYBE I SHOULD RUN WITH ANKLE WEIGHTS?
A LITTLE ASIDE... AS FAR AS LIPPOSUCTION GOES... ITS TRUE THAT WHERE THE FAT IS SUCKED OUT IT CAN NEVER COME BACK... BUT.. IF YOU GAIN WEIGHT FAT CELLS IN OTHER PLACES CAN FILL UP! SOOO.....
THIS WOULD PROBABLY HAPPEN TO ME!
A FEW MONTHS LATER... WITH PREVIOUSLY EMPTY FAT CELLS NOW FULL... A WHOLE NEW SHAPE!
BEFORE
AS A RESULT OF HAVING SUCH A RIDICULOUSLY BAD SELF IMAGE.... I SOMETIMES ACT LIKE AN ANIMAL!
"PLEASE GET UP!.. EVERYONE READING THIS WILL THINK I MADE YOU DO THIS!!
BOW WOW! WHAT'S WRAWNG? AREN'T I GOOD ENOUGH TO BE YOUR DAWGIE??
QUITE OFTEN I CANNOT CONTROL MY STRONGER.... BEASTLY URGES....
UNSUSPECTING VICTIM WASHING DISHES
MOMMEE WHAT'S THAT NOISE??
GRRR
GRRR
YIKES!
OWW!

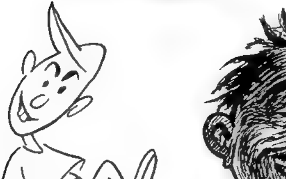

O.K. O.K.. I COULD GO ON FOREVER WITH THIS SELF-DEPRECATION... BUT LET'S GET BACK TO THE CENTRAL THEME OF THIS STORY... IF THERE IS ONE!?
OH YES, I'M A TRAITOR + AN ESCAPIST.... MAKING A QUICK EXIT FROM MY HOMELAND WITH AN AIR OF DISDAIN!
IN REALITY... DESIRING TO RECREATE A NEW "MEEE" + LEAVE THAT "OLD THING" BEHIND!
IS THIS ENUFF PSYCHO BABBLE FOR YOU YET??
SO DID IT WORK? (A GOOD QUESTION FOR ALL YOU OTHER BABY BOOMERS GOING THRU MID-LIFE CRISIS ??? ...... YES + NO !!
I DO FEEL SPIRITUALLY UPLIFTED LIVING IN AN ANCIENT VILLAGE THAT'S BEING LOVINGLY RESTORED.
I'M AT LEAST A LITTLE HAPPY EVERY MORNING WHEN I GO BUY BREAD!
OULANGERIE
DUGA
I KNOW I'M OVERLY EMOTIONAL ABOUT MY SURROUNDINGS!
BUT I'M MORE "MEEE" THAN EVER... I'VE NEVER FELT MY "AMERICANESS" MORE THAN I DO LIVING HERE..
1620
I'M SO MUCH BIGGER + LOUDER THAN ANY FRENCH WOMEN!
HEY SUZIE... WAIT FOR ME!
I'M STARVING!
ME TOO!
FRENCH WOMEN HAVE NO THIGHS!
ANOTHER GIANT AMERICAN
A FRENCH PERSON WOULD RATHER DIE THAN WHINE IN PUBLIC LIKE I'M DOING HERE...
THEY'RE VERY DISCREET + THEY HAVE A LOT OF SELF-DIGNITY!
I GOTTA GIVE 'EM CREDIT FOR THIS.
AN OLDER WOMAN... NOT WEARING CLOWN PAJAMAS + WITHOUT A HAIR DO
THIS IS A GOOD ROLE MODEL FOR THE BUNCH!
WORKS HARD + DOESN'T KVETCH!
WHAD ABOUT THE CONDO IN MIAMI I'M GONNA INHERIT?
BUT WITH A BIG SIGH... I SAY MY LAST "I DUNNO"??? BECAUSE JUST THINK IF I'D STAYED HOME, I COULDA BEEN A CONTENDAH"!!
INTERNATIONAL YENTA
BUNCH
HEY UP! BILL, AL, LET'S GET MOVIN' HERE!
LESS TALK MORE ACTION!
WE'RE COMIN' WE'RE COMIN' ALREADY!
AMERICAN ALPHA MALES
ARKANSAS
WELL, WHY NOT? WE'RE ALL THE SAME AGE... A LITTLE OVERWEIGHT ... AND WE HAVE A COUPLE O' GOOD IDEARS!!
END

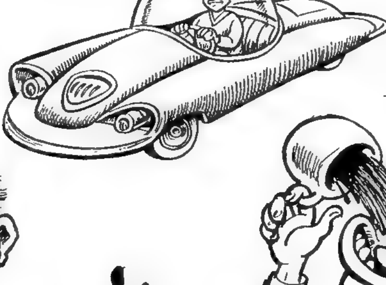
From the Sketch Books of ROBERT ARMSTRONG

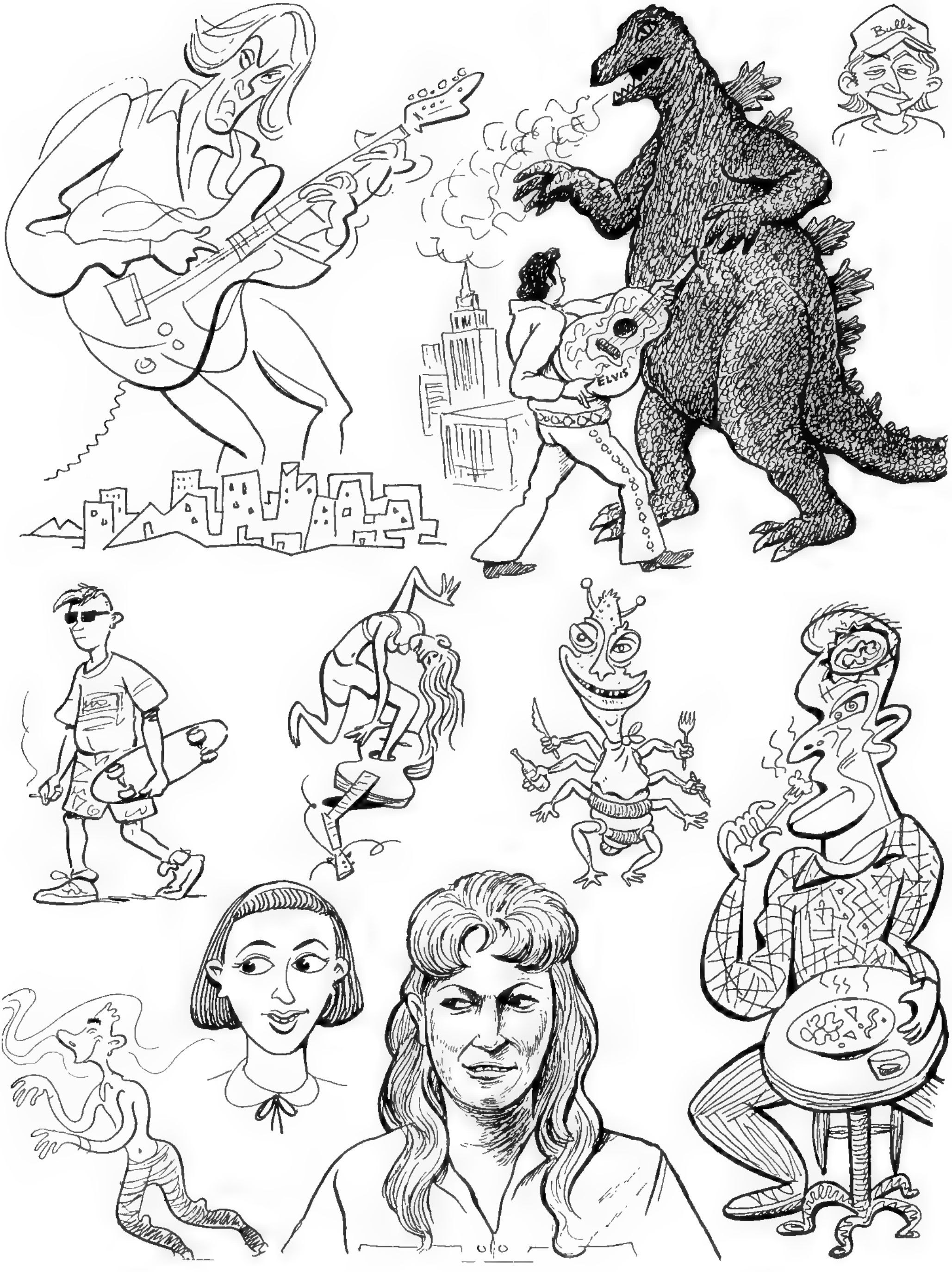


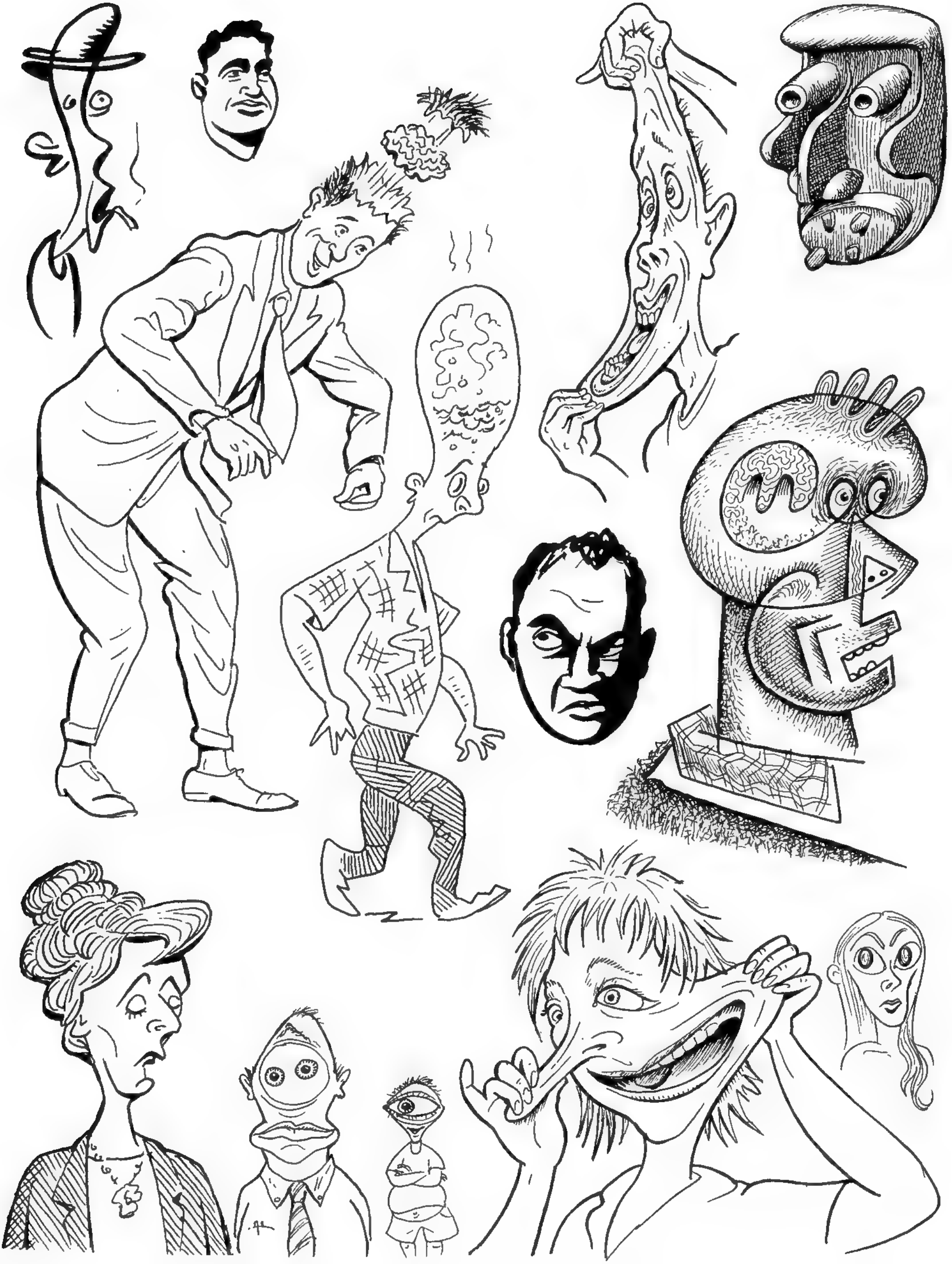

Empor

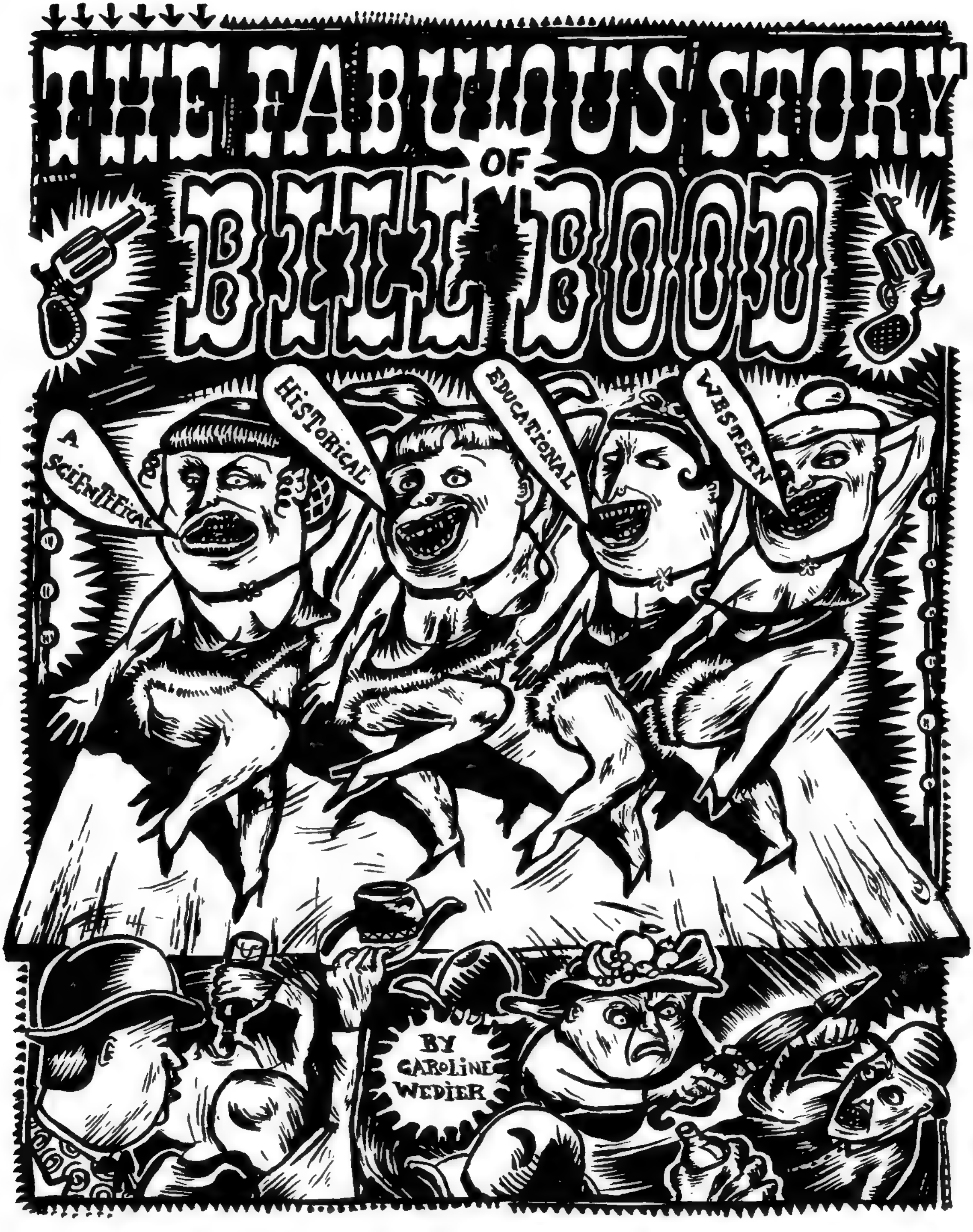


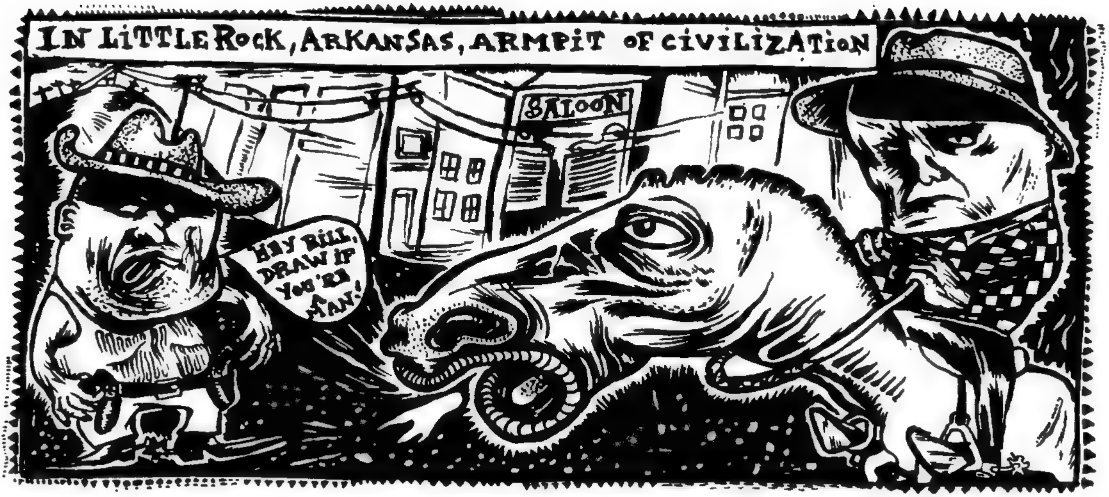


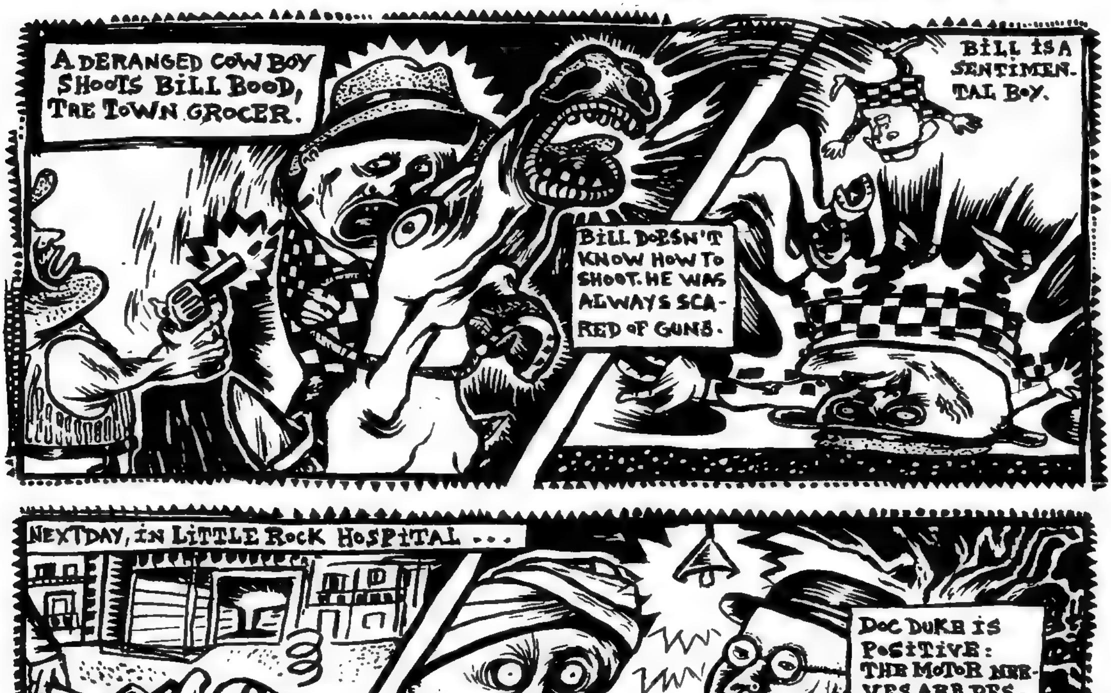


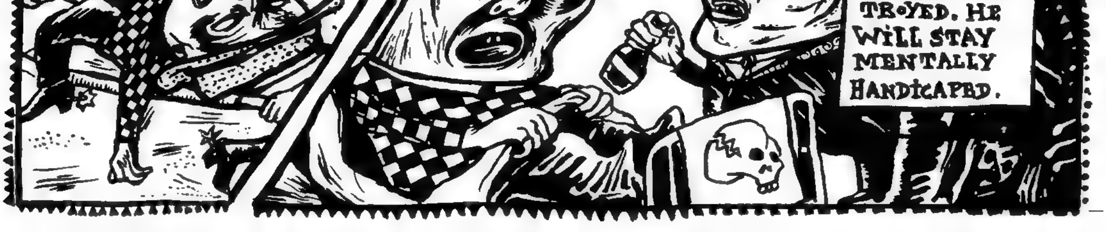

Bulls
ELVIS

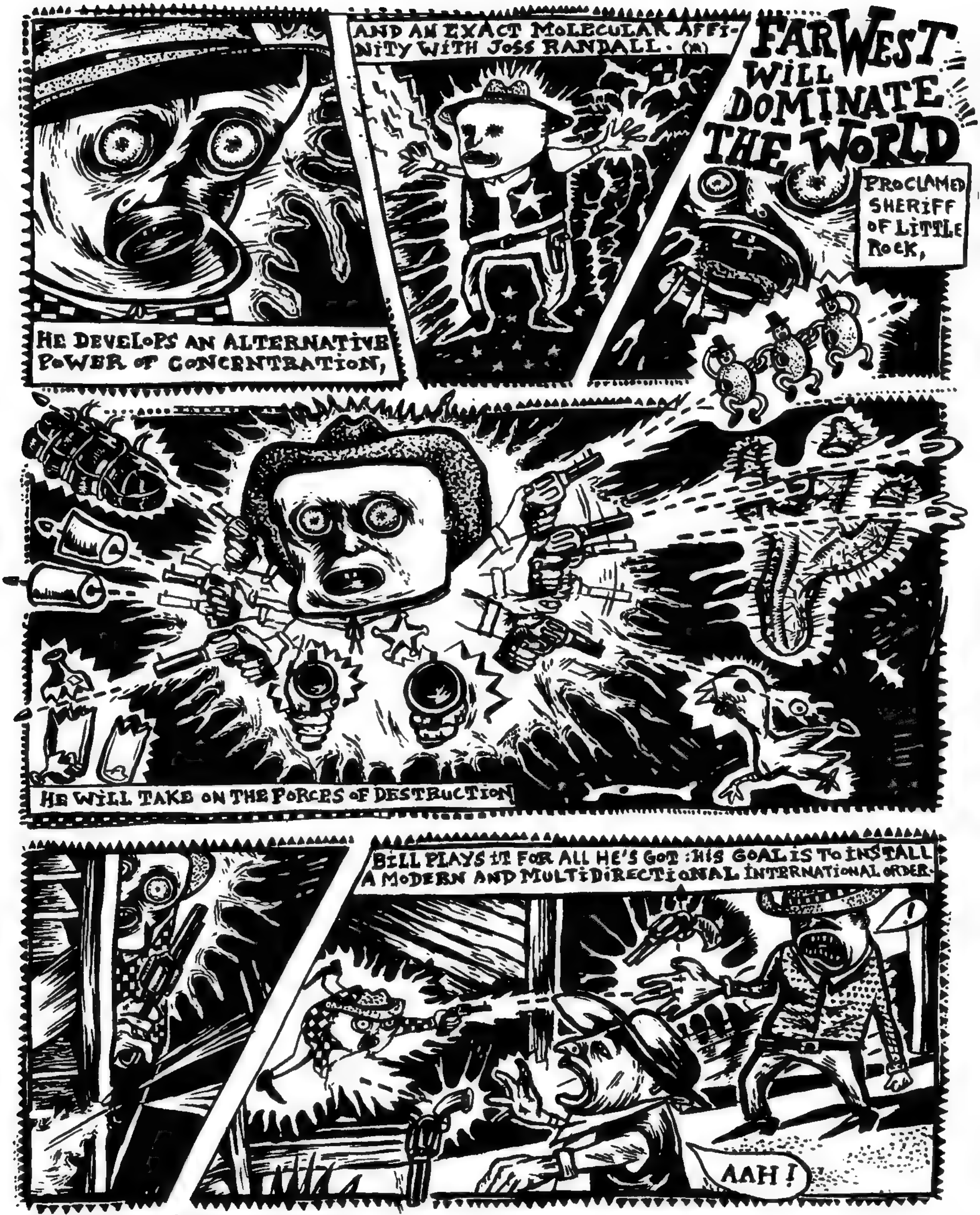



THE FABULOUS STORY
OF
BILL BOOD
A SCIENTIFIC
HISTORICAL
EDUCATIONAL
WESTERN
BY CAROLINE WEDIER

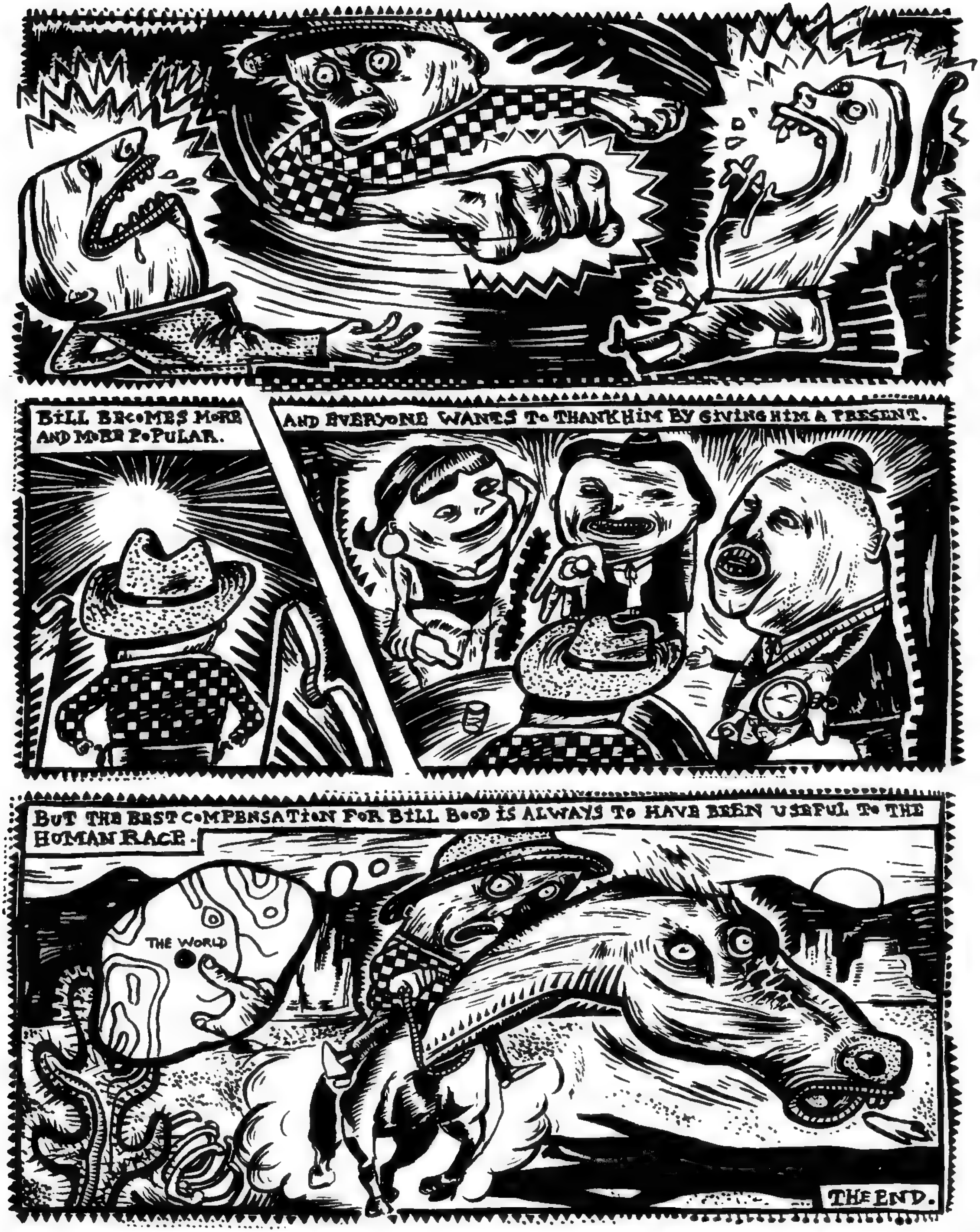

IN LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS, ARMPIT OF CIVILIZATION
SALOON
HEY BILL, DRAW IF YOU'RE MAN!

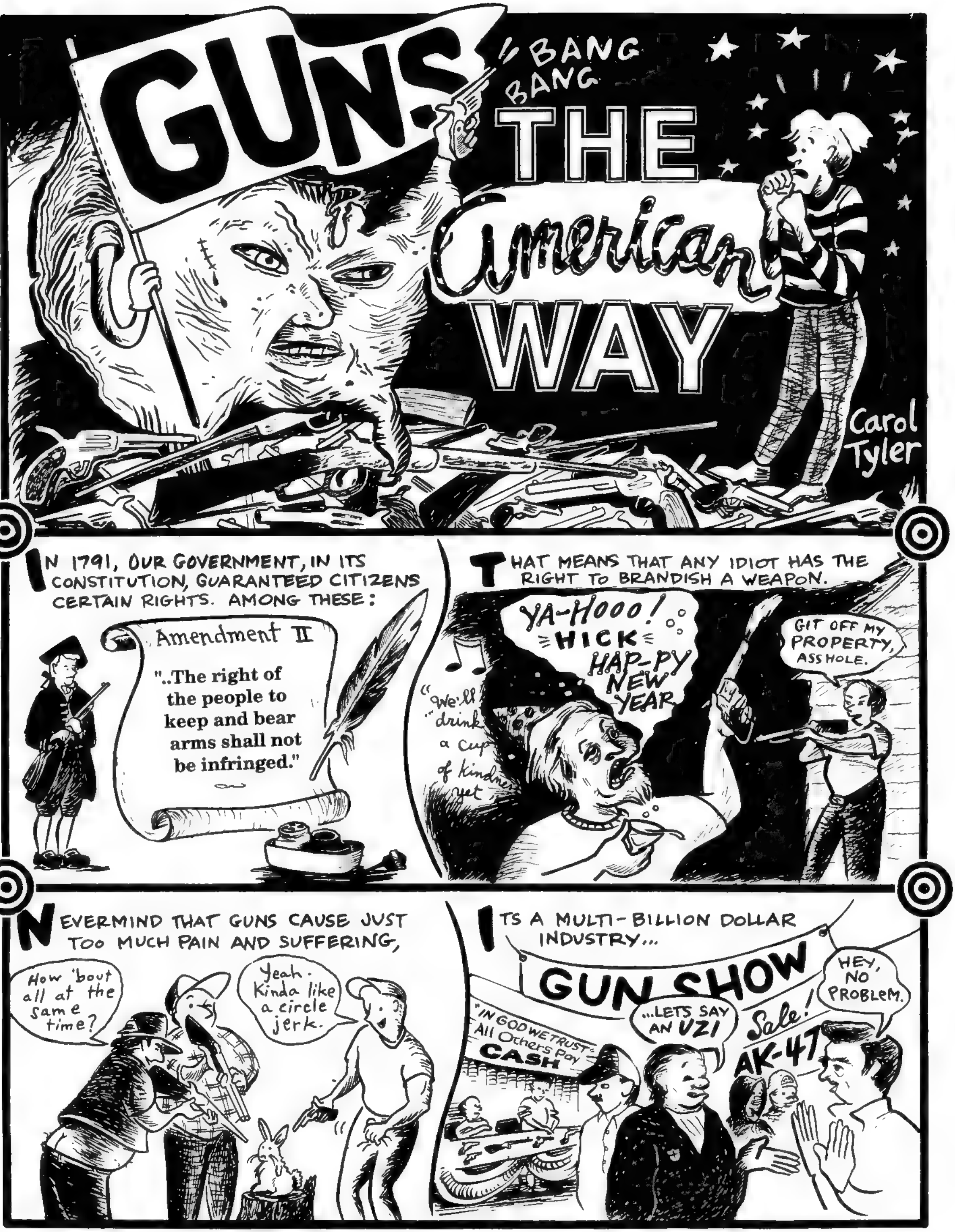

A DERANGED COW BOY SHOOTS BILL BOOD, THE TOWN GROCER.
BILL DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO SHOOT. HE WAS ALWAYS SCARED OF GUNS.
BILL IS A SENTIMENTAL BOY.

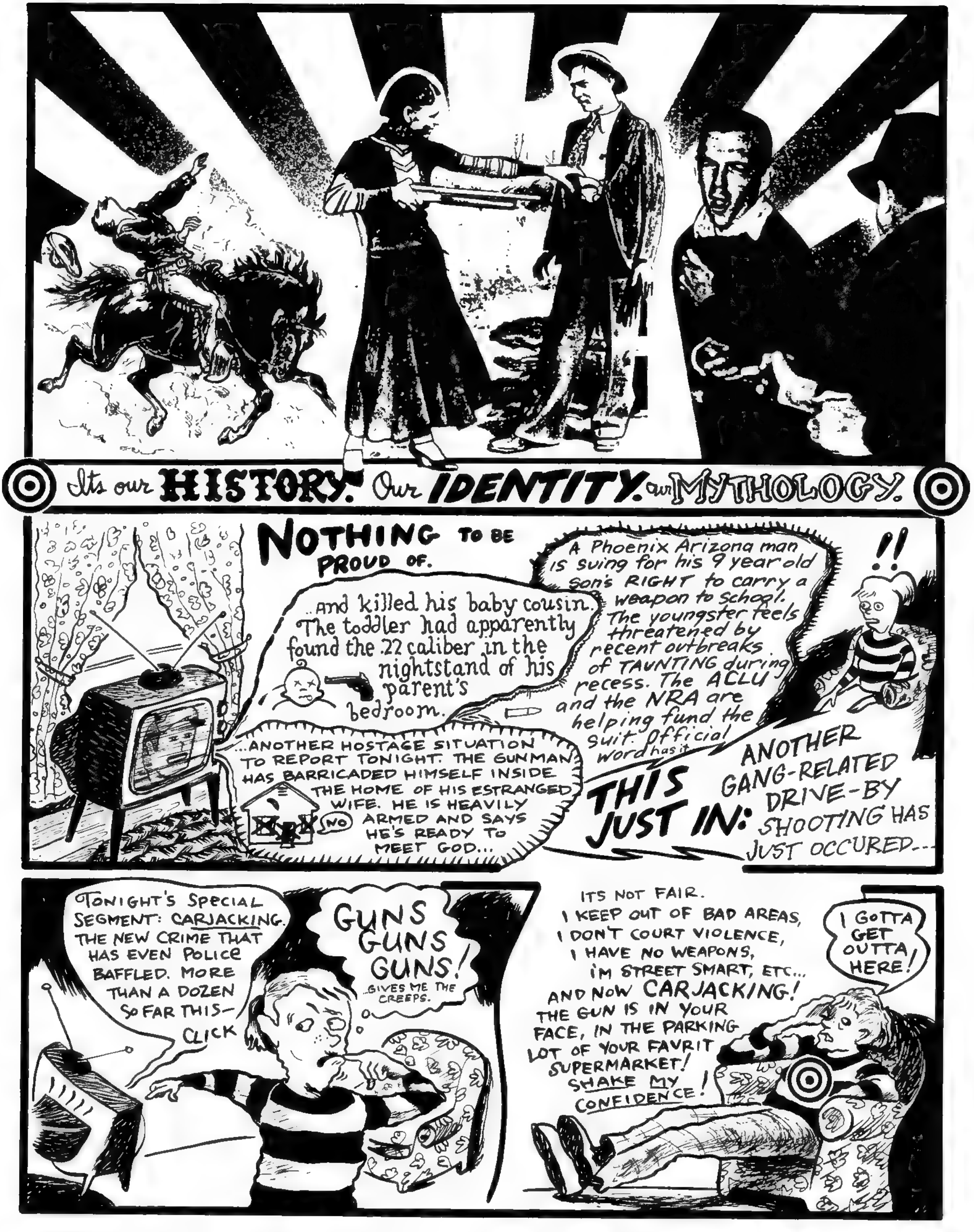

NEXTDAY, IN LITTLE ROCK HOSPITAL ...
DOC DUKE IS POSITIVE: THE MOTOR NERVES ARE DESTROYED. HE WILL STAY MENTALLY HANDICAPED.

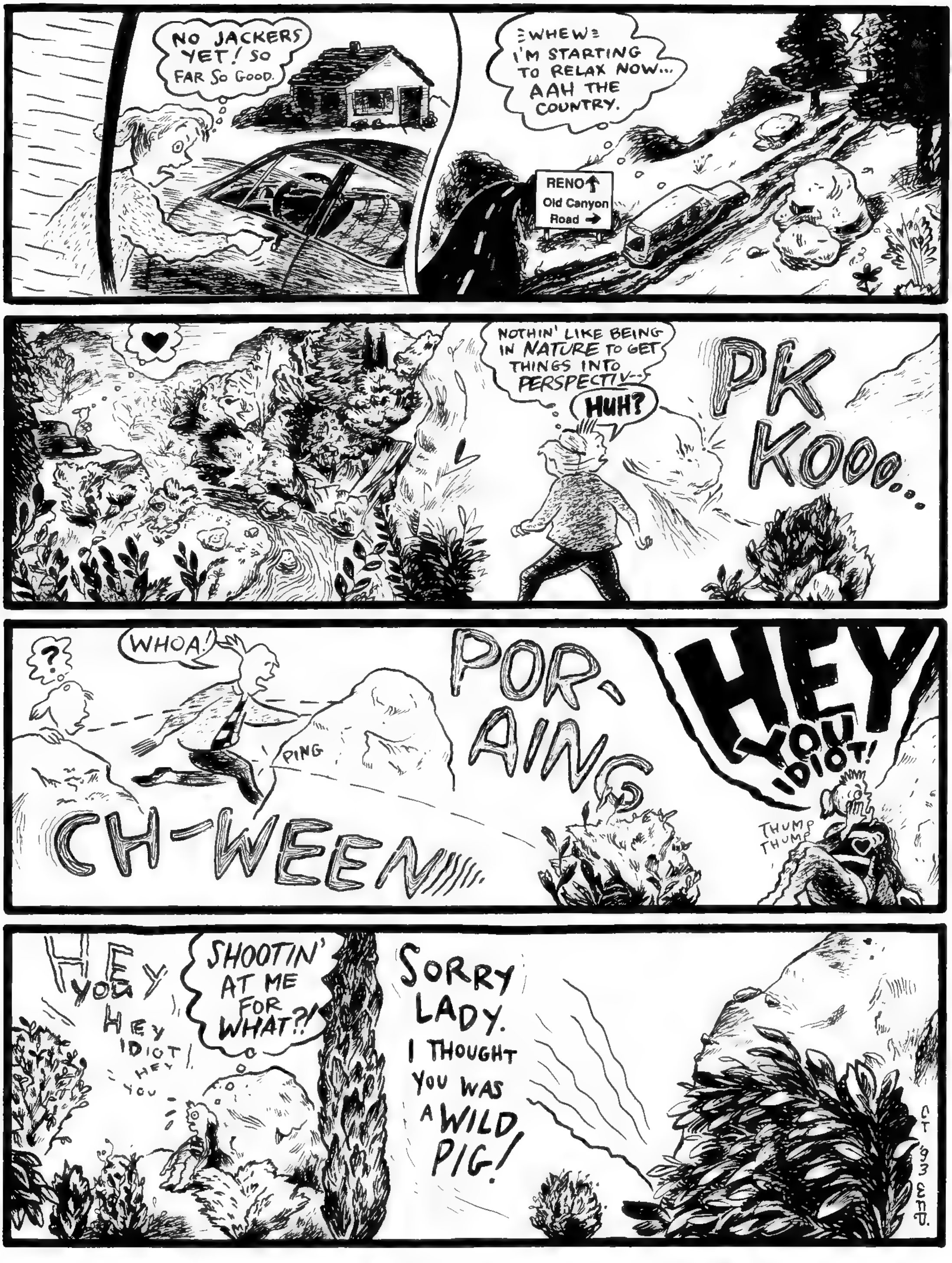

HE DEVELOPS AN ALTERNATIVE POWER OF CONCENTRATION,
AND AN EXACT MOLECULAR AFFINITY WITH JOSS RANDALL. (*)
FAR WEST WILL DOMINATE THE WORLD
PROCLAMED SHERIFF OF LITTLE ROCK,
HE WILL TAKE ON THE FORCES OF DESTRUCTION
BILL PLAYS IT FOR ALL HE'S GOT: HIS GOAL IS TO INSTALL A MODERN AND MULTIDIRECTIONAL INTERNATIONAL ORDER.
AAH!

(*) PLAYED BY STEVE Mc QUEEN.


BILL BECOMES MORE AND MORE POPULAR.
AND EVERYONE WANTS TO THANK HIM BY GIVING HIM A PRESENT.
BUT THE BEST COMPENSATION FOR BILL BOOD IS ALWAYS TO HAVE BEEN USEFUL TO THE HUMAN RACE.
THE WORLD
THE END.


GUNS
BANG BANG
THE American WAY
Carol Tyler
IN 1791, OUR GOVERNMENT, IN ITS CONSTITUTION, GUARANTEED CITIZENS CERTAIN RIGHTS. AMONG THESE:
Amendment II
"..The right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."
THAT MEANS THAT ANY IDIOT HAS THE RIGHT TO BRANDISH A WEAPON.
"We'll drink a cup of kindness yet
YA-HOOO! HICK HAP-PY NEW YEAR
GIT OFF MY PROPERTY, ASSHOLE.
NEVERMIND THAT GUNS CAUSE JUST TOO MUCH PAIN AND SUFFERING,
How 'bout all at the same time?
Yeah. Kinda like a circle jerk.
ITS A MULTI-BILLION DOLLAR INDUSTRY...
GUN SHOW
"IN GOD WE TRUST" All Others Pay CASH
...LETS SAY AN UZI
Sale! AK-47
HEY, NO PROBLEM.

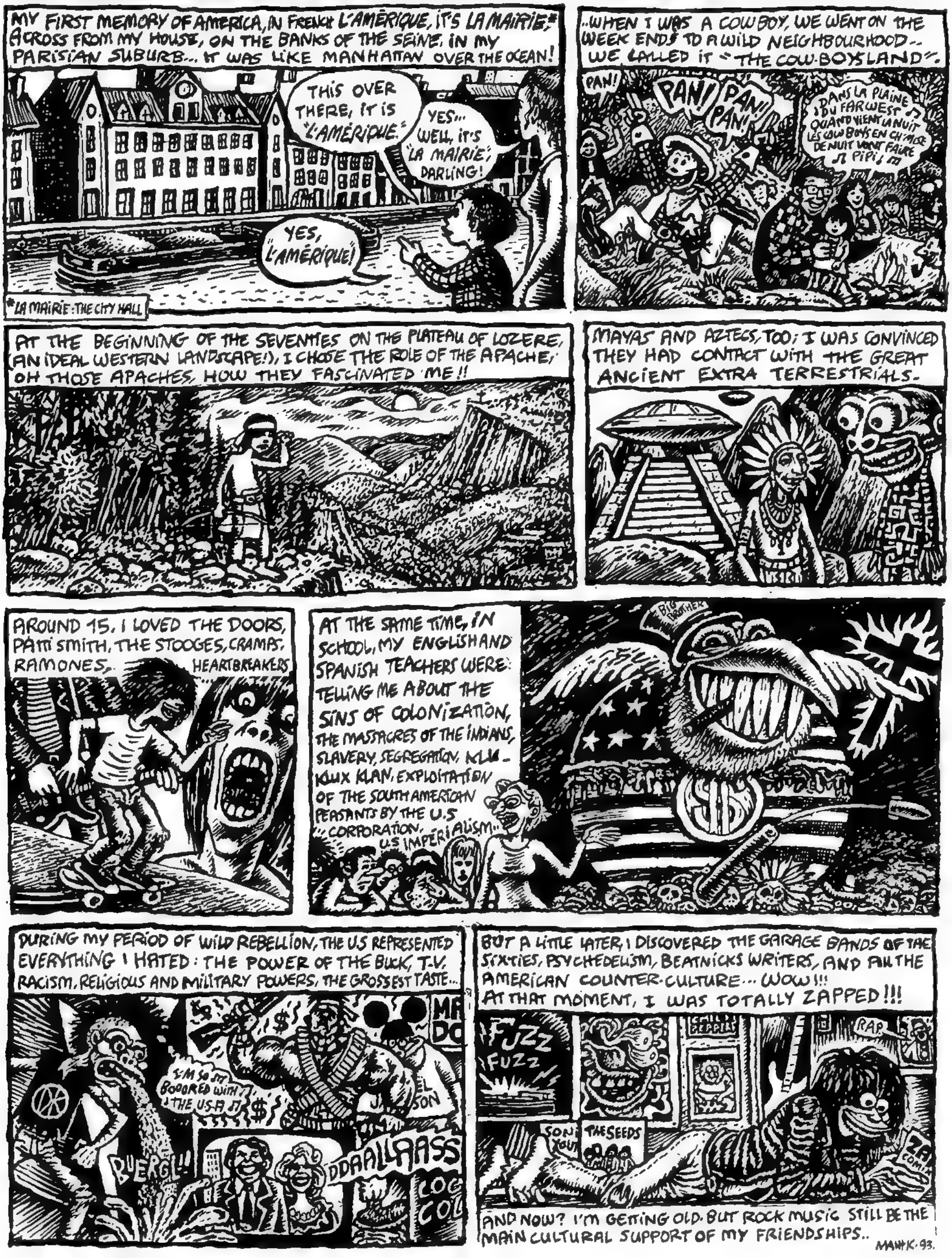

Its our HISTORY. Our IDENTITY. our MYTHOLOGY.
NOTHING TO BE PROUD OF.
...and killed his baby cousin. The toddler had apparently found the .22 caliber in the nightstand of his parent's bedroom.
A Phoenix Arizona man is suing for his 9 year old son's RIGHT to carry a weapon to school. The youngster feels threatened by recent outbreaks of TAUNTING during recess. The ACLU and the NRA are helping fund the suit. Official word has it
!!
...ANOTHER HOSTAGE SITUATION TO REPORT TONIGHT. THE GUNMAN HAS BARRICADED HIMSELF INSIDE THE HOME OF HIS ESTRANGED WIFE. HE IS HEAVILY ARMED AND SAYS HE'S READY TO MEET GOD...
NO
THIS JUST IN: ANOTHER GANG-RELATED DRIVE-BY SHOOTING HAS JUST OCCURED...
TONIGHT'S SPECIAL SEGMENT: CARJACKING. THE NEW CRIME THAT HAS EVEN POLICE BAFFLED. MORE THAN A DOZEN SO FAR THIS—
CLICK
GUNS GUNS GUNS!
...GIVES ME THE CREEPS.
ITS NOT FAIR. I KEEP OUT OF BAD AREAS, I DON'T COURT VIOLENCE, I HAVE NO WEAPONS, I'M STREET SMART, ETC... AND NOW CARJACKING! THE GUN IS IN YOUR FACE, IN THE PARKING LOT OF YOUR FAVRIT SUPERMARKET! SHAKE MY CONFIDENCE!
I GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!


NO JACKERS YET! SO FAR SO GOOD.
=WHEW= I'M STARTING TO RELAX NOW... AAH THE COUNTRY.
RENO ↑
Old Canyon Road →
NOTHIN' LIKE BEING IN NATURE TO GET THINGS INTO PERSPECTIV--
HUH?
PK KOOO...
?
WHOA!
POR-AING
PING
CH-WEEN
HEY YOU IDIOT!
THUMP THUMP
HEY YOU HEY IDIOT HEY YOU
SHOOTIN' AT ME FOR WHAT?!
SORRY LADY. I THOUGHT YOU WAS A WILD PIG!
CT '93 END.

L'AMÉRIQUE AMÉRICA ET AND MOI ME

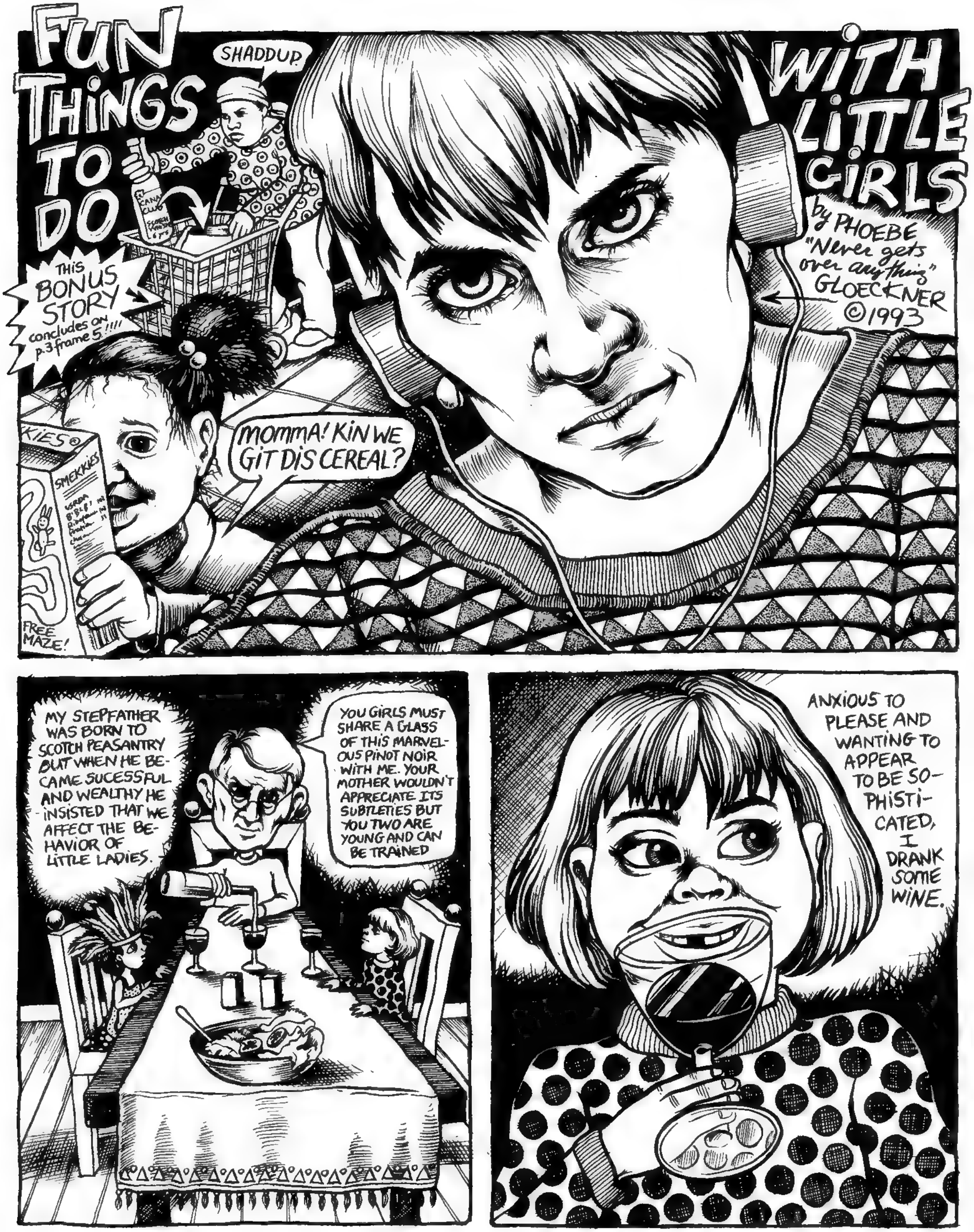
BY MATT KONTURE,© 1993.

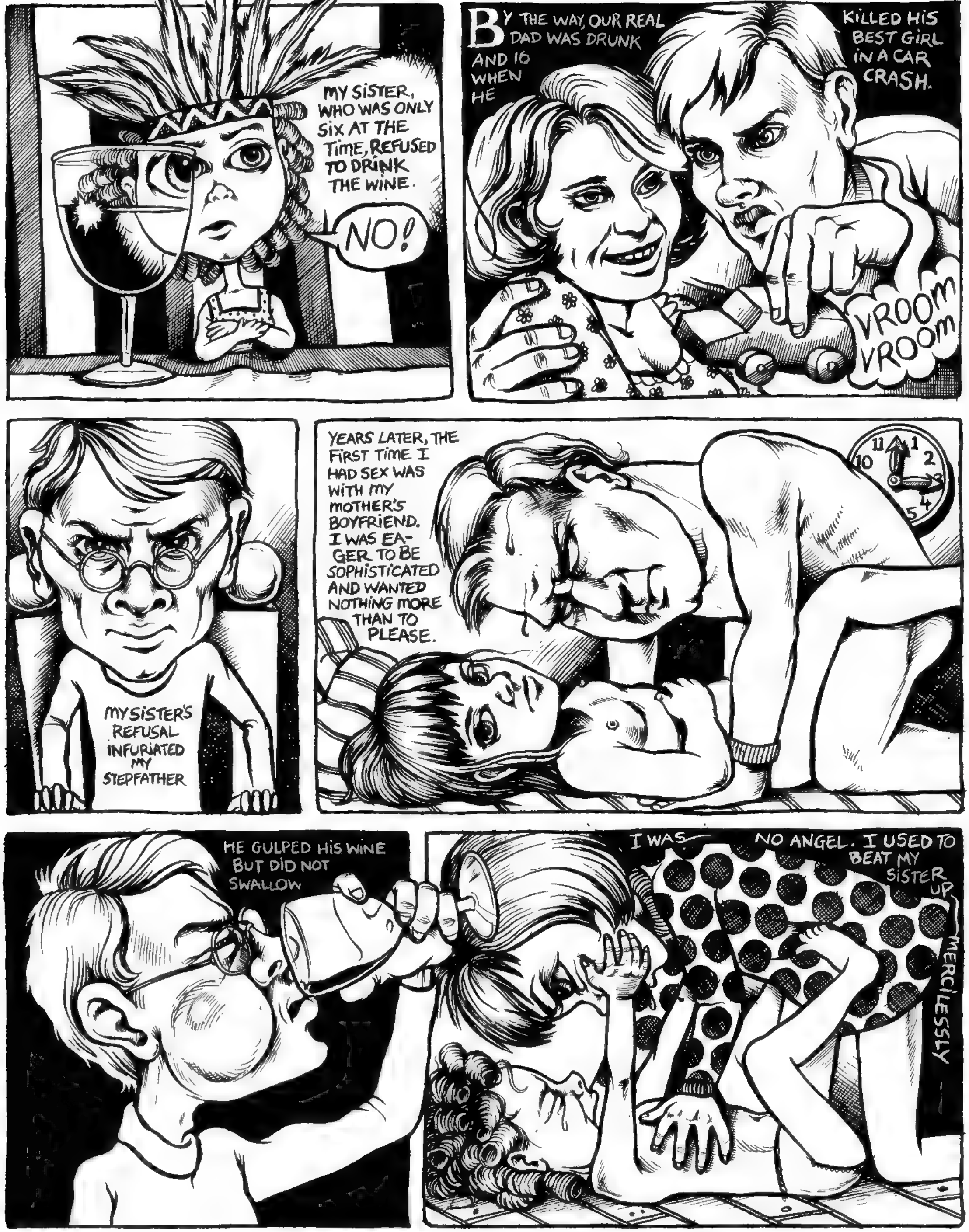
TRANSLATED BY A. KOMINSKY, SP MERCIER

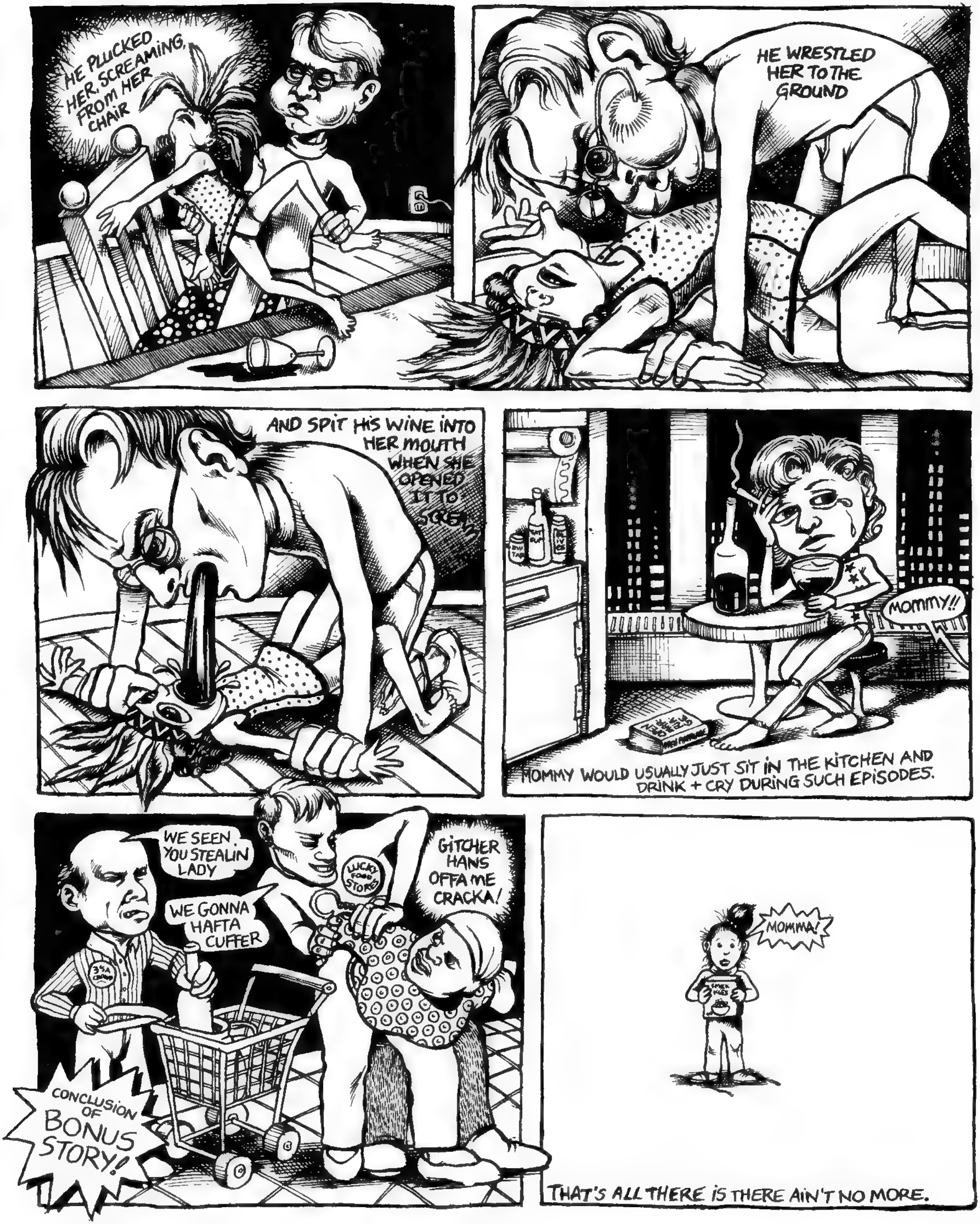

MY FIRST MEMORY OF AMERICA, IN FRENCH L'AMÉRIQUE, IT'S LA MAIRIE,* ACROSS FROM MY HOUSE, ON THE BANKS OF THE SEINE, IN MY PARISIAN SUBURB... IT WAS LIKE MANHATTAN OVER THE OCEAN!
THIS OVER THERE, IT IS "L'AMÉRIQUE."
YES... WELL, IT'S "LA MAIRIE," DARLING!
YES, L'AMÉRIQUE!
*LA MAIRIE: THE CITY HALL
..WHEN I WAS A COWBOY, WE WENT ON THE WEEK ENDS TO A WILD NEIGHBOURHOOD.. WE CALLED IT "THE COW-BOYSLAND".
PAN!
PAN! PAN! PAN!
♪ DANS LA PLAINE ♪ DU FARWEST ♪ QUAND VIENT LA NUIT LES COW BOYS EN CHEMISE DE NUIT VONT FAIRE ♫ PIPI ♪ ♫
AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SEVENTIES ON THE PLATEAU OF LOZERE, (AN IDEAL WESTERN LANDSCAPE!), I CHOSE THE ROLE OF THE APACHE, OH THOSE APACHES, HOW THEY FASCINATED ME!!
MAYAS AND AZTECS, TOO; I WAS CONVINCED THEY HAD CONTACT WITH THE GREAT ANCIENT EXTRA TERRESTRIALS.
AROUND 15, I LOVED THE DOORS, PATTI SMITH, THE STOOGES, CRAMPS, RAMONES, HEARTBREAKERS
AT THE SAME TIME, IN SCHOOL, MY ENGLISH AND SPANISH TEACHERS WERE TELLING ME ABOUT THE SINS OF COLONIZATION, THE MASSACRES OF THE INDIANS, SLAVERY, SEGREGATION, KLU-KLUX KLAN, EXPLOITATION OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN PEASANTS BY THE U.S CORPORATION, U.S IMPERIALISM...
BIG BROTHER
DURING MY PERIOD OF WILD REBELLION, THE U.S REPRESENTED EVERYTHING I HATED: THE POWER OF THE BUCK, T.V. RACISM, RELIGIOUS AND MILITARY POWERS, THE GROSSEST TASTE...
♪ I'M SO ♪♪ BOOORED WITH ♪ THE U.S.A ♪♪
BUERGL!!
DDAALLAASS
MA DO
J SON
COC COL
BUT A LITTLE LATER, I DISCOVERED THE GARAGE BANDS OF THE SIXTIES, PSYCHEDELISM, BEATNICKS WRITERS, AND ALL THE AMERICAN COUNTER-CULTURE... WOW!!! AT THAT MOMENT, I WAS TOTALLY ZAPPED!!!
FUZZ FUZZ
RAP
SON YOUT
THE SEEDS
ZA COMIX
AND NOW? I'M GETTING OLD. BUT ROCK MUSIC STILL BE THE MAIN CULTURAL SUPPORT OF MY FRIENDSHIPS..
MATTK. 93.

FUN THINGS TO DO WITH LITTLE GIRLS

by PHOEBE "Never gets over anything" GLOECKNER ©1993


SHADDUP.
THIS BONUS STORY concludes on p.3 frame 5!!!!
MOMMA! KIN WE GIT DIS CEREAL?
SMEKKIES
FREE MAZE!
MY STEPFATHER WAS BORN TO SCOTCH PEASANTRY BUT WHEN HE BECAME SUCESSFUL AND WEALTHY HE INSISTED THAT WE AFFECT THE BEHAVIOR OF LITTLE LADIES.
YOU GIRLS MUST SHARE A GLASS OF THIS MARVELOUS PINOT NOIR WITH ME. YOUR MOTHER WOULDN'T APPRECIATE ITS SUBTLETIES BUT YOU TWO ARE YOUNG AND CAN BE TRAINED
ANXIOUS TO PLEASE AND WANTING TO APPEAR TO BE SOPHISTICATED, I DRANK SOME WINE.


MY SISTER, WHO WAS ONLY SIX AT THE TIME, REFUSED TO DRINK THE WINE.
NO!
BY THE WAY, OUR REAL DAD WAS DRUNK AND 16 WHEN HE
KILLED HIS BEST GIRL IN A CAR CRASH.
VROOM VROOM
MY SISTER'S REFUSAL INFURIATED MY STEPFATHER
YEARS LATER, THE FIRST TIME I HAD SEX WAS WITH MY MOTHER'S BOYFRIEND. I WAS EAGER TO BE SOPHISTICATED AND WANTED NOTHING MORE THAN TO PLEASE.
11 1 2 3 4 5 10
HE GULPED HIS WINE BUT DID NOT SWALLOW
I WAS NO ANGEL. I USED TO BEAT MY SISTER UP MERCILESSLY

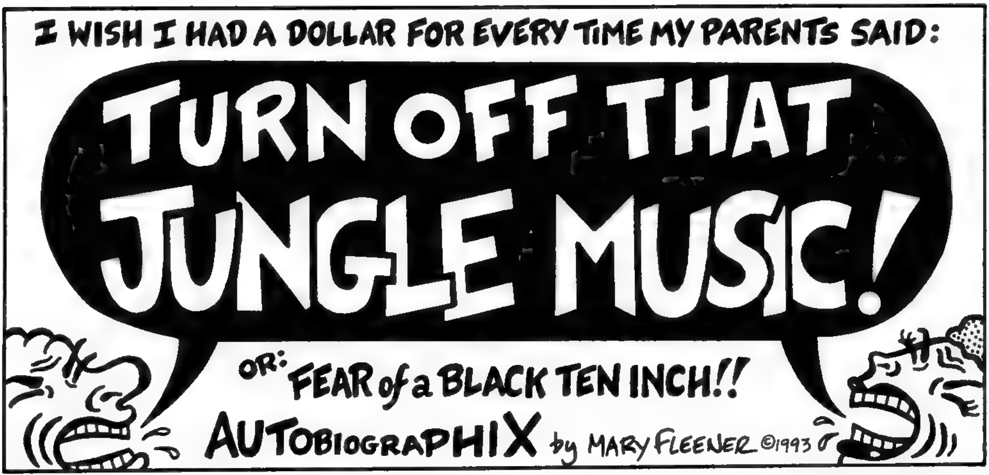

HE PLUCKED HER, SCREAMING, FROM HER CHAIR
HE WRESTLED HER TO THE GROUND
AND SPIT HIS WINE INTO HER MOUTH WHEN SHE OPENED IT TO SCREAM
MOMMY!!
MOMMY WOULD USUALLY JUST SIT IN THE KITCHEN AND DRINK + CRY DURING SUCH EPISODES.
WE SEEN YOU STEALIN LADY
LUCKY FOOD STORES
GITCHER HANS OFFA ME CRACKA!
WE GONNA HAFTA CUFFER
CONCLUSION OF BONUS STORY!
MOMMA!
THAT'S ALL THERE IS THERE AIN'T NO MORE.

I WISH I HAD A DOLLAR FOR EVERY TIME MY PARENTS SAID:

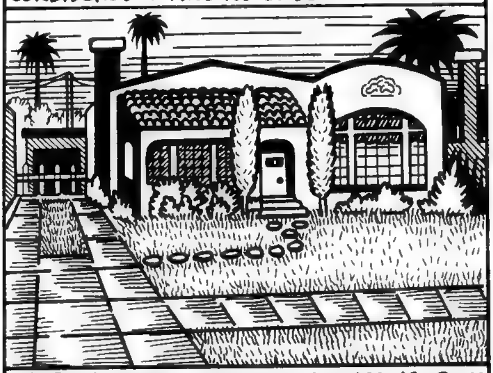
TURN OFF THAT JUNGLE MUSIC!

OR: FEAR of a BLACK TEN INCH!!

AUTOBIOGRAPHIX by MARY FLEENER ©1993

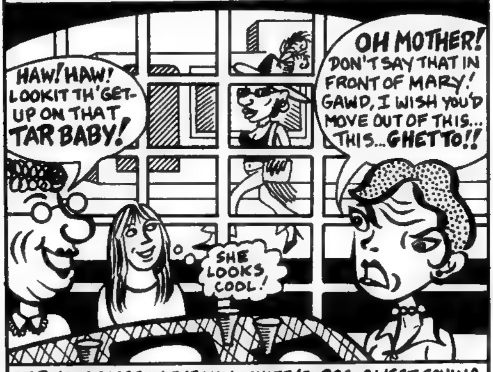


MY MOTHER GREW UP IN THE **CRENSHAW DISTRICT** OF LOS ANGELES. IN THE 30'S and 40'S IT WAS CONSIDERED "A NICE NEIGHBORHOOD".



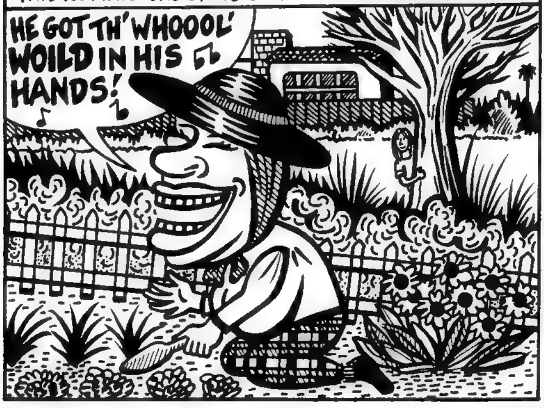
*42ND and DENKER – IN THE HEART of the APRIL '92 RIOTS

BY THE 50'S IT WAS RACIALLY MIXED, MUCH TO THE MORTIFICATION OF MY FOLKS. OUR GRANDPARENTS WERE THE LAST OF THE **WHITE FOLK** BY THE 60'S

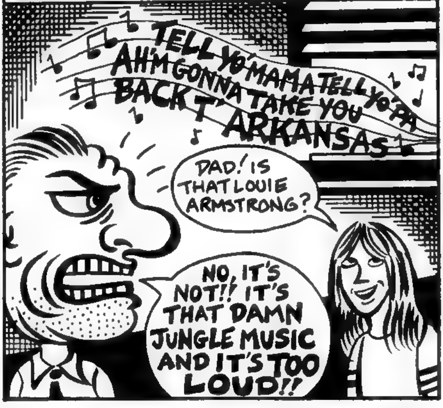

HAW! HAW! LOOKIT TH' GET-UP ON THAT TAR BABY!
SHE LOOKS COOL!
OH MOTHER! DON'T SAY THAT IN FRONT OF MARY! GAWD, I WISH YOU'D MOVE OUT OF THIS... THIS... GHETTO!!

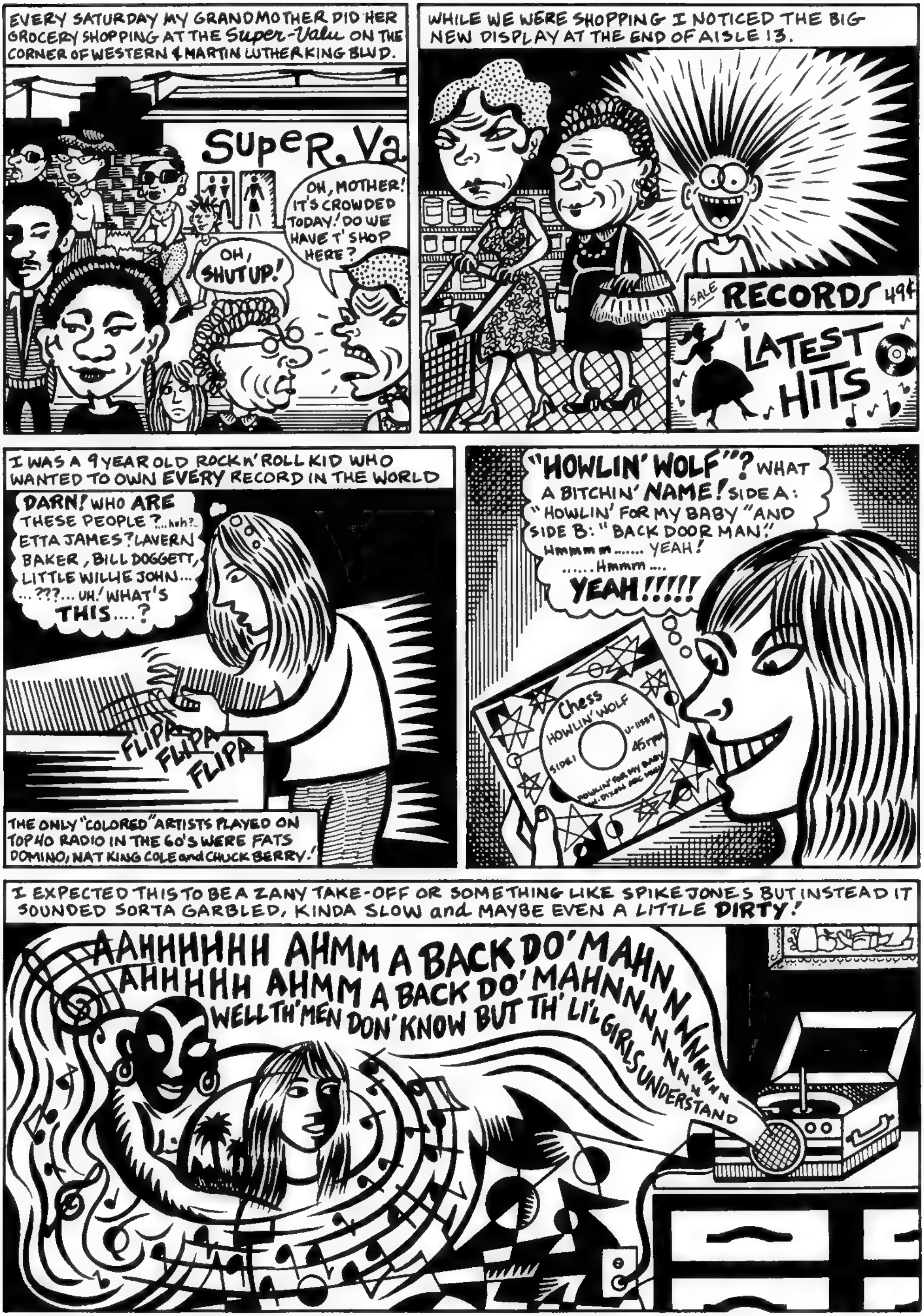
OUR HOUSE WAS IN THE LILY-WHITE 'BURBS of WEST COVINA

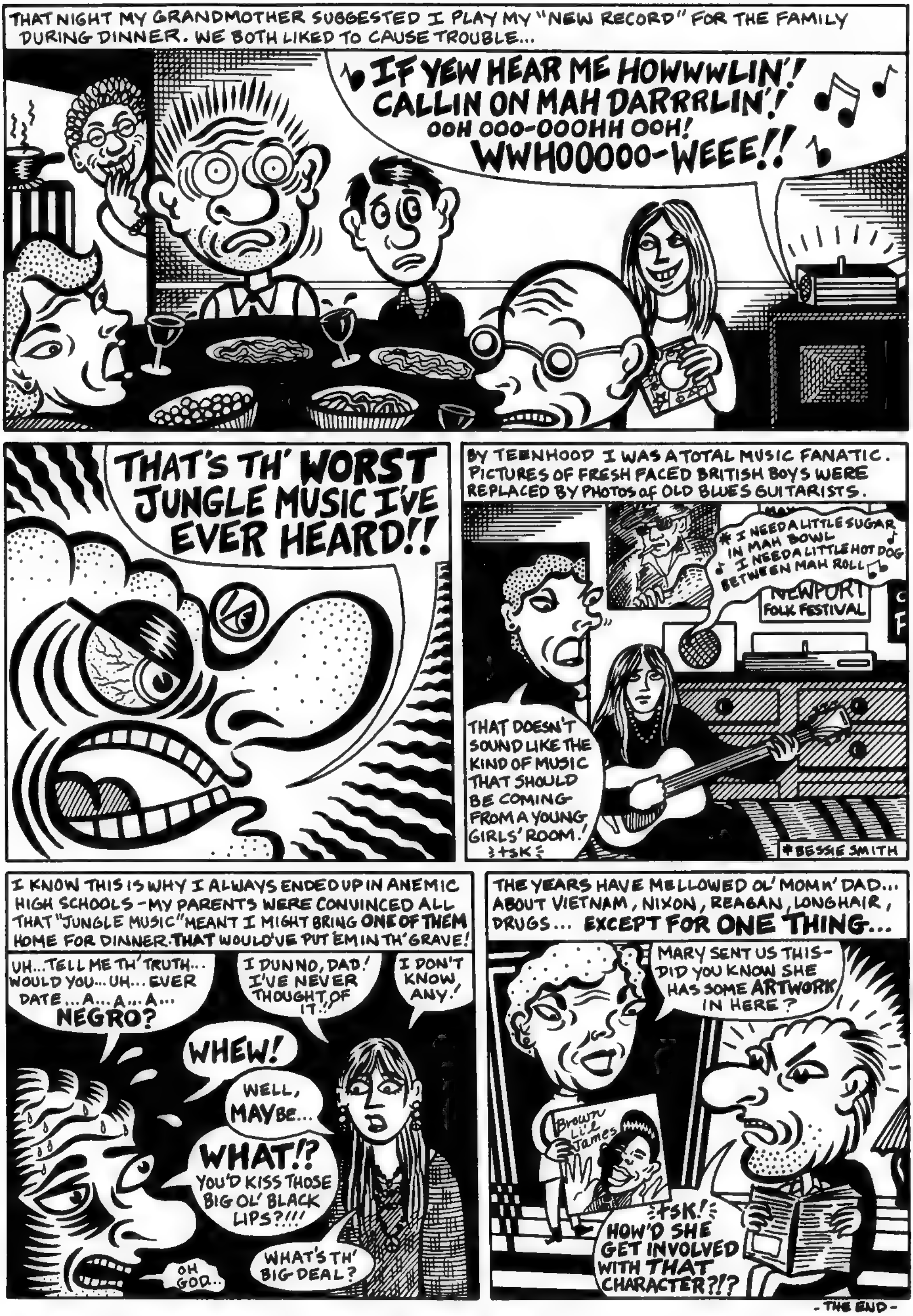
WHEN I WENT THERE I'D SPEND HOURS IN HER BIG BACK YARD SPYING ON THE NEIGHBORS. MY FAVORITE WAS THIS WOMAN WHO SANG GOSPEL WHILE SHE GARDENED


HE GOT TH' WHOOOL' WOILD IN HIS HANDS!

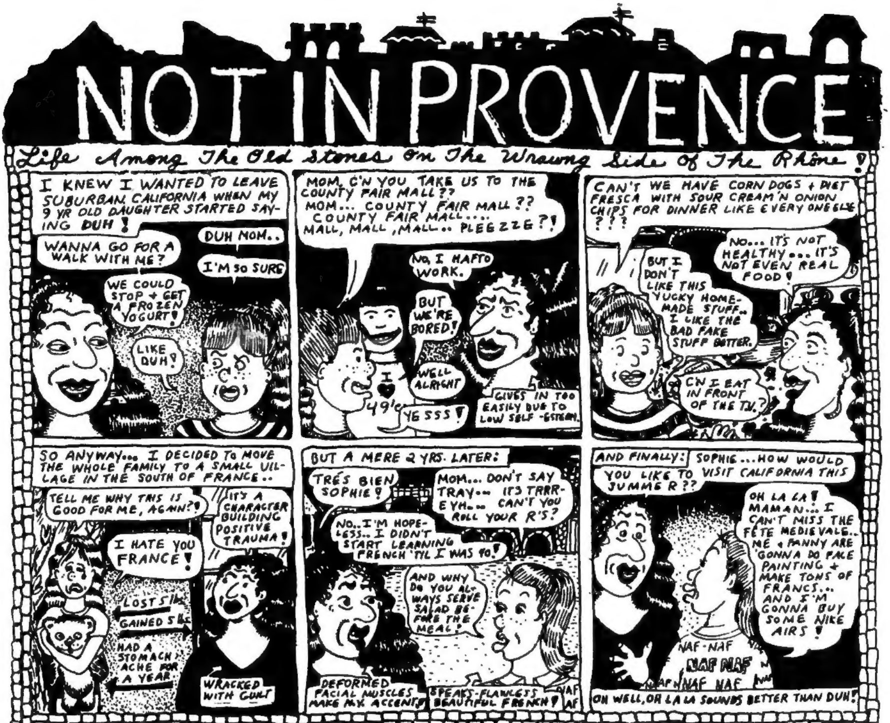
SOMEONE NEXT DOOR WAS ALWAYS COOKING AND PLAYING LOUD MUSIC! (MY FIRST EXPOSURE TO **RHYTHM N' BLUES**)


TELL YO' MAMA TELL YO' PA AH'M GONNA TAKE YOU BACK T' ARKANSAS
DAD! IS THAT LOUIE ARMSTRONG?
NO, IT'S NOT!! IT'S THAT DAMN JUNGLE MUSIC AND IT'S TOO LOUD!!


EVERY SATURDAY MY GRANDMOTHER DID HER GROCERY SHOPPING AT THE Super-Valu ON THE CORNER OF WESTERN & MARTIN LUTHER KING BLVD.
Super Va
OH, MOTHER! IT'S CROWDED TODAY! DO WE HAVE T' SHOP HERE?
OH, SHUT UP!
WHILE WE WERE SHOPPING I NOTICED THE BIG NEW DISPLAY AT THE END OF AISLE 13.
SALE RECORDS 49¢
LATEST HITS
I WAS A 9 YEAR OLD ROCK N' ROLL KID WHO WANTED TO OWN EVERY RECORD IN THE WORLD
DARN! WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?...huh?.. ETTA JAMES? LAVERN BAKER, BILL DOGGETT, LITTLE WILLIE JOHN... ...???... UH! WHAT'S THIS....?
FLIPA FLIPA FLIPA
THE ONLY "COLORED" ARTISTS PLAYED ON TOP 40 RADIO IN THE 60'S WERE FATS DOMINO, NAT KING COLE and CHUCK BERRY!
"HOWLIN' WOLF"? WHAT A BITCHIN' NAME! SIDE A: "HOWLIN' FOR MY BABY" AND SIDE B: "BACK DOOR MAN." Hmmmm....... YEAH! ....Hmmm.... YEAH!!!!!
Chess HOWLIN' WOLF U-11559 45rpm SIDE 1 HOWLIN' FOR MY BABY W. DIXON ARC MUSIC
I EXPECTED THIS TO BE A ZANY TAKE-OFF OR SOMETHING LIKE SPIKE JONES BUT INSTEAD IT SOUNDED SORTA GARBLED, KINDA SLOW and MAYBE EVEN A LITTLE DIRTY!
AAHHHHHH AHMM A BACK DO' MAHN
AHHHHHH AHMM A BACK DO' MAHNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN
WELL TH' MEN DON' KNOW BUT TH' LI'L GIRLS UNDERSTAND


THAT NIGHT MY GRANDMOTHER SUGGESTED I PLAY MY "NEW RECORD" FOR THE FAMILY DURING DINNER. WE BOTH LIKED TO CAUSE TROUBLE...
IF YEW HEAR ME HOWWWLIN'! CALLIN ON MAH DARRRLIN'! OOH OOO-OOOHH OOH! WWHOOOOO-WEEE!!
THAT'S TH' WORST JUNGLE MUSIC I'VE EVER HEARD!!
BY TEENHOOD I WAS A TOTAL MUSIC FANATIC. PICTURES OF FRESH FACED BRITISH BOYS WERE REPLACED BY PHOTOS of OLD BLUES GUITARISTS.
* I NEED A LITTLE SUGAR IN MAH BOWL I NEED A LITTLE HOT DOG BETWEEN MAH ROLL
NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL
THAT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE THE KIND OF MUSIC THAT SHOULD BE COMING FROM A YOUNG GIRLS' ROOM! ≷TSK≶
* BESSIE SMITH
I KNOW THIS IS WHY I ALWAYS ENDED UP IN ANEMIC HIGH SCHOOLS - MY PARENTS WERE CONVINCED ALL THAT "JUNGLE MUSIC" MEANT I MIGHT BRING ONE OF THEM HOME FOR DINNER. THAT WOULD'VE PUT 'EM IN TH' GRAVE!
UH... TELL ME TH' TRUTH... WOULD YOU... UH... EVER DATE... A... A... A... NEGRO?
I DUNNO, DAD! I'VE NEVER THOUGHT OF IT...
I DON'T KNOW ANY!
WHEW!
WELL, MAYBE...
WHAT!? YOU'D KISS THOSE BIG OL' BLACK LIPS?!!!
WHAT'S TH' BIG DEAL?
OH GOD...
THE YEARS HAVE MELLOWED OL' MOM N' DAD... ABOUT VIETNAM, NIXON, REAGAN, LONGHAIR, DRUGS... EXCEPT FOR ONE THING...
MARY SENT US THIS - DID YOU KNOW SHE HAS SOME ARTWORK IN HERE?
Brown Lil' James
TSK!
HOW'D SHE GET INVOLVED WITH THAT CHARACTER?!?

- THE END -


NOT IN PROVENCE
Life Among The Old Stones On The Wraung Side Of The Rhône!
I KNEW I WANTED TO LEAVE SUBURBAN CALIFORNIA WHEN MY 9 YR OLD DAUGHTER STARTED SAYING DUH!
WANNA GO FOR A WALK WITH ME?
DUH MOM..
I'M SO SURE
WE COULD STOP + GET A FROZEN YOGURT!
LIKE DUH!
MOM, C'N YOU TAKE US TO THE COUNTY FAIR MALL?? MOM... COUNTY FAIR MALL?? COUNTY FAIR MALL... MALL, MALL, MALL.. PLEEZZE?!
NO, I HAFTO WORK.
BUT WE'RE BORED!
WELL ALRIGHT
YESSS!
I ♥ 49¢
GIVES IN TOO EASILY DUE TO LOW SELF-ESTEEM.
CAN'T WE HAVE CORN DOGS + DIET FRESCA WITH SOUR CREAM 'N ONION CHIPS FOR DINNER LIKE EVERYONE ELSE???
NO... IT'S NOT HEALTHY... IT'S NOT EVEN REAL FOOD!
BUT I DON'T LIKE THIS YUCKY HOME-MADE STUFF.. I LIKE THE BAD FAKE STUFF BETTER.
C'N I EAT IN FRONT OF THE T.V.?
SO ANYWAY... I DECIDED TO MOVE THE WHOLE FAMILY TO A SMALL VILLAGE IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE..
TELL ME WHY THIS IS GOOD FOR ME, AGAIN?!
IT'S A CHARACTER BUILDING POSITIVE TRAUMA!
I HATE YOU FRANCE!
LOST 5 lbs
GAINED 5 lbs
HAD A STOMACH ACHE FOR A YEAR
WRACKED WITH GUILT
BUT A MERE 2 YRS. LATER:
TRÉS BIEN SOPHIE!
MOM... DON'T SAY TRAY... IT'S TRRR-EYH... CAN'T YOU ROLL YOUR R'S?
NO..I'M HOPELESS.. I DIDN'T START LEARNING FRENCH 'TIL I WAS 40!
AND WHY DO YOU ALWAYS SERVE SALAD BEFORE THE MEAL?
DEFORMED FACIAL MUSCLES MAKE MY ACCENT!
SPEAKS FLAWLESS BEAUTIFUL FRENCH!
AND FINALLY: SOPHIE...HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO VISIT CALIFORNIA THIS SUMMER??
OH LA LA! MAMAN... I CAN'T MISS THE FÊTE MEDIEVALE.. ME + FANNY ARE GONNA DO FACE PAINTING + MAKE TONS OF FRANCS... AND I'M GONNA BUY SOME NIKE AIRS!
NAF-NAF
NAF NAF
NAF NAF
NAF NAF
OH WELL, OH LA LA SOUNDS BETTER THAN DUH!

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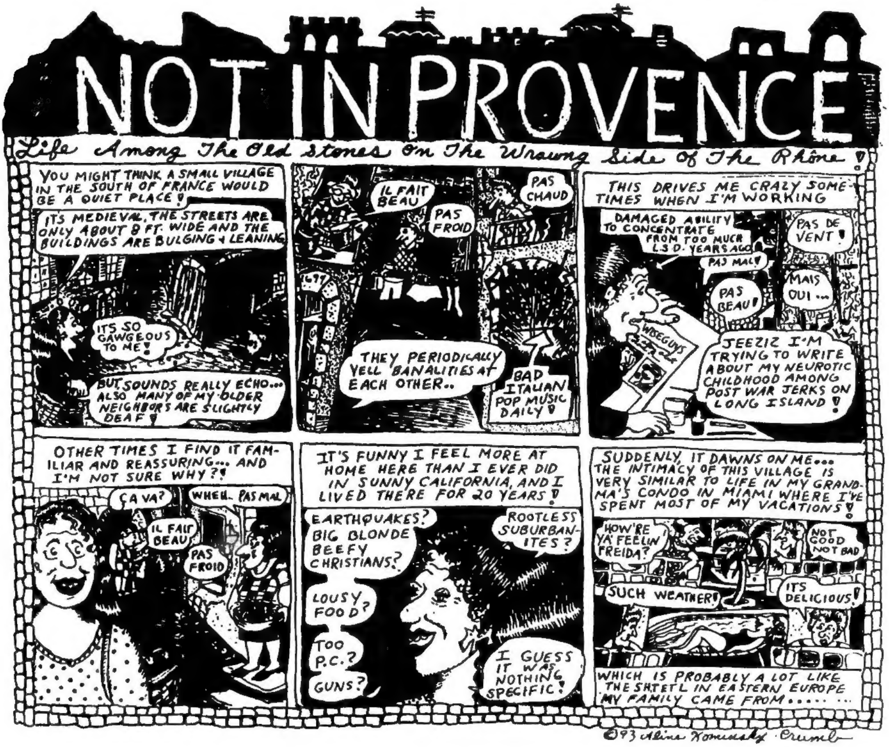
NOT IN PROVENCE
Life Among The Old Stones On The Wraung Side Of The Rhône!
YOU MIGHT THINK A SMALL VILLAGE IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE WOULD BE A QUIET PLACE!
ITS MEDIEVAL, THE STREETS ARE ONLY ABOUT 8 FT. WIDE AND THE BUILDINGS ARE BULGING + LEANING
ITS SO GAWGEOUS TO ME!
BUT SOUNDS REALLY ECHO... ALSO MANY OF MY OLDER NEIGHBORS ARE SLIGHTLY DEAF!
IL FAIT BEAU
PAS FROID
PAS CHAUD
THEY PERIODICALLY YELL BANALITIES AT EACH OTHER..
BAD ITALIAN POP MUSIC DAILY!
THIS DRIVES ME CRAZY SOMETIMES WHEN I'M WORKING
DAMAGED ABILITY TO CONCENTRATE FROM TOO MUCH L.S.D. YEARS AGO
PAS DE VENT!
PAS MAL!
PAS BEAU!
MAIS OUI...
WISEGUYS
JEEZIZ I'M TRYING TO WRITE ABOUT MY NEUROTIC CHILDHOOD AMONG POST WAR JERKS ON LONG ISLAND!
OTHER TIMES I FIND IT FAMILIAR AND REASSURING... AND I'M NOT SURE WHY?!
ÇA VA?
WHELL.. PAS MAL
IL FAIT BEAU
PAS FROID
IT'S FUNNY I FEEL MORE AT HOME HERE THAN I EVER DID IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA, AND I LIVED THERE FOR 20 YEARS!
EARTHQUAKES?
BIG BLONDE BEEFY CHRISTIANS?
ROOTLESS SUBURBANITES?
LOUSY FOOD?
TOO P.C.?
GUNS?
I GUESS IT WAS NOTHING SPECIFIC!
SUDDENLY, IT DAWNS ON ME... THE INTIMACY OF THIS VILLAGE IS VERY SIMILAR TO LIFE IN MY GRANDMA'S CONDO IN MIAMI WHERE I'VE SPENT MOST OF MY VACATIONS!
HOW'RE YA' FEELIN FREIDA?
NOT GOOD NOT BAD
SUCH WEATHER!
ITS DELICIOUS!
WHICH IS PROBABLY A LOT LIKE THE SHTETL IN EASTERN EUROPE MY FAMILY CAME FROM...... ..

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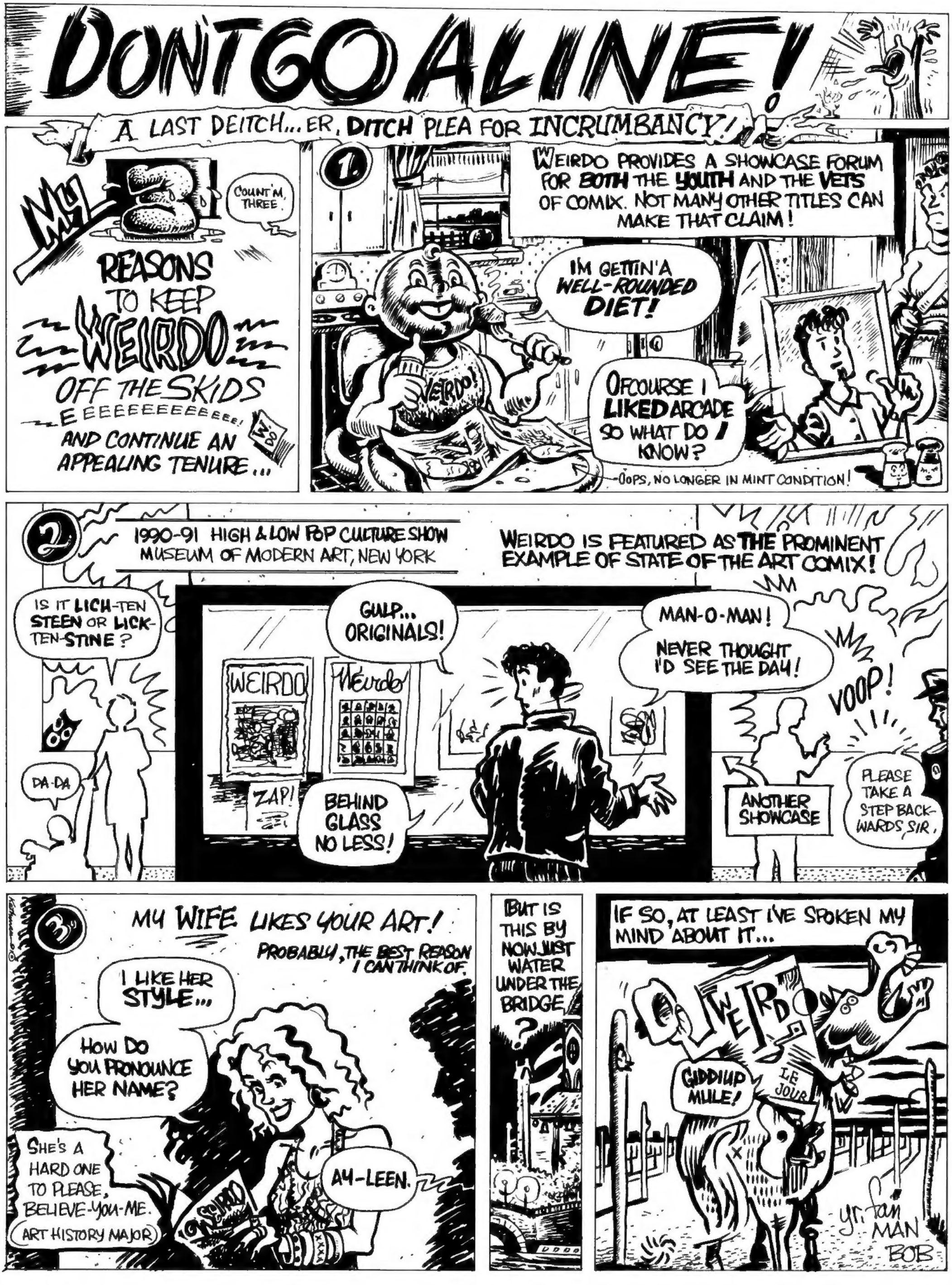
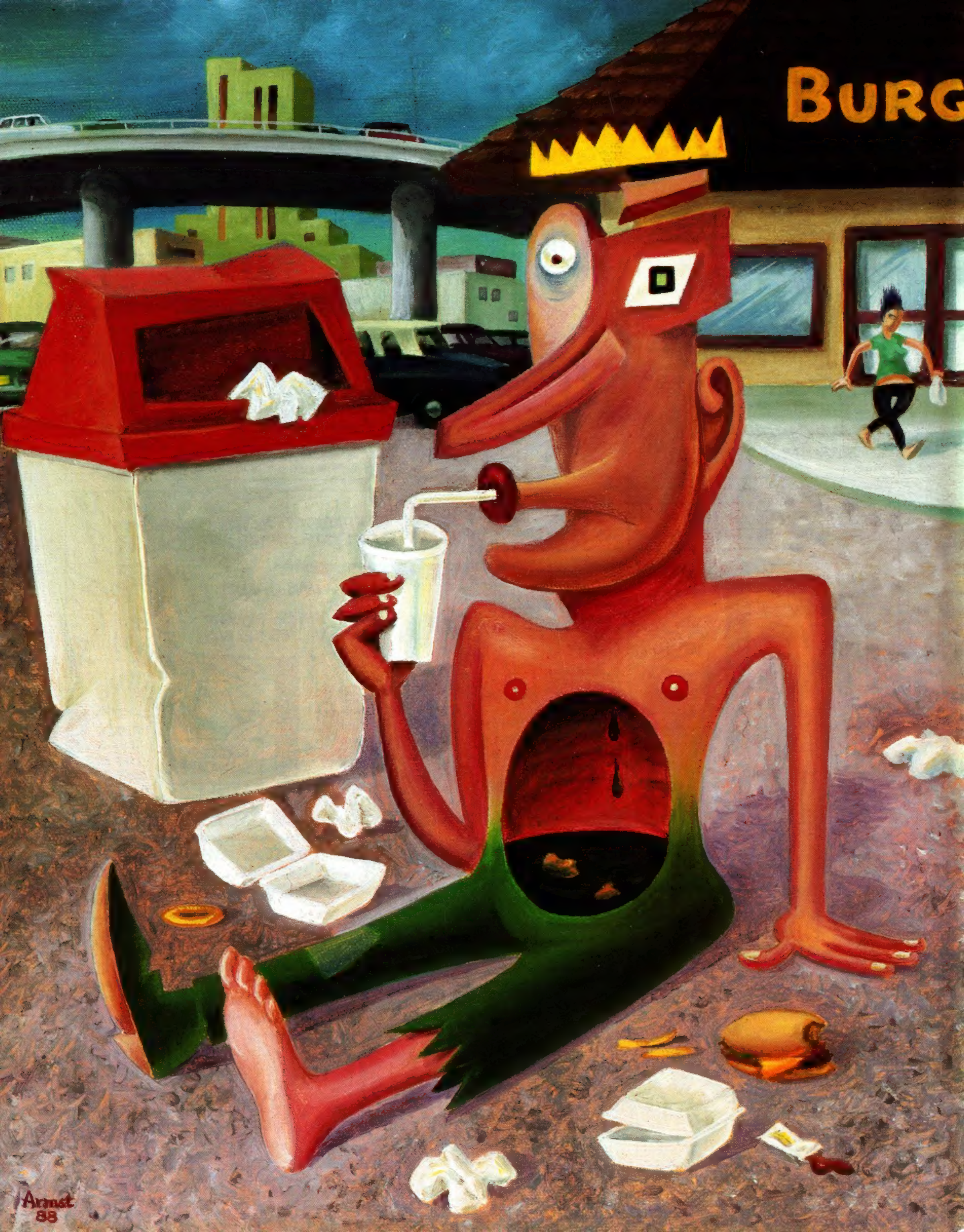

DONT GO ALINE!
A LAST DEITCH... ER, DITCH PLEA FOR INCRUMBANCY!
MY 3 REASONS TO KEEP WEIRDO OFF THE SKIDS EEEEEEEEEEEEEE! AND CONTINUE AN APPEALING TENURE...
COUNT'M, THREE.
38
1.
WEIRDO PROVIDES A SHOWCASE FORUM FOR BOTH THE YOUTH AND THE VETS OF COMIX. NOT MANY OTHER TITLES CAN MAKE THAT CLAIM!
I'M GETTIN' A WELL-ROUNDED DIET!
WEIRDO!
OFCOURSE I LIKED ARCADE SO WHAT DO I KNOW?
OOPS, NO LONGER IN MINT CONDITION!
2.
1990-91 HIGH & LOW POP CULTURE SHOW MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK
WEIRDO IS FEATURED AS THE PROMINENT EXAMPLE OF STATE OF THE ART COMIX!
IS IT LICH-TEN STEEN OR LICK-TEN-STINE?
GULP... ORIGINALS!
MAN-O-MAN! NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY!
WEIRDO
Weirdo
ZAP!
DA-DA
BEHIND GLASS NO LESS!
ANOTHER SHOWCASE
VOOP!
PLEASE TAKE A STEP BACKWARDS, SIR.
3.
MY WIFE LIKES YOUR ART!
PROBABLY, THE BEST REASON I CAN THINK OF.
I LIKE HER STYLE...,
HOW DO YOU PRONOUNCE HER NAME?
SHE'S A HARD ONE TO PLEASE, BELIEVE-YOU-ME.
(ART HISTORY MAJOR)
AY-LEEN.
WEIRDO
BUT IS THIS BY NOW JUST WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE?
IF SO, AT LEAST I'VE SPOKEN MY MIND ABOUT IT...
WEIRDO
LE JOUR
GIDDIUP MULE!
yr. fan MAN BOB


BURG
Arnst
88

A Pyramid Scan
CW.
C2C • Quality • CBZ